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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR HARRY SMITH

BART., G.C.B.

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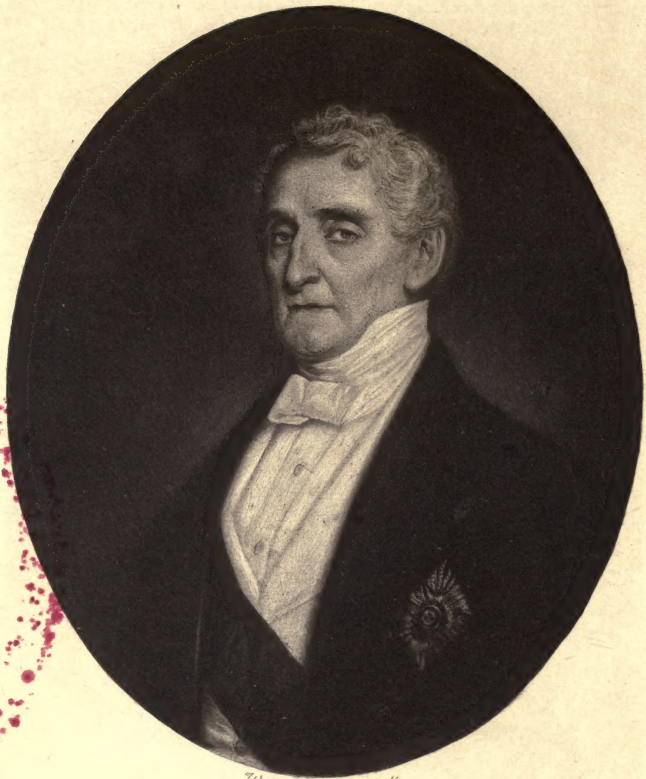

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR HARRY SMITH

BARONET OF ALIWAL ON THE SUTLEJ

G.C.B.

Brog.

EDITED

WITH THE ADDITION OF SOME SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS

BY G. C. MOORE SMITH, M.A.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

LT.-GEN. SIR HARRY SMITH,

BARONET OF ALIWAL, G.C.B.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VOYAGE TO THE CAPE—MILITARY DUTIES AND SPORT, 1829–1834—SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAN SUCCEEDS SIR LOWRY COLE AS GOVERNOR OF THE COLONY.

THE stormy element, as if to atone for the violence with which it treated us on our voyage from Nassau, now behaved most moderately. We had a strong breeze across the Bay of Biscay, but as it was abaft the beam we did not feel it, and our whole passage was one of fine and moderate weather. This was very fortunate, as the brig was so heavily laden, that at the beginning of the voyage her main chains were positively under water. We were well found in everything, and had the whole after-cabin to ourselves. The captain was an able navigator, both nautical and astronomical. He gave me a list of his stock on board, and requested me to manage dinner, etc., saying, "There is, I think, plenty, so that if we live badly you will be to blame; but the

brig is deep and no great sailer at any time, so calculate on a three months' passage, to make sure."

The captain was a most excellent and kind-hearted man, a regular British tar. During the war he had been in the Navy, and prided himself on having been the coxswain of Captain Seymour on a frigate whose name I forget. "Lord, Sir," he would say, "he was a proper taut hand, but a real gentleman."

During the whole voyage our captain, who had a studious turn for mathematics and astronomy, was always hard at work, and highly delighted to explain the methods of his nautical calculations. He would exclaim, "Oh! if I had been so lucky as to have had a real education, I think I should have made a mathematician and astronomer." He was a large powerful man, and had a forehead as clear and as prominent as that of Dr. Chalmers.

Our voyage was more fortunate than the captain had anticipated, and in eleven weeks we anchored in Table Bay. I had never been at the Cape before, but I had heard much of it from part of my Corps which touched there years before [March, 1807] on their way to Buenos Ayres, and as I had read every book about it which I could lay my hands on, I was scarcely in a foreign land. As soon as I landed, I found that the Governor, my old and noble General, Sir Lowry Cole, was not at Government House, but residing in the country. I then went to look for my dear old friend John Bell and his noble wife, Lady Catherine. They were in

an excellent house of their own, and as rejoiced to see me as I was to see them. John and My Lady would hear of nothing but our putting up with them, Johnny saying, "Harry, you and I and Juana have fared more sparingly together than we will now." The carriage was ordered, and John and I went on board to bring the wife ashore, all delighted at our happy union after an absence of years.

Next day John and I drove out in his buggy to breakfast with the Governor. He and Lady Frances, that noble and accomplished woman, were delighted to see me, but oh, how she was altered! When I first knew her in 1815, a few days after her marriage, she was in the prime of life, a full-blown beautiful woman, and the most interesting I ever knew. As soon, however, as my old recollection of her was somewhat subdued, I found her ladyship everything I had a right to expect, the mother of six beautiful children, whose education she conducted herself, and my gallant General all kindness and hospitality.

He and I had a long walk in the garden, when he said, "I shall appoint you Commandant of the Garrison. You are *ex officio*, as second in command to me, the senior Member of Council, and, if any accident happened to me, the administration of the government would devolve on you—John Bell, your senior officer, being Colonial Secretary and holding no military position."

No man was ever more happily placed than I was. The quarter in Cape Castle forming the

residence of the Governor was excellent, with a little square in the rear with capital stables and out-offices. The garrison consisted of one company of Artillery, the 72nd Highlanders, a magnificent corps, and the 98th, very highly organized, considering the short period they had been raised.

My first object was to visit and reduce the guards, which I soon did very considerably on a representation to the Governor. The next was to do away with guards over convicts working on the road. This could not be effected at once, but such a friend to the soldier as Sir Lowry was, readily received my various representations of the ill effects on discipline of these guards, and, so soon as arrangements could be made, these were also abolished. The next guard to dispose of was one of one sergeant, one corporal, and six privates at the Observatory, four miles from Cape Town, and it was not long before the building, or the star-gazers, discovered that their celestial pursuits could be carried on without the aid terrestrial of soldiers.

Some months after my arrival, the Kafirs being on the eve of an outbreak, the Governor, Sir Lowry Cole, went to the frontier. He requested me to remain at Cape Town unless a war began, when I was immediately to join. I frequently had the troops bivouacked, and taught them to cook in camp, piquets, etc., and every other camp duty. On one occasion I had ball cartridges, every company at its target, and I had out two six-pounders with their target. I manœuvred the troops, so moving the

targets as to be in their front, and I never saw half so good target practice with muskets before. The men were delighted and emulous beyond measure. The six-pounders, too, made excellent shots, and I had not a single casualty.

About this time that noble fellow, General Lord Dalhousie, arrived on his way out to India as Commander-in-Chief. I gave him a capital sham fight, concluding by storming Fort Amsterdam, at which he was highly amused. I knew his Lordship in America,* and we then and now had many a laugh at our performances at Vittoria, previously related.

The Kafir war ended in patching up old treaties, and the Governor returned. About this time I acted as Military Secretary and Deputy Adjutant-General, holding the appointments of Deputy Quartermaster-General and Commandant; and ultimately the appointments of Deputy Adjutant-General and Deputy Quartermaster General were blended, and I held both, being called Deputy Quartermaster-General.

Horses at the Cape are excellent. The breed had been much improved by Lord Charles Somerset, the former Governor, by the importation of some mares and several of the highest-bred English thoroughbred sires. I soon had a most beautiful stud. The sporting butcher Van Reenen had an excellent pack of fox-hounds, which he virtually allowed me to hunt, and many is the capital run we had, but over the most breakneck country that

* See vol. i. pp. 340 and 97, 98.

hounds ever crossed—sands covered with the most beautiful variety of the *erica*, or heath, and barren hills of driftsands. These are dug up by moles literally as big as rabbits. Their ordinary holes on hills and under-excavations no good hunter will fall in, but in their breeding-holes I defy any horse to avoid going heels over head, if his fore-legs come on them, although many old experienced hunters know them and jump over. I had one little horse not fourteen hands, descended from Arabs; he never gave me a fall, and I never failed to bring the brush to his stable when I rode him; but with all other horses I have had some awful falls, particularly after rain, when the sand is saturated with water and very heavy. Falls of this description are far more serious than rolling over our fences at home, where activity enables you to get away from your horse, as he is some seconds or so coming down, but in a mole-hole you fall like a shot, the horse's head first coming to the ground, next yours, and he rolls right over you. When a horse's hind legs go into a breeding-earth the sensation is awful, and how the noble animals escape without breaking their backs remains one of the wonders.

Every shooting-season I made a capital excursion, first to my sporting friend's, Proctor's. He was a retired officer of the 21st Dragoons, a capital sportsman, an excellent farmer, a good judge of a horse, and a better one of how to sell him to those whom he saw he could make money of. He had a family of thirteen children; his wife was a Dutch

lady, still good-looking. My wife always accompanied me, as well as my friend Bob Baillie, of the 72nd Regiment, who was subsequently celebrated in the sporting magazines as a rider. We started with an immense waggon, eight horses, every description of commissariat stores, greyhounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, terriers, spaniels, and, under Proctor's guidance, we had capital sport.

The partridge-shooting was nearly as good as grouse-shooting; the bird, called the grey partridge, very much resembled the grouse, and was a noble sporting bird. There is also the red partridge, large, but stupid to shoot. The best sport with them is to ride them down with spaniels. There are several sorts of antelopes, which lie in the bushes and jump up under your feet as hares do. These you shoot with buck-shot. Near Cape Town there is only one sort of antelope "on the look-out" like our fallow deer, grey, very handsome, and fleet, called by the Dutch the rhee-bok. On the frontier and in the interior there are a great variety of this gazing-deer, the most remarkable being the spring-bok, which is exceedingly swift, parti-coloured or pied, and they almost fly from you. They have the power of expanding their long hair on the top of the back, like opening and shutting a fan. The bonte-bok is in very large herds. These you are prohibited to shoot without a special authority from Government, and the number even which you may shoot is limited.

The variety of modes of shooting these antelopes

is highly amusing. To shoot the eland, the largest species, as big as a two-year-old heifer, you go full speed in a waggon over ground so rough that, what with the speed, you can hardly hold on and preserve your guns. The animals, hearing all the noise, stop to gaze. The waggon is instantly pulled up, and you fire balls. After such a jolting, he is a steady fellow who fires with any precision.

You have pheasants, too, inmates of very stiff and thorny-bushed ravines; they afford good sport, but you must shoot them dead, or you will never find them. There are also several species of the bustard genus, but near Cape Town only the black and grey khoran, so called. On the frontier you have the ordinary bustard, a noble bird and excellent eating, weighing from 9 to 12 lbs., and a species of great bustard, weighing from 20 to 25 lbs. The latter is eatable, but coarse. These you shoot with balls. On the frontier, too, you have buffaloes, elephants, lions, camelopards, ostriches, etc., so well described by Major Harris that it is impossible to add to his faithful account.

Coursing at the Cape is not good. I pursued it much for the sake of hunting four or five couple of spaniels. Hares there never sit in the open as in Europe, but in low stunted bushes—half rabbits. However, this sort of coursing with the spaniels and greyhounds teaches your horse to become a hunter, and by rushing him after hares, he well learns how to tumble or to avoid tumbles.

In the course of our sporting tour, I used to

visit the breeding establishments (then called kraals) of all the great breeders, I think, Melk, Kotze, Proctor, Van Reenen, Van der Byl, etc. Melk has six hundred mares, all running out in unenclosed fields. With such an establishment you would expect that he could show you three or four hundred one, two, and three year olds (for they are all sold by this age). He can never show more than seventy or eighty colts of the year, and the rest of the breeders can show no higher proportion. The thoroughbred mares are invariably in miserable condition, the cock-tails fat and sleek. Many of the mares, etc., are afflicted with a disease from an accumulation of sand in their stomachs and intestines.

It was thought far beneath the dignity of a gentleman at the Cape to ride or drive mares, but seeing that the mares were far finer and larger than the horses, and one-fifth of the price, I bought from Proctor two immense mares, as like English hunters as possible, for £45 ; a thoroughbred mare, 16 hands high, four years old, for my wife (a beautiful creature which very much delighted Lord Dalhousie) ; and another thoroughbred mare, 15½. They were the four finest horses in Cape Town. One of the carriage mares ruptured her bladder in the carriage, and died in a few hours. The large thoroughbred got a most tremendous fall out hunting, nearly broke my neck, and was chest-foundered ever afterwards. The other two I sold remarkably well. By some accident I never set up mares in my establishment again, but I was never so elegantly horsed.

What with my military duties and those of Council, I led a far from idle life, and there is an elasticity in the atmosphere at the Cape which conduces to a desire to take violent rides. The sun never heats you. I have ridden 140 miles in thirty hours to go to look at a horse or buy one, or to look at a particular line of country. I have been out shooting in the middle of the summer from daylight to dark, the sun like a furnace, the pummel of the saddle like a red-hot poker, your gun-barrel, after a few rapid shots, so heated you almost fear to reload, then come home at night (or slept out in the fields, if you like) and eaten a right good dinner, not in any way heated, and without either headache or cold. An exposure of this sort to the sun of India would probably cause a roaring fever or death.

This is the sort of life which I and my wife lived from 1829 to the end of 1834, enjoying the greatest kindness and hospitality, and living in happiness and sociability with every one. We had lost our dear kind friends, Sir Lowry and Lady Frances Cole, but he was succeeded as Governor and Commander in-Chief, early in 1834, by a most amiable man, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the most educated and accomplished soldier I have ever served with.*

* For an interesting memorandum on the diet and treatment of military prisoners, submitted by Harry Smith to Sir B. D'Urban in 1834, see Appendix I.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUTBREAK OF A KAFIR WAR—HARRY SMITH'S HISTORIC RIDE TO GRAHAMSTOWN—ON HIS ARRIVAL HE PROCLAIMS MARTIAL LAW—PROVIDES FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE TOWN—ATTACKS THE KAFIRS AND RESCUES SEVEN MISSIONARIES.*

THE Kafir tribes, which for many months had been greatly agitated and excited, at length burst into the Colony in what was for the moment an irresistible rush, carrying with them fire, sword, devastation, and cold-blooded murder, and spoiling the fertile estates and farms like a mountain avalanche. Such were the reports received from the Civil Commissioners and the Commandant of the troops. His Excellency Sir B. D'Urban determined to dispatch me immediately, with full powers civil and military to adopt whatever measures I found requisite, while he would himself follow as soon as possible. His Excellency told me a sloop of war was ready to take me to Algoa Bay. I, however, preferred riding post, and the horses were laid for me for a seven days' ride, 600 miles. It was needless to start until the horses were on the road, so I had two days† to

* With this and the four following chapters, compare Appendix II.

† This disposes of part of H. Cloete's dramatic story, which, however, should be compared (*Great Boer Trek*, pp. 78, 79).

make arrangements, and to ship military stores of every description, ordnance, etc. One half of the 72nd Regiment was to proceed in waggons, the other by sea.

On the night of the 31st December [1834], I dined with Sir B. D'Urban at Cape Town (my own dear little cottage at Rondebosch being four miles off), and after dinner His Excellency and I had a long conversation. I fully ascertained his views and desires, and then made a resolution in my own mind never to swerve from his principles where circumstances admitted of their application. He on his part was most frank, honest, and decided, saying, "You now understand me thoroughly. Rely on my support in every way, and my perfect readiness to bear all the responsibility."

I parted with this noble soldier and able statesman at half-past twelve, drove out to my cottage, and lay down for three hours. I then started with a single Hottentot for a ride of 90 miles the first day [1st January, 1835], the heat raging like a furnace. My orders, warrants, etc., were sewn in my jacket by my own dear wife. From the anxiety and exertion of the previous day's running about Cape Town from store to store, and the little sleep I had had, as I rode the first 25 miles to the first change of horses I was half tired, but I got a cup of tea at the post-house, and never felt fagged again.

I arrived at Caledon at one o'clock, when it was threatening a heavy thunderstorm. I had then 25 miles to ride. The storm came on violently,

CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

From a lithograph by Day and Haghe, 1832.

[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 12.

the rain poured behind me, but I reached my stage, Field Cornet Leroze, by three, perfectly dry.

The next day I started before daylight, and got to Swellendam to breakfast. I had two heavy, lazy brutes of horses. In Swellendam I wrote letters of instructions to that able fellow the Civil Commissioner, Harry Rivers, and I then started for an additional ride of 70 miles. I found the Buffeljagts river out. My first horse from Swellendam had a 20-miles stage, but through having to go up the river to ford, this noble little four-year-old had 30 miles, which he did, crossing the river too, in two hours and twenty minutes. I was so pleased with him, I wrote to Rivers to buy him and bring him up with the burghers. He bought him for £18 5*s*. I afterwards rode him very hard for two years, and sold him to Sir George Napier for £50. This day was excessively hot. I reached my stage at three o'clock.

I started the next day for George, with a long ride of 100 miles before me. At the second stage I found no horses and was kept waiting one hour. I got to a Field Cornet's where there was a great assembly of burghers enrolling their names for service, and a great dinner prepared at twelve o'clock, at which I was fool enough to eat, the remainder of my ride to George being rendered thereby a great exertion. Unfortunately, after a ride of 100 miles, I found all the civil authorities and inhabitants prepared to receive me, a ceremony I could readily have dispensed with. I

soon got rid of these well-meant attentions, had a hot bath, lay down, and dictated letters to the Civil Commissioner, Mynheer de Bergh, until eleven at night.

I was off before daylight with a tremendous ride before me, over mountains, etc., etc. About halfway I met the mail from Grahamstown, and such a task as I had to open it! Not till I had opened the last bag did I find the packet of letters I wanted from the Commandant and the Civil Commissioner, Grahamstown. Their descriptions of disaster, murders, and devastations were awful; the Commandant talked of the troops being obliged to evacuate Grahamstown. I made comments on all these letters, and resolved to reach Grahamstown in two days. The heat to-day and the exertion of opening the letter-bags were fatiguing. On my arrival at my stage, I got hold of the Field Commandant Rademeyer, and sent on expresses all night to have the horses ready a day before they were ordered, being determined to reach Uitenhage the next night (the fifth from Cape Town),—500 miles.

Off two hours before daylight. One river, so tortuous is its bed, I had to cross seven times. I galloped through, and was as wet for hours as if I had been swimming, with a sun on me like a furnace. About halfway to Uitenhage, the heat was so excessive my horse knocked up, and no belabouring would make him move. About half a mile off I saw a sort of camp, went up, and found

a Dutch farmer with his family, herds, flocks, etc., fleeing from the scene of devastation. I told him who I was, where and what I was going for, and asked him to horse me to the next stage, about seven miles. To my astonishment (for nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality of the Dutch Boers on ordinary occasions), he first started a difficulty, and then positively refused, which soon set my blood boiling. He was holding a nice-looking horse all ready saddled, so I knocked him down, though half as big again as myself, jumped on his horse, and rode off. I then had a large river to cross by ferry, and horses were waiting for me. The Boer came up, and was very civil, making all sorts of apologies, saying until he spoke to the *guide* who *followed* me, he did not believe that in that lone condition I could be the officer I represented myself. The passion, the knocking him down, the heat, etc., was very fatiguing, and I reached Uitenhage at five o'clock, having been beating grass-fed post-horses from three in the morning until that hour, and ridden over some very bad and mountainous roads, 140 miles. To my horror, the Civil Commissioner (though a very worthy, good man) had all the town turned out to receive me, and a large dinner-party to *refresh* me, while I wanted repose. To add to this, a Colonel Cuyler, an officer retired on half-pay, of great experience and abilities on this frontier, waited on me. He was very communicative, of great use to me, but, being as deaf as a beetle, the exertion of calling

loud enough for him to hear (although naturally I have a very powerful voice) I cannot describe. I had a wash, went to the great dinner—I dare not eat, quite to the astonishment of my host—soon retired, got hold of his secretary, and lay on my back dictating letters until twelve o'clock, when, fairly exhausted, I fell asleep.

Off again next morning for Grahamstown. If the previous day's work had been excessive, it was short of what I this day encountered from the wretched brutes of knocked-up horses laid for me. About half way I found the country in the wildest state of alarm, herds, flocks, families, etc., fleeing like the Israelites. Everything that moved near a bush was a Kafir. I was forced to have an escort of burghers on tired horses, and oh, such a day's work, until I got within ten miles of Grahamstown! There I found awaiting me a neat clipping little hack of Colonel Somerset's (such as he is celebrated for) and an escort of six Cape Mounted Rifles. I shall never forget the luxury of getting on this little horse, a positive redemption from an abject state of misery and labour. In ten minutes I was perfectly revived, and in forty minutes was close to the barrier of Grahamstown, fresh enough to have fought a general action, after a ride of 600 miles in six days over mountains and execrable roads, on Dutch horses living in the fields without a grain of corn. I performed each day's work at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and I had not the slightest scratch even on my skin.

If it be taken into consideration that there was no previous training, that I started without sleep almost and after two days' excessive fatigue of mind and body in Cape Town, embarking stores, troops, etc., the little sleep I had on the journey from being obliged to dictate letters and give orders, the excessive heat, the roads, the horses, then it must be admitted a performance of no ordinary exertion for a man who, when it was over, was ready and required to use every energy of mind and body.

On reaching the barricaded streets, I had the greatest difficulty to ride in. I found Colonel Somerset parading the night duties. Consternation was depicted on every countenance I met, on some despair, every man carrying a gun, some pistols and swords too. It would have been ludicrous in any other situation than mine, but people desponding would not have been prepossessed in my favour by my laughing at them, so I refrained, although much disposed to do so. I just took a look at the mode adopted to defend Grahamstown. There were all sorts of works, barricades, etc., some three deep, and such was the consternation, an alarm, in the dark especially, would have set one half of the people shooting the other. I at once observed that this defensive system would never restore the lost confidence, and I resolved, after I had received reports and assumed the command, to proclaim martial law, and act on the initiative in every respect.

I rode to Somerset's, where I was treated *en*

prince. I sent for the Civil Commissioner, Captain Campbell, and from him learned the exact state of the country—that despondency did exist to a fearful extent, originating from the sight of the horrors perpetrated by the remorseless enemy, but any vigorous steps and arbitrary authority boldly exerted would still ensure a rallying-point for all. I said, "Very well; I clearly see my way. At as early an hour as possible to-morrow morning I shall declare martial law, and woe betide the man who is not as obedient as a soldier. Be so good as to prepare the necessary document and copies to be printed for my signature. I will be with you soon after daylight in your office, where I shall take up my abode." I was there according to my appointment, and found everything ready upon this and every other occasion when I required the services of this able public officer. No man was ever better seconded and supported in every way than I was by Captain Campbell. I learnt the number of regular troops to be a little above 700, the civil force under arms 850, then occupying Grahamstown, Fort Beaufort, the connecting post of Hermanus Kraal (the civil force being at the Kat River Settlement, a location of Hottentots, where Captain Armstrong with a troop of Cape Mounted Rifles acted in a civil and military capacity). Fort Willshire had been most shamefully abandoned. I received a report that a body of 200 Burghers of the Graaf Reinet district, under their Civil Commissioner Ryneveld, was approaching. I knew the front of the 72nd Regiment

in waggons would reach me in a day or two. I resolved, therefore, as soon as possible to make an inroad into the heart of the enemy's country in one direction, reoccupy Fort Willshire, and thence march to rescue the missionaries who were assembled in one house, "Lonsdale," in Kafirland, and whose safety could not be calculated on for one moment. I then directed the population of Grahamstown, so soon as martial law was proclaimed, to be formed into a Corps of Volunteers, and I would issue them arms. The church in the square in Grahamstown being occupied as a military post and a council chamber, I desired the principal gentlemen to assemble, to name their own officers, etc., and to submit them for my approval, and told them that they and the organization of the corps should be instantly gazetted.

This was in progress, when there were so many speakers and so few actors, the Civil Commissioner recommended me to go to the meeting. I deemed this a good opportunity to display my authority, which I was resolved on doing most arbitrarily on such a momentous occasion.

When I went in, there was a considerable assembly of very respectable-looking men. I asked what was the cause of delay in executing my demands? One gentleman, a leader in what was called the Committee of Safety, which I very soon complimentarily dissolved, stood up and began to enter into argument and discussion. I exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "I am not sent here to argue,

but to command. You are now under martial law, and the first gentleman, I care not who he may be, who does not promptly and implicitly obey my command, he shall not even dare to give an opinion; I will try him by a court martial and punish him in five minutes."

This sally most completely established my authority, and I never met with any opposition afterwards; on the contrary, a desire on the part of all to meet my wishes. The corps were formed, officers gazetted. As we issued, and on parade that evening, I gave the command, as was promised, to Captain Sparks of the 49th Regiment, on leave of absence with his family at Grahamstown.

My attention was next turned to the defence of Grahamstown. I found that the officer in command of the 75th Regiment had taken great care of the barracks, distant half a mile or more, but that he was averse to detaching troops to the defence of Grahamstown. This I soon settled, opened all the barricades, established fresh alarm posts, and at once showed the alarmed inhabitants that defence should consist in military resources and military vigilance, and not in being cooped up behind doors, windows, and barricades three deep, from which they would shoot each other. That evening, the first after I assumed the command, the aspect of affairs had changed. Men moved like men, and felt that their safety consisted in energetic obedience.

The next day two hundred Graaf Reinet burghers arrived. I despatched some of them and Colonel Somerset with a force to the rear to improve our communication with Algoa Bay, which was interrupted, and I prepared a force of three hundred men to invade the kraal of the Kafir chief Eno, and, if possible, to seize that double-faced old murderer and breaker of treaties. This command I gave to an old brother Rifleman, Major William Cox, then in the 75th Regiment, a soldier by experience, nature, and courage, the most useful and active officer under my command. I never expected they would seize old Eno—he had a very narrow escape, though—but, as I anticipated, the object of my inroad was completely achieved, and from that moment all the invading Kafirs rapidly withdrew from the Colony. It also showed the Kafirs that the Hottentots would fight against them, which previously they had disbelieved.

A party of the 72nd Regiment having arrived, I immediately reoccupied Fort Willshire.

My next object was to rescue the missionaries from the very heart of Kafirland, where seven of them (I think) with their families expected momentarily to have their throats cut. I again employed my old brother Rifleman, Major Cox, who succeeded to the utmost of my most sanguine expectations and brought off every British subject.

After [leaving] his command at Fort Willshire, and [the missionaries] were in perfect security, he pushed on to Grahamstown to report his success.

When he reached the Fish River he found it full, and swam across, leading his horse in his hand, like a gallant fellow as he is. On reaching me, he found that Sir B. D'Urban, the Governor, had arrived; and highly delighted Cox and I were that the last act of mine before resigning the command was one of brilliant success and an achievement of no ordinary enterprise. The Governor was as pleased as we were. This rescue of the missionaries was the best thing I ever did during the war, but one which these holy gentlemen and their Societies never acknowledged as they ought, though always ready to *censure*. "Charity is a comprehensive word."

The day after the arrival of the Governor he issued a General Order, of which the following is an extract :—

"Headquarters, Grahamstown,
"Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, 22 Jan. 1835.

"The Commander-in-Chief desires to offer Colonel Smith the expression at once of his unqualified approbation and of his warmest thanks for the important services which he has rendered to the King and to the Colony during the period of his commanding the forces on the Frontier District.

"The unparalleled rapidity with which he rode from Cape Town to Grahamstown, a distance of 600 miles, accomplishing it in less than six days; his indefatigable and most able exertion from the moment of his arrival to expel the savage enemy from the ground their unexpected and treacherous invasion had gained—to afford protection

and support to the inhabitants; to restore confidence and to organize the armed population, and combine the resources of the country—have been beyond all praise, and justly entitle him to the grateful acknowledgments of the Colony and of the Commander-in-Chief."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HARRY SMITH CHIEF OF THE STAFF UNDER SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAN—HE MAKES TWO FORAYS INTO THE FISH RIVER BUSH AND ONE INTO THE UMDIZINI BUSH—THE FORCE UNDER SIR B. D'URBAN MARCHES FROM FORT WILLSHIRE TO THE POORTS OF THE BUFFALO, FROM WHENCE HARRY SMITH MAKES ANOTHER FORAY.

My duty now, although not of so directly responsible a nature, was laborious and active in the extreme in conformity to the General Orders which follow:—

"Colonel Smith will, for the present, resume his duties as Deputy Quartermaster-General and acting Deputy Adjutant-General of the forces, and, in this capacity as Chief of the Staff, will take charge of the organization of a force to be prepared for active operations; for carrying which into effect he is hereby authorized to make requisitions upon the competent departments, and to approve all requisitions and contracts, which approvals will be then sufficient warrant for the corresponding issues and purchases; and he will be so good as to make a daily report of the progress of this service to the Commander-in-Chief."

In the progress of these arduous services, I

organized two corps of Hottentots, consisting of every loose vagabond I could lay my hand on, called the 1st and 2nd Battalion Hottentot Infantry. They consisted of four Companies each, 100 men to a Company. It is scarcely to be credited how rapidly these men trained as soldiers. No nation in the world, with the exception of the inhabitants of the South of France, have such a natural turn to become soldiers as the Hottentots.

In the various operations I had carried on, I had never been able to give a command to Lieut.-Colonel Z—— of the — Regiment, who had been active and useful under me, but I promised him that, as soon as I possibly could do so, he should have one. I ascertained that a considerable body of Kafirs, cattle, etc., were concentrated in the dense fastnesses of the Fish River bush, from which it was necessary to dislodge them before the advance of the invading force. I laid my plan before Sir Benjamin D'Urban, who fully approved of it, and as I wished, he consented that Colonel Z—— should have the command of the troops to effect this service. I sent for the Colonel, and he was delighted. I said, "Now, make your own arrangements. You know the country; you know the desire I have had to give you a command, and I should be sorry if I did not everything in my power to make it agreeable."

All was arranged, and Z—— and his expedition marched. I was under no apprehension of its success, and my mind was devoted to the eternal subject of organization of Boers, Hottentots, waggons, etc.,

when most unexpectedly Colonel Z—— returned to headquarters, and I could observe by his manner victory was not the subject. He of course never acknowledged reverse; said he had not sufficient troops, etc., and that to dislodge the savages, as he always termed them, more must be employed. "But," I said, "how came you to leave your command?" "Oh, I thought I could best explain matters myself." "Well," I said, "come to the Commander-in-Chief."

His Excellency received him very coldly, being exceedingly offended at his leaving his troops, especially under the circumstances. When Colonel Z—— went, Sir Benjamin D'Urban broke out and said, "G——, he has had a licking, and what the devil made him leave his troops? Smith," says Sir B., "this check must be immediately repaired, and you must go yourself. Take with you what you deem sufficient, and lose no time."

I certainly did not, for that afternoon some more infantry were on the march. In the course of the day Jim Cox came to me from Z——, describing how hurt he was that I had to command. I positively laughed at the idea of such a command adding to anything but my labours, and I said, "Willingly will I go to Sir Benjamin D'Urban and tell him Z—— is hurt and in some degree imputes to me the arrangement." The only time Sir Benjamin D'Urban was ever angry with me was on this occasion. "I have decided on what I consider the service demands, and I little expected any

remonstrances from you, Smith." I said quietly, "It was only to serve another, sir." "Yes, at the risk of the public service." Z—— was furious. He was ordered to rejoin his former command.

So soon as I reached the troops on the banks of the river, I reconnoitred the enemy's position, rendered extraordinarily strong from dense bush, almost impenetrable to any but a creeping Kafir, ravines, mountains, etc. I found it necessary to attack at three points, and disposed of my troops accordingly, giving the command of the right and cavalry division to Colonel Somerset, and the left to Colonel Z——, while I remained with the centre.

The river was up, and prevented me crossing for three days. The heat on its banks was intense. I determined, however, that so soon as the river was practicable, I would attack and that my infantry should penetrate the thickets while the cavalry should intercept the retreat of the enemy and their cattle. The evening before the attack, when I gave Colonel Z—— his orders, he said, "Any further orders?" I said, "None." He laughed in a very satirical manner. "Ah, ah, catch a Kafir with infantry." I said, "Yes, Colonel, I intend it, and *you shall too*." Our success exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

Such was the extent of the country, that a considerable part of it I had not been able to penetrate. I was resolved, therefore, to make a second attempt, which I was not long about.

The evening previous to a long march for the different columns to gain their ground, I received an application from Colonel Z—— for permission to return to Grahamstown. I was thunderstruck, but of course said, "Go when you like"; and I had to send Major Gregory, an excellent officer, thirty miles to take the command of Z——'s force, which he reached just in time for it to commence its march. On my second attempt I completely scoured the holds and fastnesses of the Kafirs, namely, "the dense and extensive thorny ravines, etc., of the great Fish River bush," which they had deemed impenetrable, and which in no previous war had they ever been driven from. The Kafirs never again occupied this bush permanently, although a brilliant affair subsequently occurred [9th March] between some Boers under Field Commandant Rademeyer and a large body of them.* Thus Kafirs were caught by infantry, and we secured a considerable quantity of cattle, upwards of 5000, for which the savage fights desperately. The nature of this bush service requires the most practised light troops, and the advantage I derived from the service of my old comrade Cox is not to be described.

After this I brought my two battalions of Hottentots into play. The enemy in this bush had about thirty renegade Hottentots, many of them runaway servants who had deserted with their masters' double-barrelled fowling-pieces. I never

* Cp. for this incident, and the whole history of the war, Sir J. E. Alexander's *Narrative of a Voyage, etc.* London, 1837.

had more difficulty to dislodge a few men in my life, and these fellows caused me a loss of some valuable men.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban was highly gratified with my success, and issued a very complimentary General Order to that effect.*

Soon after this I went to Fort Willshire, to prepare the camp for the rendezvous of the army under Sir Benjamin D'Urban in person, and, the troops being much in want of cattle from the country having been so driven, spoiled, and devastated, I resolved to make an inroad into Kafirland to a dense bush (as it is in this country called) beyond the Umdizini, where I was led to believe a considerable quantity of Kafirs and cattle were collected. The distance from my camp was thirty-five miles, and I had the rapid Keiskamma River to cross. I marched at one o'clock in the morning, with a corps of mounted men, principally composed of the Swellendam Burghers or Yeomanry, under a veteran old Commandant who had made seven Kafir campaigns. My inroad was perfectly successful, and I reached my bivouac at nine the following night, having marched a distance from point to point of 70 miles, exclusive of operations in the bush. I brought with me upwards of 2000 head of fat cattle, which were most acceptable for the consumption of our troops.

In a few days the Commander-in-Chief reached the camp [31 March] at Fort Willshire, and the troops were all ready for the field, and as highly

* Given by Alexander, vol. ii. p. 14.

organized as such a mob of armed inhabitants could be. Our train of commissariat waggons, each with twenty oxen in it, was immense. With the head-quarters column alone we had 170 occupying about two miles. From the length of these teams, I expected great difficulty with them, and certainly took every pains to regulate and divide them into divisions, departments, etc., appointing a captain over the whole. To my astonishment, so excellent were the bullocks, I never had the slightest trouble, and they could march over any country whatever with the troops.

From Fort Willshire we marched to a position at the foot of what are termed the Poorts of the Buffalo, very high wooded ridges, high up the river of this name, and, as we were obliged to halt there for our left column to get into its line, I requested Sir Benjamin D'Urban to allow me to conduct a patrol into this bush. He consented; and I had the prettiest affair by far of any during the war, and the most like a fight.

I took with me a detachment of the 72nd Highlanders, under Captain Murray, my faithful attendant always; one of the Hottentot Battalions; and my Corps of Mounted Guides, gentlemen of the country and merchants who had traded all over Kafirland and knew the country perfectly. Never was there a more useful body. The Hottentot Battalion had a considerable *détour* to make, and I wished to occupy a ridge to support and to observe their movement. In attempting this, I was opposed

by a considerable body of Kafirs posted on a sort of natural castle of rocks, steep and scarped by nature, and so well did the Kafirs maintain themselves, wounding Murray and several of his men, that I had to turn them ere they were dislodged.* In the meanwhile, the Hottentot Battalion, hearing the firing and seeing the bush full of cattle, came flying on and drove the Kafirs in every direction, killing many. We captured upwards of four thousand cattle. The care of these cattle and the sending them to the rear were a very laborious and arduous duty.

* Writing of this to his wife, on the 7th April, he says, "Well, yesterday, alma mia, was the anniversary of that which led to our blessed union, and, after my check at the natural fortress, which, by Jupiter, was very strong—inaccessible, in short—I thought to myself, 'Well, this day so and so many years ago, I had a good licking in Badajos breaches, and the old Duke tried something else.' So the blood rushed into my heart again as gay as ever. 'By G—d, I'll have them out yet.' I had no information but my spyglass, and I made a *détour*, and was lucky in hitting off the plan to approach."

CHAPTER XXXV.

OVER THE KEI INTO HINTZA'S TERRITORY—WAR DECLARED AGAINST HINTZA—HIS KRAAL BEING DESTROYED THE CHIEF COMES IN, AND AGREES TO THE TERMS OF PEACE—HE REMAINS AS A HOSTAGE WITH THE BRITISH FORCE, WHICH MARCHES BACK TO THE KEI—HARRY SMITH MARCHES UNDER HINTZA'S GUIDANCE INTO HIS TERRITORY TO RECOVER THE STOLEN CATTLE—NEAR THE XABECCA HINTZA TRIES TO ESCAPE, AND IS SHOT.

FROM the Poorts of the Buffalo we marched up to the Kei, the right bank of which was the great chief Hintza's territory. Every overture of a pacific character had been made this chief, but no satisfactory, nor indeed decided, answer could be obtained. It was, in the first instance, ordered that we should cross the river without committing any act of hostility, but our sentries and picquets were to be most watchful and vigilant, our avowed object being to recover the cattle which had been so treacherously stolen out of the colony and driven into Hintza's country, and from which he would undoubtedly take a considerable duty. The troops marched on to

the missionary station of Butterworth, close to one of Hintza's great kraals.

The army remained here some days, constantly receiving shuffling messages from Hintza. Here the whole of the Fingoes in Hintza's territories threw themselves on the protection of the Governor. These Fingoes were once a powerful nation, but, being defeated in war, fled to Hintza's territories for protection, which he promised. However, so soon as they were dispersed and powerless, he and his chieftains seized all their cattle, and reduced the whole to the most abject state of slavery. These were the remains of eight powerful nations.*

After a day or two's shuffling, Hintza sent into camp his Prime Minister, Kuba, a sharp wolf-like looking fellow, with the cunning of Satan. I would back him eating beef-steaks against any devil. After the Governor had given Kuba several audiences and patiently heard all he had to urge in extenuation of Hintza's evasive conduct, it was evident he had not the slightest intention of restoring the cattle, or making any reparation for the murder of British subjects early in the war, the destruction of the missionary station at Butterworth, etc. Accordingly, war was formally declared.

At ten o'clock our tents were struck, and the army marched [24 April]. A mounted patrol of three hundred cavalry were given to me, and some Fingoes. I made a most rapid march on another of Hintza's kraals, where his great wife Nomsa

* Alexander, vol. ii. p. 99.

frequently resided. I reached it just before dark, and had a smart brush with the enemy and took a lot of cattle. The next morning at daylight I pushed forward to the bed of the Upper Kei, where information led me to believe a considerable quantity of colonial cattle were secreted. I had a tremendous march this day, and the heat on the banks of the river was excessive. At dark this night I had captured 14,000 head of cattle, principally colonial. I ascertained some months afterwards that these were Macomo's booty. The next day I joined the headquarters column to get rid of my cattle and to get some fresh troops.

At daylight the following day I crossed the rocky bed of the T'somo, very deep and rapid, and made a most precipitate march on Hintza's kraal. He was not there, but many of his followers were; his cattle were all driven off. I immediately burnt his kraal—in Kafirland regarded as the possession of his territory—the only kraal I burnt in his country.

The rapidity of these inroads, the extraordinary extent of country traversed by the troops with me, the burning of Hintza's kraal, were viewed by Hintza with the utmost surprise and consternation, and this chief, who had treated with the utmost evasion and contempt all previous overtures, on the day after his kraal was burnt came into our camp with his son and court, a humble suppliant for peace and mercy. A few years before, a detachment of troops under Colonel Somerset had been

sent to assist him against his enemies, and saved him from destruction. He therefore rode into our camp in an undaunted manner. (The poor savage always buries the past in oblivion, and regards the present only. He has not the most distant idea of right or wrong as regards his line of conduct. Self-interest is his controlling impulse, and desire stands for law and rectitude.) The Governor, Sir B. D'Urban, recorded on paper, in a clear and strong manner, all the grievances he had to complain of, and the redress which he sought and would have. Hintza, with about fifty followers, was immediately prepared to enter into treaty. Kuba was not with him, but he had another of his councillors, a man of great repute, Umtini. As the interpreter translated the Governor's statement paragraph by paragraph, Hintza acknowledged everything. The demand was made for restitution of cattle stolen and redress for all other grievances. Hintza asked to have till next day to consider it, which was granted.

That night he dined with me, while a bullock was given for a feast to his followers, one of whom acted as butcher. The slaughtering is done with great ceremony, but it is horrible to behold. The ox is thrown on his back. The butcher then makes an incision between the chest and the abdomen, through which protrudes immediately a considerable portion of the omentum. This is cut off for the great man of the party as the most acceptable relish. The butcher then introduces his

hand and arm up to the very shoulder into the incision, gets hold of the heart and turns it, the animal giving a terrific roar of excruciating pain which is really appalling. But he is dead in a moment, the circulation being stopped by the twisting of the blood-vessels. By this method of slaying the animal, all the blood is preserved in the meat, which the Kafir thinks adds to its flavour and nutritious power.*

Hintza, Umtini, myself, and the interpreter were together four hours. I was never more astonished than by the ability with which Hintza argued on every point and by the shrewd and cautious opinions expressed by Umtini. The interpreter, Mr. Shepstone,† a very clever youth of nineteen, was the son of a missionary. He had been born among the Kafirs, and the language was as familiar to him as that of his father. He was the only interpreter we had who could convey your meaning in the Kafir idiom and in conformity to their usages and knowledge of men and things. After all this discussion, Hintza said, "Well, I shall agree to-morrow to the Governor's demands in every respect." He then left me, having eaten enough for seven men. I walked with him to his people, where the protruding omentum of the slaughtered bullock was prepared for him. Curiosity induced me to remain. He ate every bit of this fat fried lightly; there could not have been less than four pounds.

* The slaying of the ox on this occasion is also described by Alexander, vol. ii. p. 132.

† Afterwards Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

The next day a sort of court was held, and Hintza formally accepted the conditions of peace offered by his Excellency. Peace was therefore proclaimed, and Hintza went through the ceremony of despatching messengers in all directions to collect the quota of cattle he was to furnish, as well as to bring to headquarters the colonial cattle.

On one of my predatory expeditions I had taken a great chief, by name Maquay. My A.D.C., Balfour, seized him and saved his life, and he was a prisoner in our camp, and I had several others. I now released them all, being very glad to get rid of their custody. If ever a savage can feel any sensation approaching to gratitude, this chief Maquay did when I gave him his liberty. He thanked me for his life, while he frankly acknowledged that, under similar circumstances, he should have taken mine.

Hintza's promises were so strong that the army commenced its march [May 2] towards the ford of the Kei, since called Smith's Tower, there to remain until the conditions of the treaty were fulfilled. A deluge of rain detained us some days. In daily expectation of the arrival of the cattle, the army was as well in one camp as another. Hintza remained with us, which gave us every confidence. When pressed to name hostages, he said, "Oh, I shall willingly remain myself." This act of frankness was evidently intended as a cloak, and he meditated his escape. He was frequently asking me leave to ride out to meet his people bringing in cattle. This I usually refused. One fine sunny day he so pressed

me that I asked the Governor's permission, saying that I would provide for his security. Sir Benjamin D'Urban said, "Depend on it, he meditates his escape"; for some days over the period stipulated had elapsed, and not an article of the treaty acted on.

I sent with Hintza a well-mounted escort of the Cape Corps under a Lieut. Wade, a smart, active and well-mounted officer. I directed him to examine his pistols in Hintza's presence, and the escort their carbines, and to be most vigilant. Hintza endeavoured to lead him into intricate ground, but Wade was far too sharp a fellow, and said, "Hintza, riding about in this way is all folly. I shall take you back to camp." That very day Hintza's and Boku his brother's people had commenced a general massacre of all the Fingoes near them who, in virtue of the treaty of peace, had wandered from the camp. The Governor, seeing the treachery and the absolute want of all faith, became exceedingly indignant, and threatened to hang Hintza himself, and Kreili his son, and Boku his brother, if an instant cessation of this carnage did not take place. The fellows funked, and immediately sent messengers scampering in every direction.

The same night, Hintza's sort of confidential man, a notorious thief and spy, came to me requesting a private audience. I said, "Let him come in." The sergeant of my escort, who always had his double-barrelled carbine in his hand, made me a sign he would be at hand. I then, alone with the fellow (a

copper-coloured half-Hottentot, half-Kafir, a strong athletic fellow), said in Dutch, which he spoke perfectly, "Well, what do you want?" He began to abuse Hintza, saying he was a robber, a traitor to his own people and to us (I saw by the rascal's eye there was mischief in it), and that he wished to serve me. "You scoundrel," I said, "you have been well treated by Hintza; you now wish to desert him because you think he is in difficulties. I will show you how Englishmen treat runaway servants." I called Japps, and desired him to give the fellow a good flogging and kick him into Hintza's camp. Japps was not long in obeying my orders, and soon came back with a large clasp-knife in his hand. "There," says he, "this fell from under the rascal's arm, and he has confessed Hintza sent him to murder you." *

We moved our camp from the bed of the Kei on the road. The Governor began to think Hintza had no intention whatever of fulfilling his promises, but he did not desire to bring him over the Kei a prisoner, which would have been regarded throughout his country as an insult; he therefore proposed that two of his comrades should remain as hostages. Hintza would only offer two common men. The Governor then said, "Hintza, I shall keep Kreili and Boku." This startled Hintza exceedingly, and he renewed a proposal to me which he had often made, that if I would go with him and take troops, he would himself speedily collect the cattle. After all

* Alexander, vol. ii. p. 147.

our marches and exertions, it was as annoying as unsatisfactory to recross the Kei without the redemption of the colonial cattle. I therefore rather urged this proposal on the consideration of his Excellency, who was always of opinion that Hintza was playing false and that his liberty was his sole consideration. "However," his Excellency said, "it is a chance in our favour; you may go with him, but, depend on it, you have undertaken a laborious task."

I prepared, therefore, to march immediately, while the Governor intended to cross over the Fingoes—an operation something resembling the flight of the Israelites out of Egypt—and then to pass the troops. I took with me—

50 Cape Rifles, under an old Peninsular officer, a Captain Ross.

2 Companies 72nd Regiment, under Captain Murray, who had now perfectly recovered from his wound.

3 Companies 1st Battalion Hottentots.

15 of the Corps of Guides.

My A.D.C., Balfour, and my worthy friend Major White, the Q.M.G. of the Burgher force.

Some commissariat stores of bread, flour, and spirits packed on oxen.

Hintza had been treated by me with every possible kindness, and always affected to acknowledge it. He had been loaded with presents by the Governor, and I candidly admit I had a feeling of

kindness towards the chief daily growing upon me, which I could not account for.

We were all soon *en route* [10 May]. The troops had a very long, steep, and winding road, the ascent from the bed of the Kei to the tableland. Hintza, I, my A.D.C., and interpreter, with my escort of Guides, rode on, dismounted, and sat looking at the troops climbing the ascent. Hintza said to the interpreter, "Ask the Colonel in what position I now stand as regards myself and my subjects." I was very glad he put this question, and in very deliberate terms and in an impressive manner I thus expressed myself through the interpreter: "Hintza, you have lived with me now nine days; you call yourself my son, and you say you are sensible of my kindness. Now, I am responsible to my King and to my Governor for your safe custody. Clearly understand that you have requested that the troops under my command should accompany you to enable you to fulfil the treaty of peace you have entered into. You voluntarily placed yourself in our hands as a hostage; you are, however, to look upon me as having full power over you, and if you attempt to escape, you will assuredly be shot.* I consider my nation at peace with yours, and I shall not molest your subjects provided they are peaceable. When they bring the cattle according to your command, I shall select the bullocks and return the cows and calves to them."

Hintza replied that he came out to fulfil his

* The same speech is quoted by Alexander, vol. ii. p. 160.

treaty of peace, and with no intention to escape, and that the fact of his son's being in our hands was a sufficient guarantee of his sincerity. I replied most emphatically, "Very well, Hintza; act up to this, and I am your friend. Again I tell you, *if you attempt to escape, you will be shot.*"

Notwithstanding these specious professions, that very afternoon my suspicions were aroused. I observed two Kafirs coming towards us with five head of cattle. On seeing us, they stopped, and Hintza, without asking my leave, sent a mounted man to them—as he said, to bring them in; but, in place of that, the messenger and the others went off together. My officer, Mr. Southey of the Corps of Guides, attached much importance to this little circumstance. On closely questioning Hintza, I received from him such evasive replies I began to think there must be some little act of treachery, and I pressed him to define the route which he proposed I should take. I could never get more from him than "We are going right."

I knew any chance of success in my expedition depended on the rapidity of my march, for the Kafirs themselves would drive the surrounding country as we approached. I marched, therefore, till dark, having crossed the Guadan Hills that night. Before daylight the next morning [11 May] I was again *en route*, and reached the Guanga late in the afternoon. There I bivouacked and my men cooked. Hintza always ate with me, and, with his councillor Umtini, lay near me at night. I kept a very Light

Division watch over him. After eating, I said, "Now, Hintza, we are a long way in your country; I must know where you propose to conduct me." He was on this occasion very communicative, and requested that I should march towards the mouth of the Bashee by a route which he would point out, and that we should move at midnight. To this request I readily acceded, having observed during the day's march all the cattle to be driven in that direction. At twelve I marched [12 May], keeping a very sharp look-out on Hintza, whose manner I observed to be excited, and continued marching till eight in the morning, when it became necessary to halt and cook.

At breakfast the chief appeared particularly uneasy and evidently annoyed at the vigilance with which I watched him. He observed peevishly, "What have the cattle done that you want them? or why must I see my subjects deprived of them?" I said, "These are odd questions to ask, Hintza. You well know the outrages committed in the Colony by your people; it is in redress of these wrongs I march, and at your own request."

At ten o'clock I again marched. Hintza suddenly became in high spirits, and observed sarcastically, "See how my subjects treat me: they drive the cattle away in spite of me." "Hintza," I said, "I do not want your subjects' cattle; I am sent for the colonial cattle which have been stolen, and which I *will have*." "Then," said the chief, "allow me to send forward Umtini, my principal

councillor, to tell my people I am here, that they must not drive away their cattle, and that the cattle of your own nation will alone be selected." This proposal I immediately agreed to, as it appeared to hold out some chance of success, although I could not divest myself of the opinion that Hintza was meditating some mischief. I particularly enjoined Umtini to return at night, and this he promised faithfully to do.

Umtini quitted the line of march at full speed, accompanied by one of Hintza's attendants, the chief exclaiming, in high spirits, "Now you need not go to the Bashee; you will have more cattle than you can drive on the Xabecca"—a small river which we were rapidly approaching.

On my nearing the stream, it was found that the spoor or track of the cattle branched off in two directions—one to the left, up a high mountain; the other to the right, up a very steep, abrupt, high, and wooded hill upon the banks of the Xabecca.* The river-bed below was rugged, precipitous, and covered with brushwood. Hintza said, "We must follow the track to our right; the cattle which are gone to the left up the mountain are lost to us." This desire of his I resolved to follow, and crossed the Xabecca accordingly.

It had been remarked that this morning Hintza rode a remarkable fine and powerful horse, which he spared fatigue by leading him up any hill we came

* Alexander gives the river as Gnabacka. Schmidt's map (1876) gives it as Xnabeccana and Gnabecca.

across during the march. On the opposite side of the Xabecca the ascent was steep, precipitous, and woody. I was riding at the head of the column, when I heard a rush of horses behind me, and called out to the Corps of Guides, in whose particular charge Hintza was. I then observed the chief and all his followers riding up quickly to me and passing me in the bushes on both sides. The Corps of Guides called my attention to the circumstance, and I exclaimed to Hintza, "Stop!" At this moment the chief, having moved to one side of the track which we were marching on, became entangled among the bushes and was obliged to descend again on to the path before us. I drew a pistol, at which the chief smiled so ingenuously, I nearly felt regret at my suspicions, and I allowed the chief to ride on, preceded by some of the Corps of Guides, his guards, who had pushed forward to intercept him if he attempted to escape.

On reaching the top of this ascent, we found the country perfectly open, and parallel with the rugged and wooded bed of the Xabecca (calculated for the resort, cover, and protection of the Kafir), a considerable tongue of land ran for about two miles and terminated at the bend of the river, where was a Kafir village. On reaching the top, my mind was occupied with the march of the troops up this steep ascent, and I was looking back to observe their appearance, when the chief set off at full speed, passing the Guides in front, towards the village in the distance. Two of the Guides, active fellows,

Messrs. Southey and Shaw, set off, exclaiming, "Oh, Colonel, Colonel, look!" My first glance showed me the treachery, and both spurs were dashed into my horse's sides, a noble animal of best English blood. The chief was at least two hundred yards ahead of me, and for half a mile his horse was as fast as mine. It was a capital horse in good condition, given to him some months before by Colonel Somerset. After that distance I found I rapidly neared him, and when within a distance of forty yards I pulled out a pistol. It snapped. I tried a second, with equal ill success. At this moment Hintza's horse gained on me, and I found that in the pursuit I had rushed my horse with such violence I had nearly blown him, and that, if I must take the chief, it was necessary to nurse my horse a little. In about a quarter of a mile I again closed with him. I had no sword on, but I struck him with the butt end of a pistol, which flew out of my hand. He was jobbing at me furiously with his assagai. I rode upon his right to prevent him turning down into the bed of the river, which I supposed (as afterwards it proved) was full of Kafirs in waiting to receive him.

I was now rapidly approaching the Kafir huts, and the blood of my horse gave me great advantage over Hintza. I tried to seize his bridle-reins, but he parried my attempt with his assagai. I prayed him to stop, but he was in a state of frenzy. At this point of desperation, a whisper came into my ear, "Pull him off his horse!" I shall not, nor ever

could, forget the peculiarity of this whisper. No time was to be lost. I immediately rode so close to him that his assagai was comparatively harmless, and, seizing him by the collar of his karosse (or tiger-skin cloak), I found I could shake him in his seat. I made a desperate effort by urging my horse to pass his, and I hurled him to the ground.

My horse was naturally of a violent temper, and, from the manner I had spurred him and rushed him about, he became furious. Having now recovered and running on his second wind, I could not pull him up, and he ran away with me to the Kafir village. I expected to feel a hundred assagais at me in a moment, but all the Kafirs had gone down into the river. I dropped the reins on one side, and with both hands hauled his head round. I then spurred him violently and drove him right upon a Kafir hut, by which he nearly fell, and I got him round with his head the right way, viz. back again, and did not spare the spurs.

The Kafir's fall created delay sufficient for the foremost of the Guides, Southey, to approach within gunshot. Southey shot the Kafir Larunu, and as Hintza was running into the bed of the river, called to him to stop. At this moment I was within hailing distance, and I desired Mr. Southey, "Fire, fire at him." He did so from about two hundred yards off. The chief fell, and I pulled up, thinking he was knocked over. He was on his legs again in a moment, and so close to the bush he succeeded in gaining it. I made instant arrangements with the

troops to invest as much of the bush as I could, in the hope of intercepting him. In the mean time, however, with the utmost rapidity, Southey and my A.D.C., Lieut. Balfour, 72nd Regiment, pursued him into the bush, the former keeping up, the latter down the stream, when Southey was suddenly startled by an assagai striking the stone or cliff on which he was climbing. Turning quickly round, he perceived a Kafir, his head and uplifted assagai only visible, and so close, he had to recoil to bring up his gun. It was an act like lightning; either the Kafir would send the assagai first, or the shot must fall. Southey was first, and fired and shot the Kafir, whom to his astonishment he found to be the chief.

Southey immediately galloped towards me. There was a cry, "Hintza is taken," at which I was not a little delighted, and I sent the sergeant of my escort, Japps, to bring him to me in a rein or halter, but by no means to treat him roughly. In a few seconds Southey reported the melancholy truth. I say "melancholy" because I had much rather he had been taken, but I thanked Southey for his exertions, and there was no one act I could upbraid myself with as contributing to the chief's attempt to escape after the warning I had given him and the kindness and respect I had treated him with, and after having, merely to please him, marched, as he pretended, to his assistance.

I had the corpse brought up the hill carefully wrapped in the karosse, and laid near the Kafir village with every mark of decency. I had no tools,

or I would have buried it. In the distance, with my telescope I saw the confederate Umtini, and observed by his gestures that he was exciting and calling together the Kafirs in all directions by means of messengers running from hill to hill. This is their ordinary method of communication, and it is nearly as rapid as our telegraph.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MARCH ACROSS THE BASHEE TO THE UMTATA AND BACK TO THE BASHEE—DEATH OF MAJOR WHITE —DIFFICULT MARCH FROM THE BASHEE TO REJOIN SIR B. D'URBAN ON THE KEI—ANNEXATION OF THE TERRITORY CALLED THE "PROVINCE OF QUEEN ADELAIDE," AND FOUNDING OF ITS CAPITAL, "KING WILLIAM'S TOWN"—RETURN OF THE GOVERNOR TO GRAHAMSTOWN.

I COLLECTED my troops, and saw many of my officers look somewhat staggered as to what was to come next, considering that they were such a handful of troops in the heart of a country swarming with people who were now our most avowed enemies. Some of Hintza's followers were in my hands. These I despatched to their countrymen, to tell them how Hintza's treachery had cost him his life, and that I should [not ?] make war upon them. I called the officers to the front, and some of the influential non-commissioned officers of the Hottentot companies, and told them the Bashee was not far distant. I should march upon it, and cross or otherwise as circumstances demanded, for I had been informed that the bed was full of cattle, principally colonial. I was

now without a guide, for on this important point I had naturally depended on Hintza. However, I could distinguish the line of the bed of the Bashee, to which it had been told me by Hintza that the cattle would be driven, and the tracks of cattle all converged in that direction.

Late in the afternoon the waters of the Bashee were discernible and on its further bank a considerable number of cattle. The troops had been marching fourteen hours, but I resolved to push forward with my cavalry, whom I ordered to lead their horses down the precipitous banks of the river. I forded the beautiful and widely flowing stream in an oblique direction, and ascended the rugged and steep banks of the opposite side by a cleft in the rocks, which admitted of only one horseman at a time. After gaining the heights, I immediately pushed forward, and succeeded in capturing 3000 odd fine cattle, but very few colonial ones among them, and had there been an hour's more daylight, I should have taken double the number. Night, however, came on, and I bivouacked my party on the left bank of the Bashee, ground well adapted for the security of the captured cattle. This was the third day since I left the Kei, and the troops had marched 84 miles.

Having observed at dusk that the cattle I could not come up with were driven in the direction of the Umtata, I resolved, as the moonlight was greatly in my favour, to move at three o'clock in the morning [13 May], leaving the jaded horses, weakly men,

and captured cattle, with as large a guard as I could afford, in the bivouac. I gave this command to Captain Ross, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, an old and experienced Peninsular officer, with orders to concentrate everything as soon as it was daylight. I told him that he might rely on it the Kafirs would attempt to retake the cattle.

A most gallant officer and dear friend, Major White, the Quartermaster-General to the Burgher force, had accompanied me, and had rendered me great assistance, having also been busily employed each day in adding to the topographical information so much required in this country. He proposed to remain in camp to make sketches, and asked me to give him a guard of one corporal and three men. I desired Captain Ross to give him six, to keep a sharp look-out on this party, and (as I anticipated what *did* occur) to reinforce it in case of need. I also particularly requested my friend White to go a very short way from the bivouac, and to keep a sharp look-out, for he might rely upon the enemy's showing the utmost activity to retake the cattle and destroy every man remaining behind.

Upon my return to camp, the first report was that Major White and all his party were cut off. On the first alarm by a shot, the old Peninsular officer Ross was broad awake, but his reinforcement only arrived in time to find the body of poor White lying pierced with wounds, and all his papers, double-barrelled gun, etc., borne off, and the party lying murdered near him. In him the Colony lost a man of superior

ability and vast utility, a noble-minded public-spirited fellow, formerly a lieutenant in our service, and I a friend I was proud of.

During these disasters in camp, which my foresight had anticipated, I pushed forward, detaching Captain Bailie with sixty excellent men of the Hottentot battalion down the Bashee to a distance, then to bring up his right shoulder and rejoin me on the banks of the Kakke * River, equidistant between the Bashee and Umtata, where I proposed to halt and cook, if circumstances permitted me. I had no guide, and my movements were conducted by reference to a very defective map. I marched from the mountainous bank of the Bashee through a most beautiful and fertile country, strongly undulating and rich in pasturage, over which was visible the track of vast numbers of cattle. I pushed on with vigour until the bed of the Umtata was perfectly visible, but not a head of cattle was discernible. The whole country had been driven on the alarm and capture of the previous night. The enemy had assembled in vast numbers all around me, but I never could get near him, so wary and so vigilant was he. I succeeded, however, in taking one prisoner, and two Fingoes came in to me. From them I learned what I indeed saw—the cattle of the whole country had been driven, previously and by Hintza's orders, over the Umtata, those I had captured the night before being, as it were, the rear-guard.

* Mpako?

From the distance marched, the fatigue of the troops, and the powerful concentration of the immense population all around me, I naturally began to turn my attention to the security of the bivouac I had left behind and the captured cattle. I had previously directed Captain Bailie not to join me, if he found the country I had detached him into excessively difficult to traverse. He was in that case to follow the bed of the Bashee a reasonable distance, and then return straight to the bivouac. My own observation of the country I had marched over confirmed me in thinking it would be impossible for him to join me. I therefore made no halt on account of any such expectation.

The enemy on my march back made some attempts on my rear. The officer, a Lieutenant Bailie, son of the man previously mentioned, a very sharp fellow, laid himself in ambush in the long grass and several times made the Kafirs pay dearly for their temerity.

On approaching my bivouac I saw all was secure, and did not anticipate the extent of the melancholy report I was to receive of the loss of my friend White, as before described. Captain Ross told me that he had been kept on the most vigilant alert all day; that every moment he expected a rush from the immense numbers of Kafirs all round him, and he was very glad to see me back.

Every moment the numbers increased around

me, and their daring to approach me indicated great confidence. I was perfectly satisfied that an attempt would be made at night to retake the cattle, and I made my defensive dispositions accordingly, giving the command of the picquet to an active officer on whom I could depend—Captain Lacy of the 72nd Regiment.

Scarcely was it perfectly dark when on came, in the most stealthy manner, a swarm of Kafirs. Their design was anticipated, however, by our vigilance, and the assailants were driven back with great loss. Captain Bailie had not yet returned with his sixty men, and I was very anxious he should do so, although I felt no great apprehensions for his safety, as I heard no firing in his direction, and I was well aware he would not give in without a desperate struggle. However, between eleven and twelve at night I heard him approaching—joyfully, I admit; for he and his men had been marching from three o'clock in the morning, and taking into consideration the previous day's march, I then considered, and I now maintain, that these sixty men marched a greater distance than was ever traversed in the same number of hours by any infantry in the world. I was aware that unless they fell in with cattle they would have nothing to eat, and I had their dinners prepared; the active fellows had eaten nothing from the previous night. Captain Bailie reported to me that he had had various rencontres with parties of the enemy; that after dark he was closely invested, and several bold

attempts were made to assagai his men in the very ranks.

Seeing the number of the enemy, their increasing hostility and daring, the difficulty of the road I had to retire by, being obliged to recross the Bashee by a path admitting of only one bullock at a time, it became necessary to make my arrangements with every skill and attention, lest the enemy should retake my capture, the abandonment of which would be contrary to the feelings of most of my party. Accordingly I made the soldiers cook at daylight, and went in among my doubtful troops—the new levies; for in my *soldiers* of the 72nd Regiment I had every confidence, as they deserved. I found my Hottentots, who are very sharp fellows, perfectly aware of the delicacy of our position, which, indeed, I did not attempt to conceal, as I wished to impress upon them that our safety and the getting away of the cattle depended on their silence and obedience and their never firing a shot without orders. They always called me "father." An old spokesman now said to me in Dutch, "We will do all our father desires, if he will stay near us, and not go galloping about to have his throat cut; for if we lose him we are all lost."

I sent Captain Ross over the river to establish himself on the opposite bank, and I placed parties in the river above and below the ford to keep the Kafirs from driving off the cattle, as they are very expert at this, and a few men could have effected it if once an opening had occurred.

So soon as the enemy saw me under arms and observed my retrograde movement, they disposed of themselves in the most dexterous manner, so as to attack me wherever able, and made frequent feints in one direction so as to attack in another. But so well were my orders obeyed, and so alert was every officer and soldier, fully aware that one error would occasion dire disaster, all these bold attempts were defeated: and I succeeded in crossing the river to the full extent of my most sanguine hopes. When I reached the open country about four miles from the river, the enemy had no cover or ground favourable for molesting me, and I pursued my march uninterrupted, but with great caution and in as compact a body as possible. Three thousand cattle cover a deal of ground, and but for the ability of the Hottentots as drovers I should never have succeeded in bringing them off.

In all my previous service I was never placed in a position requiring more cool determination and skill, and as one viewed the handful of my people compared with the thousands of brawny savages all round us, screeching their war-cry, calling to their cattle, and indicating by gesticulations the pleasure they would have in cutting our throats, the scene was animating to a degree. I continued my march and recrossed the Kei on the 17th May, and rejoined the main body under his Excellency Sir B. D'Urban, having completed a march of 218 miles in seven days and a half, over a rugged and mountainous country, intersected by deep rivers at

the bottom of precipitous ravines and rivulets difficult to cross, having had to march for hours without any road at all, bringing with me 3000 captured cattle and 1000 Fingoes, who had flocked to me with their families for protection, and added considerably to my difficulties; and all this effected without the loss of an individual except those whose fatuity, or rather indiscretion, had placed them—so contrary to my caution and my anticipation of danger—within the grasp and power of the undaunted and stealthy savage.

On my reaching Sir Benjamin D'Urban, he gave out—

"21 May, 1835.

"The Commander-in-Chief has again the gratification of recording the military skill and indefatigable activity of Colonel Smith, and the admirable discipline, zeal, and determined spirit of the troops under his orders in the recent expedition beyond the mouth of the Bashee. Upon no former occasion—and there have been many during this campaign where they have well earned praise for their high qualities—have they displayed them in a more eminent degree. They marched in seven days 218 miles; overcame all opposition, notwithstanding that this was obstinately attempted by several thousands of armed and determined savages; crossed and recrossed a large river of very difficult banks, and brought off from the further side three thousand head of cattle which had been plundered from the Colony. They have also achieved a still more important service in the course of this bold and rapid inroad: they have rescued from destruction and safely brought in one thousand of the Fingo race, who from their remote situation had been before unable to join

their countrymen now under British protection, and who would inevitably have been sacrificed to the fury of the savages so soon as they should have had leisure to think of them.

"For these services, effected too without loss from the ranks, the Commander-in-Chief returns his thanks to all the troops employed, officers and soldiers, and he especially offers them to Colonel Smith."

The Governor was much depressed at the unfortunate loss of the chief Hintza by his own treachery, not only from the natural feeling of humanity towards the individual, but because he fully anticipated the hold the canting party would take of it in England. Such men, stripping facts of all collateral circumstances, so changed the features of that incident as to twist it into the tortuous shape of their own cunning duplicity. For my own part, I was firmly based in my conscientious rectitude, of which Almighty God alone was Witness and Judge, and anything which man could say I disregarded. I admit, however, that at the moment I did not expect to be called a bloodthirsty murderer in every print in every quarter of our dominions, or to be shamefully abandoned by the Minister of the Colonies,* whose duty it was in such assaults honestly to have supported and sustained me against the misled voice of the public, and not to have sacrificed me at the shrine of cringing party spirit when I had so faithfully, so zealously, and so energetically saved for him the Colony of the Cape.

* Lord Glenelg.

He remained in office long enough to repent and acknowledge his error. My own rectitude of conscience prevented me ever caring an iota for these miscreants' assaults, and I was ultimately thanked by the minister; although not till I had undergone the ordeal of inquiry by a court of investigation, levelled at *me*, but assembled on Mr. Southey, by whose hand the chief lost his life (August and Sept., 1836).

The Governor prepared to move into the colony, as soon as he had taken possession of the country on the right bank of the Kei, some years previously wrested from the Hottentots by the Kafirs, and as soon as he had founded the city of King William's Town [24 May] immediately on the left bank of the Buffalo, and established corresponding posts throughout the newly added "Province of Queen Adelaide."

The army marched from its position on the Kei, establishing posts on the line of road towards Grahamstown, and headquarters were established on the 22nd May, on the site of the new city, King William's Town, and remained there till the 11th June, when the Commander-in-Chief returned to Grahamstown.

During this period, with a small force of cavalry and infantry, I made some most rapid and extensive marches throughout the whole of the new province, the object being, in virtue of the proclamation, to compel the Kafirs to return behind the Kei in the spirit of that conquest by which they had some years previously crossed it. A more harassing duty

for myself and troops cannot be imagined, although the troops had the best of the fatigue, for after each excursion I took fresh parties.

The day previously to headquarters returning to Grahamstown a General Order was published, of which the following is an extract :—

"The Commander-in-Chief publishes three reports made to him on the 1st, 3rd, and 7th inst. [June, 1835] by Colonel Smith *at length*, because they are full of valuable instruction for young officers (whose attention, therefore, is earnestly invited to them), setting forth in the clearest and most emphatic manner how such duties should be performed, as well with regard to arrangement of plan, as to activity and energy of execution; and, above all, they furnish a practical illustration of this great military principle, which should be foremost in the mind of every soldier, and which so strikingly characterizes this distinguished officer, 'Nil actum reputans, siquid superesset agendum.'"

After thanking the troops, the Order continues—

"It diminishes the regret of the Commander-in-Chief at quitting this personal command, that he leaves them in charge of Colonel Smith, an officer in whom they must all have the fullest confidence as well on account of those high military qualities which they have witnessed, and which have made him a main cause of the recent successes, as because they know from experience he is a soldier, and will always have a watchful care of all that can contribute to their health, comfort, and convenience.

"Colonel Smith, C.B., is appointed to the command of the District of the Province of Queen Adelaide and all the troops therein, until his Majesty's pleasure be known."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HARRY SMITH LEFT IN COMMAND OF THE NEW "PROVINCE OF QUEEN ADELAIDE" AT KING WILLIAM'S TOWN—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT BAILIE —HARRY SMITH JOINED BY HIS WIFE—FORAYS ON THE KAFIRS—CONCLUSION OF PEACE.

Upon my taking the command, my first object was to provide for the security of the various posts established by his Excellency; to facilitate communication by improving roads, fords, etc.; then to endeavour to compel the Kafirs, in conformity with my instructions, to withdraw beyond the Kei and sue for peace. I endeavoured by every means in my power to assure them that peace was within their reach, and that if hostilities were continued, it would be due to them alone. I most assuredly never allowed the troops one moment's repose from the furtherance of the great object—a peaceful possession of the province wrested from the enemy.

Of the many patrols which I sent out, one consisted of sixty of the 1st Battalion of the Hottentots under Lieutenants Bailie and Biddulph. I had frequently employed Lieutenant Bailie on such

duties. His achievements were always to my perfect satisfaction, and I had implicit confidence in his judgment, discretion, and bravery. The evening this patrol went out, I proceeded some distance with it, impressing upon Lieut. Bailie the necessity there was for vigilance. Above all he must never divide his party, as utility and safety consisted in union. With this injunction I left him, and for ever. It will appear that this excellent officer had received some information by which he hoped to effect great service, and he divided his sixty men into two bodies, thirty with himself, and thirty with Biddulph. They were to meet at a given point of rendezvous well known to both. Biddulph reached the rendezvous, but Bailie's party never again appeared. They were cut off to a man. Biddulph, having heard no firing, after waiting for some time, believed Bailie to have returned to my camp. I had so much confidence in this officer's ability, that I was not in the slightest apprehension for his safety, and as to sending out parties in quest of him, I had no clue whatever, for Biddulph could not even give an opinion where he could have proceeded to. Afterwards, on the conclusion of peace, it was ascertained that with his small party he protracted a most gallant and unflinching resistance for four days against many hundreds of the savages, who had hemmed him in in one of the deep woody ravines of the Tabendoda* Mountains, a resistance which did not cease till his ammunition was exhausted. It is most extraordinary

* Alexander says "the Intabakandoda range" (vol. ii. p. 248).

that, though I sent patrols in various directions, no one ever heard the report even of a musket.

Being thus established "Governor" of a Province, and my dear, faithful, adventurous, and campaigning wife being impatient under her unusual separation, we resolved with mutual gratification that she should start to join me—a distance of nearly 800 miles over a wild country of bad roads, difficult passes, and deep rivers. But what will not woman undertake when actuated by love and duty? Such distances are travelled in large covered or tilted waggons drawn by ten, twelve, fourteen, and even twenty horses according to the road. The roads may be of deep sand, hard, or over mountains; but they are invariably rough. One of the judges' circuit waggons was kindly placed at my wife's disposal, and she, her maid, dogs, and two faithful servants started. Reliefs of horses were collected on the road at the usual stages by authority, my wife paying for the same. She travelled at an average rate of 70 miles a day, receiving, wherever she stopped the night or for refreshment, every attention from the families of the Dutch Boers, most of whom were, or had been, under my command, and with whom I was very popular. She reached Grahamstown much fatigued from the jolting of so unwieldy a thing as a Cape waggon, but no other vehicle can bear the shock caused by the roughness of the mountain roads. On reaching Grahamstown she found it necessary to rest for a day or two, after which the troops of Volunteers spontaneously prayed

to be her escort to Fort Willshire, about halfway betwen Grahamstown and King William's Town, the furthest point to which I could venture to proceed from my command. On the day we were to meet, so punctual were we both that her waggon and my escort appeared on two heights on either side of Fort Willshire at the same instant, and we were again united in gratitude to Almighty God.

The next day we proceeded to the seat of my government, King William's Town, where my dear campaigning wife was again under canvas, surrounded by all the circumstance of war. There was, however, little "pomp" in my posts, every man who strayed a few yards from the cantonment being murdered to a certainty. We only occupied the ground we stood on, and chains of sentries were round us each night, as hundreds of Kafirs were watching every post night and day for the purposes of murder and plunder, and most daring attempts were frequently made to carry off cattle from the very centre of our camp. My tents were near the garden of an old missionary station which had been burnt during the war; and in that garden two Kafirs were shot while attempting to steal my cows.

Close to King William's Town, and somewhat under cover of it, I had a large Fingo encampment. One night the Kafirs in great force made a desperate attempt to destroy them and their camp and carry off their cattle. But the Fingoes, even before the picquet in readiness for the purpose could reach them, not only defended themselves most

gallantly, but bravely beat the Kafirs, left them lying dead in their camp, and pursued them until daylight. I shall never forget the screeching, yelling, hooting, Tower of Babel noise made in the dead of night by so many hundred desperate savages fighting with every degree of animosity that bitter hatred and enmity inspire. But so well did the Fingoes conduct themselves, that no further attempt was ever made to molest them.

In all the many forays I made on these determined barbarians, I endeavoured to impress upon them, through the medium of their women, that submission and a desire on their part for peace would be readily listened to, and that they alone would be the culprits if the horrors of war continued. The many forays I ordered are best described in a General Order, of which the following is an extract:—

"7 August.

"With reference to the General Order of the 1st July, when the Commander-in-Chief had last the satisfaction of thanking the troops in the Province of Queen Adelaide, he now desires to record his approbation of their continued and gallant and excellent services as reported by Colonel Smith during the latter part of June and the whole of the month of July. These have been hardly and brilliantly achieved, with great loss to the enemy and the capture of 5000 head of cattle. And for these the Commander-in-Chief desires to express to the officers and soldiers his approbation and his thanks, which are especially due to Colonel Smith."

If ever these anecdotes meet the eye of the

public, let it bear in mind that although as an *united* enemy nothing could be so contemptible as the poor athletic barbarians, yet to inflict any punishment upon them the most rapid and gigantic marches were requisite, and every patrol must be conducted on the most vigilant and scientific principles. Most enterprising men were watching every movement, ready to take advantage of inactivity or error. On one occasion a most desperate attempt, boldly planned and executed, was made on a redoubt near the frontier, and only repulsed by the soldiers of the 72nd Regiment hand to hand. On the whole a more harassing duty was rarely undertaken.

My Hottentot levies—the 1st and 2nd Provisional Battalions (not enlisted soldiers)—began to be very tired of the war. The excitement of cattle-hunting no longer existed; and in lieu of it, when I sent them into the bush they encountered an enemy fully as gallant as themselves. After the loss of Lieutenant Bailie's party, too, they became somewhat cowed; and I never sent any of them out without a proportion of our own redcoats. From the various communications I began to receive through the women, it was evident that the Kafirs also were heartily tired of war. In order, therefore, to accelerate peace, I determined to make from Fort Cox (commanded by the gallant officer of that name) a desperate and very extended attempt on the tribes of the great chiefs Macomo and Tyalie, who were in that neighbourhood. I therefore reinforced Major Cox with all the troops I could spare, and

sent him very detailed instructions, dwelling particularly on the attainment of my object, peace. Any overture was to be received cordially, but no cessation of hostilities was to be permitted without previous communication with me; which a few hours would effect. This enterprise was so ably conducted by my gallant comrade, and so energetically supported by officers and soldiers, that Macomo sued for peace; and I consented to a provisional cessation of hostilities whilst I communicated with the Governor at Grahamstown.

Sir Benjamin immediately sent out Captain Warden and Major Cox. Both officers were personally known to Macomo and liked by him; and he with his council and Tyalie met them beyond our posts [15 August].* The basis of the treaty was then communicated to the chiefs, who consented to almost everything, the articles were taken to Grahamstown by Captain Warden, and Major Cox, to my deep regret, sent back the reinforcements I had furnished him with. I was so convinced that the chiefs would not conclude a peace on these terms, that I marched back to Cox the troops (or rather fresh ones), and wrote to the Governor to request that, in the event of Macomo, as I anticipated, demurring to the terms, I might be sent to conclude the peace. The whole turned out as I expected. Macomo, seeing we were willing to make peace, at his second meeting with Cox and Warden [25

* For Warden's report of the conference, see Alexander, vol. ii. p. 335.

August] rose in his demands, and was most violent and even insulting in his conduct. Warden, in conformity to his orders, came to me 30 miles off; and at dusk I was in my saddle, and troops were marching in all directions on certain points around Macomo.

On my arrival at Fort Cox, I sent a summons to Macomo to meet me with his chiefs in front of my picquet, describing to him the position of my troops, and pointing out that the line of his retreat over the Kei, previously left open for him, was now intercepted. I added that if he was not with me in two hours after the receipt of my message, I would sweep him and all his host off the face of the earth. This bold menace had the desired effect, and he speedily met me.

I went out [6 September] with only Cox, Warden, and my A.D.C., to show I did not anticipate treachery, although I had some able support hard by. On meeting me, Macomo was in a state of terrible agitation, as was his brother Tyalie. The spot was near the place called the grave of their father, the great chief Gaika. I therefore, in their own mode of incantation, invoked Gaika to our council, for whom they had profound respect and veneration, and then most abruptly demanded a repetition of his dying injunction to his sons Macomo and Tyalie, which was to remain in peace and amity with the English and never make war upon them. I would not allow the chiefs to have an opinion, much less to give one, saying, "You made war in the most brutal

and unjust manner upon our colony, without observing *your own* and *our* unvaried custom of declaring war, but burning, murdering, and spoiling all you approached. Beaten in war, you sue for peace, and peace is granted to you. On a second meeting called to ratify it, you rise in your demands. You are insolent and overbearing to two officers for whom you profess respect and esteem. Now I read the only terms and conditions on which I make peace with you. Unless you accept them after the several days you have had to deliberate on them—for they are the very same articles you previously accepted without any reserve—you shall return to your people. I give you half an hour to reach them, after which I will instantly attack you, and never cease until you are all destroyed. I am here to command, not to *listen*." ("Listen" is a most impressive expression in the Kafir language and habit. It means everything.)

This decided mode of dealing with these treacherous savages, with whom self-will alone is law, astonished them, and they all agreed to the former treaty. Tyalie, an ignorant fellow, began to talk, but I shut his mouth in a voice of thunder, and threatened to make peace with the others and exclude him, which settled his presumption. The whole body—chiefs and council—then formally ratified the treaty, and all accompanied me to Fort Cox, where I regaled them with all in my power. I told them they should soon see the difference in me between a friend and an enemy; that as I had waged

vigorous war on them, so would I teach them by every kindness to become men and shake off their barbarism.

The Governor came to Fort Willshire, halfway between Fort Cox and Grahamstown, to meet the chiefs [dates of meetings, 11 and 17 September]. The tribes had become, in consequence of the war, somewhat unruly, and I do believe that at the moment the chiefs, with every desire, had not the power to restrain many lawless and predatory acts of their followers, pending the final arrangement of the new order of things.

On the conclusion of the treaty of peace, a deputation was sent to Kreili and his mother, Nomsa. Kreili was now the great chief in place of his father Hintza. If a Kafir has any heart, this youth Kreili showed one on all after-occasions to me, for my kindness to him when he was in our camp with his father. I ever found him docile and reasonable, and ever had paramount authority with him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HARRY SMITH'S ATTEMPTS AT CIVILIZING THE KAFIRS —THE CHIEFS MADE BRITISH MAGISTRATES—A CENSUS TAKEN—A POLICE FORCE ESTABLISHED—A GREAT MEETING OF CHIEFS—WITCHCRAFT FORBIDDEN—A CHIEF PUNISHED FOR DISOBEDIENCE —A REBELLIOUS CHIEF AWED INTO SUBMISSION —AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE INTRODUCED—NAKEDNESS DISCOUNTENANCED—BURIAL OF THE DEAD ENCOURAGED—BUYING OF WIVES CHECKED —HOPES OF A GENERAL CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.

During the assembly of the chiefs and their great men at Fort Willshire, I had many and long conferences with them. They had become British subjects at their own request, and now each chief was appointed a magistrate in his own tribe and district, with orders to look up to me and report to me as the Governor of the Province. To introduce a new order of things diametrically opposed to their former habits required much consideration; and the success of the undertaking depended on the *gradual* introduction of innovation and change. I joyfully and enthusiastically entered upon the task

of rescuing from barbarism thousands of our fellow-creatures endowed by nature with excellent understanding and powers of reasoning as regards the *present;* for there was only one man among them—Umhala, the chief of the T'slambie tribe—who had an idea of the *result* of measures, or futurity. I saw that innovations must be so introduced as to render them agreeable, not obnoxious, and that anything acquired by conciliatory and palatable means was an important point gained. I requested each chief to give me one of his most able councillors, and several messengers on whom he could depend, to accompany me to King William's Town, now the "Great Kraal" or seat of government, that we might freely communicate, or, in their expression, "that they might have my ear." This they all cheerfully assented to. The Governor returned to Grahamstown [25 Sept.], I to my "Great Kraal" with my new court, and the chiefs to their tribes.

By this arrangement much of the territory, indeed almost the whole, between the Kei and the Keiskamma was restored to the previous occupants. But the labour and difficulty I had to prevent locations on the tracts of country reserved for military purposes and sites of towns is not to be described. Frequently I have been compelled to resort to very harsh measures; but I never would admit of any arrangement bordering on a compromise. I started on the principle of Yes and No, Right and Wrong. I was ever inflexible, and I ever strove most energetically to establish that faith in my word

and uncompromising justice which aided me beyond anything to effect what I ultimately did. I closed the door to all appeal or reference to events which occurred prior to the conclusion of peace. In their own words, "the old kraal was shut," never to be reopened. It was fortunate for me that I adopted this policy, for no records of the Court of Chancery embraced more retrospect than my new subjects were disposed to. They were all by nature subtle and acute lawyers. The councillor given me by Macomo was an old man of great ability; Lords Bacon, Thurlow, and Eldon were not more acquainted with our laws than was this old fellow with the laws of his people. He had been Gaika's Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor, and was attached to the English. With this old fellow I spent six hours a day for several successive days, until I made myself thoroughly acquainted with their laws and rights of person. Although these closely resembled the law of Moses given in Leviticus, and, if correctly administered, were excellent, I soon discovered that might was right, that the damnable forgery of sorcery and witchcraft was the *primum mobile* of oppression and extortion, and that under the cloak of punishment for this offence there was committed oppression of so barbarous and tyrannical a kind as it was hardly to be conceived that beings endowed with reason could perpetrate on each other. The following sketch will give some idea of what commonly takes place.

In Kafirland the witch-doctors and the rain-

makers are in the confidence of their respective chiefs. Whenever any individual renders himself obnoxious to the chief or any of his family or influential men, he is accused of bewitching either the chief, his wife, or child, or cattle, or any other thing, but no one is ever considered capable of this sort of sorcery but a man rich in goods, viz. cattle.

A witch-dance is then called, special care being taken to summon the individual upon whom it is intended to affix the crime. An old hag, perfectly naked, comes forth; the assembled people dance round her in a circle; she is, in their expression, to "smell out" the person who has bewitched the supposed sufferers. After a variety of gesticulations, this hag approaches the individual already named by the chief, and literally *smells* him, proclaiming him the culprit. If he is very rich, the chief and his *pagate*, or councillors, are satisfied with "eating him up" (the native expression for having all one's property confiscated under an accusation of witchcraft); if not so, or if he is very obnoxious, they have various punishments, such as putting him at once to death by a species of hanging, or rather strangulating by a leather thong, throwing the poor wretch on the ground upon his back, tethering his arms apart above his head, his legs apart and fully extended, then bringing large quantities of large black ants,* throwing them upon him, and leaving him exposed

* These ants are most venomous—creep into the eyes, ears, etc., and cause a pain which no creature was ever known to bear without lamentation; in all other punishments not even a sigh escapes them.—H. G. S.

until the pain and anguish of the stings put an end to his existence; burning the body all over with large flat stones (the poor wretch on whose account I punished Umhala so severely * had thirty large places burned on his person); taking the accused to the edge of a particular precipice and hurling him down; and several other methods. No individual, man, woman, or child, is safe. The witch-doctors are in the confidence of the chief, as much as the Inquisitors are in that of the Pope, and no more arbitrary oppression is exercised on earth than by these Kafir chiefs and witch-doctors.

I soon saw that the witch-doctors and rain-makers, *i.e.* fellows who professed and were believed to be capable of bringing down rain in time of drought, would be my formidable opponents in introducing a new order of things, as their supposed power, if I succeeded, must ultimately be annihilated.

Having thus made myself acquainted with the laws of the barbarous people whom I was to govern and lead on to become civilized beings and British subjects, I was in a position to begin proceedings. At my suggestion, the Governor appointed magistrates to each tribe, consisting principally of officers of the army. With Macomo and Tyalie and the widow Suta, and with the heir-apparent Sandilli, Gaika's young son, I had Captain Stretch; with Dushani's tribe, the widow Nonibe,† and her son,

* See p. 83.

† Alexander, vol. ii. p. 222: "Nonubé, the mother of the young Siwana of the T'Slambies, . . . is the great widow of Dushani."

I had Captain Southey; with Umhala and the T'slambie tribes, Captain Rawstorne.

The missionaries all came back to their respective missions, and with the magistrates, the missionaries, and other aid afforded by the kind attention paid by Sir Benjamin D'Urban to all my wants, I proceeded to take a nominal census of the whole male population arrived at puberty, with the number of their women, children, etc. At first the Kafirs were much opposed to this, but through the aid of my councillor Ganya, the common sense of which they have a great share, and my patient explanation of the utility of the measure, I succeeded. I found I had upwards of 100,000 barbarians to reclaim who had no knowledge of right or wrong beyond arbitary power, desire, and self-will. To attach the people to the new order of things was of vast importance; to lessen the power of the chiefs equally so; but this had to be gradual, for if I removed the hereditary restraint of the chiefs, I should open the gates to an anarchy which I might not be able to quell.

A fortunate circumstance occurred, which enabled me to make gigantic steps. The Kafirs have a barbarous festival, when all the maidens are compelled to attend to undergo a sort of "Rape of the Sabines." These maidens, during the festival, are appropriated by the chiefs to themselves and their followers, and then sent back to their families. Old Ganya, who came to tell me this, said, "Now you have an opportunity, by preventing this brutal

custom, to restrain the lawlessness of the chiefs, and to win the hearts of their subjects." He added that there were many fathers of families in camp, who had come to appeal to me for protection. I immediately gave them an audience,* as I invariably did every one who desired to see me. I acquired great ascendancy by first ascertaining through the interpreter the grounds on which they had come, and when they were ushered into the presence, exclaiming, "Ah, you want so and so!" The poor wretches were much astonished at this, believing that I had the power to divine their thoughts; and I frequently saved myself from listening to a string of lies very plausibly linked together.

I also established with every magistrate a police of Kafirs, and I had a considerable number with me, to apprehend delinquents and culprits and summon the heads of the kraals. These police carried with them from the magistrate a long stick with a brass knob. This is a custom of their own. Fakoo has a cat's tail on his wands of office. At headquarters I had a very long stick with a *large knob*, which was always held by my Gold Stick when I was in council, or upon trials, cases of appeal, mandates, issuing proclamations, etc. And when I seized the stick, held it myself, and gave a decisive order, that was formal and irrevocable. For when once I had decided, no power could induce me to swerve from that decision.

* The author seems inadvertently to have omitted the rest of this particular story.

When the police were out, if they were treated with contumely, and the head of a kraal refused obedience or compliance, this stick was stuck in his cattle-kraal, and he was obliged to bring it himself to the authority whence it emanated ; while so long as it remained in the kraal, the proprietor was under *the ban of the Empire*, excommunicated, or outlawed. The fear they had of this wand was literally magical. I never had to use military aid in support of my police but once, and then I did so, more as a display of the rapidity with which I could turn out troops and rush them to the spot than from any absolute necessity. Such was the respect for these policemen, that the neighbours of a delinquent would voluntarily turn out in their support, and I always rewarded such support by a present of cattle from my treasury (formed from fines levied for offences).

Having now begun to have some weight and influence among the whole of the tribes, and having taught the people to look up to me rather than to their own chiefs, I had next to re-establish the power of the chiefs as derived from myself. I therefore, with the sanction of the Governor, resolved on a great meeting on the 7th January of all the chiefs, their relatives, councillors, rain-makers, and as many as chose to attend. I had previously prepared English clothes for Macomo, Tyalie, Umhala, and some others, with a medal, which was to be the emblem of their magisterial power. Some thousands assembled in a most orderly and obedient manner. I had taken very good care to strengthen my force

at headquarters, for I made it an axiom never to place myself in such a situation with these volatile savages as not to be able to enforce obedience to my commands like lightning.

I gave them a sort of epitome of their own history, especially of the Kafir wars. I dwelt particularly on their cruelty and treachery in the late war, and reminded them that they had voluntarily proposed to become British subjects. I then administered the oath of allegiance to all the chiefs in the name of their respective peoples. Two councillors from Kreili (the new Hintza and Great Father) whom I had invited to the meeting, proposed that they should take the oath of allegiance too, which of course I could not accept, all the inhabitants beyond the Kei being independent. It is a curious fact that after this meeting had been held, and the messengers from Kreili had disseminated throughout the tribe the improved state of things under my rule, Kreili himself and many of his influential men were most anxious to become British subjects, and I received many deputations to that effect.

To return, however, to my meeting. I described the duties of the magistrates, British and native, and the necessity of the people's obedience, and declared that, while no one should be "eaten up"* or any way punished except for robbery, etc., I should oblige them to be obedient to the laws and the jurisdiction of their respective magistrates.†

* See p. 75. † See Appendix III.

After this meeting, my system began to work with the greatest facility, and the rain-makers, who had most scrupulously kept aloof from me, began to pay me visits, particularly the chief of that department of deceit. I received these first visitors with great ease and ceremony of reception, made them all presents, and dismissed them without any discussion of their power and respectability. At the great meeting I had prohibited every branch of witchcraft, so that the rain-makers, being fully aware that the axe was laid to the root of their power, thought it as well to worship the rising sun and court me. Knowing that the presents would bring back the great rain-maker, and induce the little rain-makers to come to me, I was prepared, on the visit of the great one, to prove to him the fallacy and deceit by which he led the people to believe that he possessed a power which he knew he did not.

One day when the great rain-maker was in my camp, and many others, as well as an unusually large number of Kafirs, I assembled them all for the avowed purpose of hearing a disputation between the "Great Chief" or "Father," as they invariably called me, and the rain-makers. My first question to them was, "So you can make rain, can you?" I never saw in men's countenances more caution. I said, "Speak out, speak freely to your Father." The great rain-maker said he could. I then showed him one by one all the articles on my writing-table, knives, scissors, etc., my clothes, my hat, boots, etc.,

etc., asking, "Can you make this?" "No." "Do you know how it is made?" "No." Having explained everything and how it was made through the medium of my invaluable interpreter, Mr. Shepstone, I then called for a tumbler of water. I showed all the people the water, and asked the rain-makers if what was in the glass was of the same quality as the water or rain they invoked. All agreed "Yes." Their anxiety was intense. I then threw down the water on the dry ground, which immediately absorbed it, and desired the rain-makers to put it again in the tumbler. They were aghast, and said, "We cannot." In a voice of thunder, I said, "Put the rain again in this glass, I say." I then turned to the spectators. "Now you see how these impostors have deceived you. Now listen to the '*Word*.'" (This is the phrase they use in giving orders and decisions on all points of law and in trials.) I took my wand of office, planted it violently before me, and said, "Any man of my children hereafter who believes in witchcraft, or that any but God the Great Spirit can make rain, I will 'eat him up.'" I then left the meeting and the rain-makers thunderstruck and confounded.

On principle, however, I never directly contradicted or prohibited their customs, or left them without hope or a friend; so in about two hours I sent for the great rain-maker and two or three others,—clever, acute fellows all, and I said, "Your Father has now proved to the people that you are impostors, but as you have been taught to fancy

that you possess a power you have not, I must provide another and an honest livelihood for you, and I shall expect you to assist me in administering the new and true laws." I then made each presents, giving them so many bullocks apiece—a stock-in-trade. These fellows were many of them of great use to me afterwards. By the line of conduct I had pursued, I had carried them with me instead of rendering them my secret and bitter enemies.

In Umhala's tribe, I heard of an awful case of his "eating up" a man for witchcraft, and afterwards cruelly burning him with red-hot stones. The poor wretch, so soon as he could move, came to me and showed me the cicatrized wounds all over his body—how he had lived was a wonder. I kept him closely concealed. I sent for Umhala and his English magistrate and council to come to me immediately. This Umhala was a man of superior intellect, and the only one who could judge cause and effect, and future results. He never quailed in the slightest, as all others did, under my most violent animadversions. He gave me more trouble to render obedient than all the other chiefs. Still, he respected me, and I him; and he afterwards showed more real and permanent affection for me than the others.

Upon his arrival, he did all in his power to find out what I wanted him for, and he apprehended the real cause. So soon as he and all his people were assembled in my courthouse, I went in *with my wand behind,* borne by my great councillor

Ganya. Umhala then saw something was coming. I came to the point at once, as was my custom. "Umhala, did I not give the word—no more witchcraft?" He boldly answered, "You did." "Then how dare you, Umhala, one of my magistrates sworn to be obedient to my law, infringe the Word?" He stoutly denied it. I then brought in the poor afflicted sufferer, and roared out, "Umhala, devil, liar, villain, you dare to deceive me. Deny now what I accuse you of." He then confessed all, and began to palliate his conduct. To this I would not listen, but seized my wand to give the Word. "Hear you, Umhala! you have eaten a man up. Give back every head of his cattle, and ten head of your own for having eaten him up. And you forfeit ten head more to me, the Great Chief, for my government." He was perfectly unmoved, but I saw that he intended to do no such thing. I then deprived him of his medal of office, and said, "Now go and obey my orders," and I desired the English magistrate to report in two days that he had done so. He had 30 miles to return to his kraal.

According to my custom, I sent the "news" all over Kafirland immediately. I sent out a Court Circular daily. I had no secrets. This they much admired. There never were such newsmongers. Their greeting is "Indaba" ("the news"). The mode adopted to give the news was by so many messengers running out at night-time in different directions, waving their cloaks or karosses. The

whole country is strongly undulating, and there are always a number of fellows on the look-out. My messenger called out the news. Others took it up, and so it passed from hill to hill by a sort of telegraph; and every day I could communicate information throughout the whole province in a few hours. This open procedure was of vast importance.

The hour arrived when the news of Umhala's obedience should be received by me. The report came that Umhala had not obeyed my order nor did Captain Rawstorne think he would. This letter was brought me by two Kafir messengers. I had held two troops of cavalry ready to march to reinforce the post of Fort Wellington at Umhala's kraal. I sounded the assembly, and in five minutes they were on the march. When I ordered Rawstorne to "eat up" the chief, a thing never done before in Kafirland, my old councillor Ganya asked me in consternation what orders I had given, and when I told him, he said, "Then war is again over the land." For in old times such an act as seizing any of the cattle of a chief was regarded as a formal declaration of war. I roared out, "Either obedience or war. *I will be Chief*, and Umhala shall see it, and every chief and man in Kafirland." I seized all Umhala's cattle, and I desired the magistrate cautiously to count every head, to give him a regular receipt, and send a copy to me. The cattle were to be guarded by Umhala's own people. I saw that now was my time to establish or lose my power

throughout my government. For this Umhala was much looked up to throughout Kafirland, and regarded as the boldest warrior, having distinguished himself by many daring acts in the war.

The news was sent out, and I immediately summoned to my "Court" Macomo, Tyalie, Suta, and Gazela, a chief of whom I must speak hereafter. I knew that this would so intimidate all parties that there would be no danger of a war. Scarcely was Umhala's cattle seized than he sent in succession the most penitent messages, promising to obey my orders and never transgress again. I would not "listen," but desired Umhala to come to me, and meet the chiefs for whom I had sent. He boldly, though penitently, came, as did all the chiefs I had sent for.

I then had a council, told everything that had occurred, and asked if Umhala merited what I, the Great Chief, had done to him, being one of the magistrates who had sworn allegiance and obedience. There was a mutter of assent. I had previously instructed Ganya to watch my eye and to speak in mitigation of punishment. I said, "Now, Umhala, you see how insignificant you are, unless obedient, and how powerful I am. I will be obeyed, and I will 'eat up' every chief who dares disobey me or sanction witchcraft. Here is your medal of magistrate, which I place under my foot."

The crowd were perfectly petrified, and looked at old Ganya, who stood up and made a most eloquent speech. (Some of the Kafirs speak beautifully.)

He dwelt on their own desire to be British subjects and my exertions for them; and then turned most judiciously to Macomo and Tyalie. "Now, sons of my old chief, whose councillor I was, the great Gaika, speak to our Chief for Umhala; and I hope he will 'listen.'" Macomo instantly stood up, and spoke capitally and to the purpose. Umhala sat unmoved, until I said, "Now, Umhala, all depends on you. Can I 'listen' or not?" He spoke modestly, but powerfully. I made a merit of forgiving him, put his medal again on his neck, ordered his cattle to be restored the moment he had returned the cattle of the burnt man and paid the fines; and I immediately sent off the news throughout the province. Umhala returned, received all his cattle, and reported to me that he had got every head back, and had paid his fines and restored the cattle to the sufferer.

This decision and determination established most effectively my absolute power. I was fully prepared for some underhand work on the part of the chiefs, and it was speedily started through the instrumentality of Macomo; but the *people* whom I protected were with me, and nothing occurred which I was not informed of immediately.

Macomo had driven his cattle to graze over the Keiskamma contrary to treaty and my orders, whereupon I strongly desired that he would never do it again. This offended the gentleman, a restless, turbulent, uncontrollable spirit, and he sent to all the other chiefs to say that if they would join, he would strive

for independence. At all the courts this message was received most contemptuously. Tyalie turned the messenger from his kraal; Suta and young Sandilli were indignant and would not "listen"; Umhala listened, but his council opposed the measure, and a subordinate chief of Umhala's, a noble little fellow, Gazela, stood up and spoke out like a man. "You, Umhala, and all know how I fought during the war, and never was for giving in until I saw we had no chance of success. Macomo made peace. He has received more kindness than all of us put together. He is now false, and wants to make us break the word given to our Great Chief," etc.

All this I knew in a few hours. I sent for Macomo, received him as usual, and said, "I have a fable to tell you." They are very fond of speaking in parables themselves. I then recounted a tale, viz. myself and himself. I never saw a creature in such a state of agitation. "Now," I said, "if you were the Great Chief, what would you do?" He threw himself at my feet, bathed in tears. "Ah, Macomo," I said, "if I were only to say the Word, your people would no longer *know you.*" Oh, how Ganya did abuse him! "Ah, cry," he said; "your tears can't wash away your sins. You caused the last war, disregarding the dying words of Gaika. You are now treated with every kindness, yet treachery and that same restlessness which has plunged the Colony and Kafirland in blood, still guide you." I said, "Rise, Macomo, and go. I will

not touch my stick and give the Word for *two hours*. I must cool. Englishmen are generous, but they must be just to all. I must consider for two hours how my actions may be guided, but for the good of all my children, *go*."

He never had such a lesson. I sent for him and forgave him, with a full assurance that on the next offence I would eat him up and banish him over the Kei. I sent off the news, and my authority was ever after perfectly undisputed.

I now began to turn my attention to teaching them cultivation and the use of money. In the former I had but little difficulty compared with what I anticipated, although previously their fields had been cultivated by their women in a miserable manner. I gave them Hottentots to teach them, and I had soon several chiefs with ploughs and good yokes of oxen. The chief Gazela, a man of great use to me, and with more idea of honesty than any one, had also a commercial turn. I proved to him that it was by the use of money that *we* became a great people, and could make everything and do everything, and I made him perfectly understand our banking system—which I could induce no other Kafir to attend to. Gazela sold me some bullocks for the Commissary. Afterwards he let out horses to people travelling at so much a day, and he induced others to sell me cattle; this I considered the greatest step towards civilization.

The missionaries had all returned to me, and were excellent good men, doing all in their power.

The chief Tyalie, in the English clothes I had given him, attended divine service every Sunday, and the missionaries had a considerable degree of moral influence; but as to spiritual instruction or conversion, few indeed were the converts. Macomo knew more theology than many Christians, but was still a perfect heathen. Had I remained long enough, as cultivation and sale progressed, I would have built churches, and by feasts and slaughtering cattle have induced all influential men to attend; I would have had schools, and, by educating the children, would have reared a generation of Christians, but to convert the aged barbarian was a hopeless task.

The world does not produce a more beautiful race of blacks than these Kafirs, both men and women; their figures and eyes are beautiful beyond conception, and they have the gait of princes. It was one of my great endeavours to make them regard appearing naked as a grievous sin, now that they were British subjects; and no one was ever permitted in my camp, much less in my presence, but dressed in his karosse. This karosse is the skin of a bullock, but beautifully dressed so as to be pliant and soft, and then ornamented by fur, beads, buttons, etc. The head-dresses of the chiefs' wives are really beautiful. No creatures on earth are more the votaries of fashion than these Kafirs. In Grahamstown I could procure no beads and buttons of the mode of the day, but great quantities exceedingly cheap, which the Kafirs would not buy because they were out of fashion. I therefore

bought up the whole. I had always about me some of the rejected buttons and of the blue beads that had been once their delight, and I found fault with every button that was not of my shape and every bead that was not of my colour. The discarded buttons and the blue beads were soon established as the *haut ton* of fashion.

My wife, who took equal interest in the reform of these poor barbarians with myself, was always surrounded by numbers of the chiefs' wives and hangers-on, particularly the queens Suta and Nonibe (the former was Gaika's widow, the latter Dushani's, and both had sons in their minority). She taught many of them needlework, and was for hours daily explaining to them right and wrong, and making them little presents, so that she became so popular she could do anything with them.

The Kafirs have a horror of burying their dead, or even touching them. They will carry out a dying creature from their kraal, mother or father, wife or brother, and leave him exposed to wild beasts and vultures for days, if nature does not sink in the mean time. I not only prohibited this, but I had three or four Kafirs who died in my camp regularly buried. (Many came to me to be cured of diseases.) In each case I made my Kafir messengers dig the grave, and I, with my interpreter, read the funeral service over the dead. Then the news was sent over the land—the Great Chief does it, and whenever any one came and told me he had *buried* his deceased relative (I took care

to *prove* it, though), I gave him a bullock, and sent the news over the land.

The Levitical law as to uncleanness is fully in force among the Kafirs, and they practise circumcision, but not until the age of puberty. It is a great ceremony, after which the youths are able to marry, provided they have enough cattle to buy a wife from the father. (A plurality of wives is tolerated. Macomo had eleven, all very handsome women.) This buying of wives is the great source of all robbery and inroads into the Colony. I just began to prohibit it gradually by making the parents of the bride and bridegroom contribute to the establishment of the newly married pair, and myself giving a present.

I directed the magistrates to decide all cases of law themselves, but when they were in any doubt, to send me, for my approval, the parties and the opinion or decision proposed to be given. This strengthened their power and also mine, for whatever I once decided on, I never revoked, and admitted of no appeal or renewal of the subject.

Having thus gained an ascendancy over these people never attempted before, my mind was dwelling on the great and important subject of their conversion to Christianity, and many is the conference I had with the missionaries upon the subject. Of ultimately effecting a general conversion I never despaired, but I was convinced it could only be through the educating of the youth and at the same time introducing habits of industry and rational

amusement. The Kafirs, like the Hottentots, are great lovers of music and have remarkably good ears. I have been wonderfully amused at observing the effect the playing of our bands had on many who had never heard them before. Some would laugh immoderately, some cry, some stand riveted to the spot, others in a sort of vibrating convulsion, others would dance and sing, all were animated and excited beyond measure. When poor Hintza heard the bagpipes of the 72nd, he closed his ears with his hands and said, "This is to make people cry.* I like the bugles and trumpets. When I hear them I feel like a man." Thus with the aid of music I should have made some advance towards Christian conversion.

* So Alexander, vol. ii. pp. 134, 135 : "A Highland piper was ordered to play for Hintza's amusement. Hintza was asked what he thought of the music. He answered, that some of it reminded him of his children at home and made him cry, and that he supposed that the instrument had been invented by us out of regard for the General [Sir B. D'Urban], to imitate his crying when he was a little boy, and to remind him of the crying of his children."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LORD GLENELG ORDERS THE ABANDONMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEEN ADELAIDE, AND APPOINTS CAPTAIN STOCKENSTROM TO SUCCEED HARRY SMITH ON THE FRONTIER—GRIEF OF THE KAFIRS AT THE CHANGE—JOURNEY OF HARRY SMITH AND HIS WIFE TO CAPE TOWN—HE IS EXONERATED BY LORD GLENELG, AND RECEIVES TESTIMONIALS FOR HIS SERVICES TO THE COLONY —LEAVES CAPE TOWN JUNE, 1840, ON BEING APPOINTED ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE QUEEN'S ARMY IN INDIA.

In the midst, however, of all I had effected, and all my visions of what I could effect, the most crooked policy ever invented by the most wicked Machiavellians blasted all my hopes for the benefit of the 100,000 barbarians committed to my rule, and the bright prospect of peace and tranquillity for the Colony (for the frontier inhabitants began to be in a state of security which was security indeed).

The Minister for the Colonies, Lord Glenelg, an excellent, worthy, and able man, but led by a vile party, under the cloak of sanctity and philanthropy, directed the Province of Queen Adelaide to be

restored to barbarism, the allegiance the Kafirs had sworn to to be shaken off, and the full plenitude of their barbarity re-established. It is grievous to reflect that any well-disposed individual like Lord Glenelg, believing he was doing good, and under the influence and guidance of others, should have thus blasted the bright prospects of such rapidly progressing civilization.

But so it was. I was removed from the administration of affairs and my command, and replaced by a man * violently obnoxious to Kafirs and colonists. Owing to the view Lord Glenelg had taken and the *ton* given, I was upbraided with every act of violence and oppression the curse of war can impose, and branded as the murderer of Hintza throughout the newspapers of the world. Every act of the murderous Kafirs during the war was regarded as a just retaliation for previous wrong; everything the colonists said or did or suffered, treated with contempt, and they themselves believed to be the cause of their own misfortunes. While our country's treasury and private contributions were open to the sufferers of the world from the temperate regions of Portugal to the snows of Poland, the ears of the public were deaf to the cries of the widows and orphans in the once happy and rapidly thriving province of Albany, although its settlers had been induced to come from England and there lay out their capital, were good subjects, loyal and true, and

* Captain Andries Stockenstrom, afterwards Sir A. Stockenstrom, Bart. Lord Glenelg's dispatch was dated 26th Dec. 1835.

regularly paid their taxes, and therefore had a right to expect protection from the Government. All rule and just and good government was banished under the influence of the philanthropic party, who, by perversion of facts, evidently desire to lead others (this Colony certainly) to the devil for God's sake.

Do not let it be supposed that a man with a conscience so clear as mine, with a head and heart so bent on exertion for the benefit of others, tamely submitted to the opprobrium so cruelly, so unjustly heaped upon him—I, who, while regarded by the world as a monster stained with innocent blood, who had waged war contrary to the tolerated rules and precedents of warfare (which is a scourge in its mildest and most modified shape), was at the moment regarded by those I was accused of oppressing as their "Father," "their Great Chief," in whom they implicitly confided and believed contrary to the strong prejudices of previous habit. No, I wrote a letter to the Minister explanatory of every procedure—I opened his eyes—and I received from him the atonement contained in the extracts following :—

Extract from a dispatch of Lord Glenelg to His Excellency Sir B. D'Urban, dated May 1st, 1837.

"IV.—I perform a duty highly agreeable to me in declaring that Col. Smith is entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of His Majesty's Government, not only for his Military Services, but for his zealous, humane, and enlightened administration of the Civil Government of the

Province placed under his charge, and of the adjacent district. I am especially indebted to him for the very valuable suggestions which he afforded to Lt. Governor Stockenstrom, who, I have no doubt, will gladly avail himself of advice founded on so much observation and experience.

"(Signed) GLENELG."

Extract from a dispatch of the Right Honourable Lord Glenelg to his Excellency Major-General George F. Napier, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Dated 13th November, 1837.

"But I cannot close this communication without adverting to the high gratification with which I have read the testimony contained in the voluminous papers before me to the conduct of Col. Smith. That officer's name is never mentioned but to his honour either by the Governor or the Lt. Governor; and in the superintendence of the Province of Adelaide under circumstances of the most trying nature, he appears to have been distinguished alike by the energy with which he maintained the public tranquillity, and the kindness of heart which won for him the affectionate gratitude of all classes of the people.

"(Signed) JOHN BELL,
"*Secretary to Government.*"

But although this palliated his error towards me, it in no manner re-established me in the eyes of the world at large, and Lord Glenelg was bound, as a man of honour, to have instigated Majesty to have conferred upon me some mark of distinction, which should have at once proclaimed my merit and the injury His Lordship's misconception had done me. The Colony and the Horse Guards, however, took a

far different [view] of my merits and services, which I must relate hereafter.

To return to my children. So soon as the Kafirs heard of this change, the general exclamation was, "Ah, it is ever thus with the English, always changing towards us. We were never before so happy; never so protected; never saw such an improvement amongst us; our chiefs will eat us up as before." The chiefs again feared their people. Lamentation and grief throughout the land were excessive. Hundreds of men and women were around my house and tent, lamenting and praying me not to abandon them, and, as far as their knowledge went, invoking the protection of the Great Spirit, to preserve me and my wife to govern and instruct them.

I will candidly admit, I grieved too, for although at the outset, as I took stock of my enthusiasm, I was often led into a belief that my hopes would prove illusive, the consummation of my most sanguine desires had now been effected; daily I saw improvement progressing, not only by rapid strides, but on such a broad and firm path as to ensure its permanency and induce the conviction that ten years would have brought the Gospel of Christ and all the blessings of civilization among the thousands of benighted barbarians around me.

It now became my duty, and one which I trust I executed with every zeal, to do all I could to render the change palatable to the Kafirs and to disabuse them of their bad opinion of my successor.

The odium with which they regarded him I believe I much mitigated. To himself I wrote so soon as he arrived at Grahamstown, laying before him the exact state of the frontier district, and recommending him to convoke a general meeting of all the chiefs and their councillors at King William's Town, to explain to them the new order of things. I said that I would call such a meeting for any day he would name, and I was of opinion that it would have a better effect were I present than otherwise.

My successor was a sensible man, and at once saw the advantage of the arrangement I proposed, felt my attention and readiness to assist him, and named a day. I convoked a meeting accordingly, and desired Kreili, the great chief, to send a deputation. I had been in the habit of communicating constantly with Kreili and the more distant chiefs, Fakoo, Vadana, etc., and sending them all the news, thereby establishing myself the *Great Chief*. I took the usual precaution to reinforce my post, for when I told old Ganya that I should leave on the day following the meeting, he exclaimed, "Then we shall have a row!" A meeting, similar to the one I had convoked on the 7th January, was accordingly held, and in a long explanation I delivered over the government to my successor. Nothing could be more orderly than the conduct of the people, and the expression of their regret. My successor then explained to them their new position. Tyalie, always a forward fellow, spoke to him in the most insolent manner; but I gave him such a dressing,

reminding him his bullocks were fat (meaning that he was rich) under me, thus, if I only said the word, I could "eat" him "up" in a moment.

I shall never forget that afternoon; never were my feelings or those of my wife more excited. Our house and tents were surrounded by hundreds; every chief and every one of the chiefs' wives took off some of their various ornaments and put them upon me and her; some wept aloud, others lay on the ground groaning; and the man whom I had visited more than others with the weight of power, Umhala, showed more real feeling then, and even to this day often sends me messages of friendship and regard; while Gazela and a fine young chief by name Seyolo, who had defended the rocks on the heights of the Poorts of the Buffalo, declared life was no longer worth having. The way the women shed tears around my wife was piteous to behold. Barbarian emotion when over-excited is uncontrollable, and nothing could exceed this demonstration.

The next morning I and my wife and staff departed from King William's Town, the seat of my labour in war and peace, and although every demonstration of feeling was suppressed, I now admit my heart was full. I had laboured day and night, God alone knows how I had laboured, and to be so unkindly treated by the Minister of my country was galling to a soldier whose good name is his only hope in the world. 'Tis true, a rectitude of conscience sustained me which nothing could shake, but human nature is weak enough to desire

others should think well of you, while inwardly and mentally you exclaim, "God is my Judge." I was attended by my successor and by the officers. The soldiers whom I had given such gigantic marches turned out to cheer and bid me farewell, while thousands of Kafirs followed me and my wife, yelling as if in despair.

The parting with my old councillor Ganya and some others, as well as my Kafir messengers at Fort Willshire, cannot be described. Ganya, poor old fellow, came to me in a state of abject poverty, although a man of great influence throughout Kafirland. I enriched him most deservedly, for his assistance to me was invaluable and his attachment to me faithful, while the most educated and upright man could never more zealously feel or desire the welfare of his country and countrymen.

This barbarian was a most extraordinary character. He died a few months later, as he told me he knew he should, having lost his Father, his friend and benefactor. My messengers were very peculiar fellows, too; they were all selected by the chiefs themselves, men, therefore, of their own interest. In a country where writing is not known, all communications, treaties, rules, laws, etc., are given *viva voce* and by message, and these fellows were brought up from infancy in that department. Their power of memory is not to be believed. I had one man from Macomo, by name Mani, a handsome fellow who had been shot through both thighs in the war. My interpreter would read a long list of orders,

etc., addressed to Macomo of eighteen to twenty paragraphs. He would then say, "Mani, do you understand all?" He would occasionally ask for some explanation; then he would go to Macomo, 34 miles off. If the chief did not detain him, he would be back with me after doing 68 miles in 28 hours, apparently not in the least fatigued, and bring me an answer or comment on each paragraph in the order written down with a correctness not to be credited. I declare I have been frequently thunderstruck.

There is a curious law in Kafirland which shows how human nature in a state of barbarism provides for its own wants. "The secret and confidential" of our diplomatic and military correspondence is with messengers provided for in this manner: it is death for any one entrusted with a communication to divulge its purport to any one but the chief of whose tribe he is a member. Thus if Mani was entrusted with a message from me to Macomo, it was as safe in his company as possible. If Tyalie had met him and demanded its purport, he would have died ere he divulged it. All messengers would give me the purport of their messages from one chief to the other if I demanded, being the Great Chief. Thus, while secrecy is provided for, the supreme authority reserves to himself the power of discovering plots and conspiracies. Poor Mani! I see him now at my feet weeping. I do believe that poor barbarian would have been cut to pieces limb by limb without a groan if it would have served me, and many

others would have done the same. To this day I remember with gratitude their attachment. It was like that of the most faithful dog, with this difference—reason told them we parted for ever.

Upon nearing Grahamstown, the whole of the inhabitants turned out to meet me, presented me with an address, begged me to name a day agreeable to me for a public dinner, and if there was any consolation to the feelings in the sympathy of those whom I had so served in need, whose trade I had again so brightly re-established, I had a full measure of it.

I accepted the dinner as an opportunity of thanking the inhabitants for their assistance, obedience, and desire to meet my wishes, and telling them, as they regarded me, to render that obedience and respect to my successor which loyal subjects were bound to render to any one their King had placed to rule over them.

We accomplished our journey from Grahamstown to Cape Town, I riding, my wife again in a waggon. On this occasion, I had bought a very nice light one, and had it fitted up with swing seats, etc., so that she travelled in comparative luxury. All Grahamstown turned out to take leave of me, and I could not fail to remark the difference between my entrance into the beleaguered town and my quitting it, flourishing in trade and prosperity.

At every town upon my road down dinners were given me in the Town Hall, and every Boer, or Dutch farmer, came to see me. I never had to deal with fellows who were more docile, if you took

them in the right way, viz. by kindness, by interesting yourself in their welfare, and by an inflexible adherence to "Yes" and "No."

Our journey down was delightful, through a country full of large and small game, and many is the gallop I had after ostriches, which require a fleet and right good-bottomed horse to ride down.

As I approached Cape Town, my many friends came out in shoals to meet us, and I was received in the metropolis of the Cape by every public demonstration of affection—ever so gratifying to the soldier who has worked hard to serve his country—from the noble Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, to the mendicant.

I may, without any degree of mock modesty, say I worked hard, and assert that from the period I left Cape Town, the 1st January, 1835, to 18th October, 1836 (22 months), no man ever rode more miles, made more night marches or such long ones, or wrote more letters than I did. My correspondence was immense from the number of posts, and having to carry on a war over a vast extent of thinly populated country, and in peace to defend a frontier of 140 miles.

Soon after my arrival at Cape Town, a despatch was received from Lord Glenelg, which was highly complimentary to me.*

A public meeting having been convened under the sanction of the Government, this communication was made to me :—

* Given above, p. 96.

"At a meeting of the inhabitants of Cape Town and its vicinity, held in the Commercial Room on the 18th September, 1837, the Hon^ble^ Hamilton Ross in the chair, it was resolved—

"That as the zealous, humane, and enlightened administration of Colonel Smith, during the time he commanded on the frontier, merits the gratitude and thanks of the colonists at large, the following gentlemen, as a mark of their esteem, have concluded to invite him to a public dinner."

Of course I accepted the compliment, which afforded me a good opportunity publicly to record my procedure, my gratitude to many distinguished individuals and to the colony at large, my regret at the system established among the Kafirs having been abolished, and my everlasting feelings of respect and veneration for the Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, whose instrument alone I was, and whose support and approbation of all I did or proposed enabled me to effect all I had done; and, lastly, though I was far from being a man addicted to view things darkly, my foreboding, based on a knowledge of every circumstance on the frontier and the conflicting interests of the colonists and Kafirs, that chaos would again be re-established.

Unfortunately, my prediction has been but too truly verified. Such was the disgust of hundreds of valuable members of the Dutch population and wealthy farmers, they emigrated in masses and seized the country of the Zoolus, and have been a thorn in the government of the Cape until lately,

when matters have been adjusted and Port Natal added to the British possessions.

Had my system been persisted in, and the order of things so firmly planted and rapidly growing into maturity been allowed to continue, not a Boer would have migrated. I am proud to say I had as much influence over the Boers as over the Kafirs, and by a kind and persuasive manner in expostulation, had they meditated such a step, I could at once have deterred them.

The whole colony being desirous of substantially exhibiting their gratitude towards me, subscriptions were opened for the purpose of presenting me with plate in demonstration thereof. Although each subscription was limited to half a guinea, £500 was very speedily subscribed.

Upon the articles of plate is this inscription:

"Presented to Colonel Henry George Wakelyn Smith, C.B., by his numerous friends at the Cape of Good Hope, as a token of their admiration of his distinguished military and civil services in that colony and in Kaffraria, 1835–6. Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

The two Hottentot battalions, officers and men, had previously set this example, and by their 800 men a magnificent candelabra was presented to me, like the other plate, manufactured by one of the first workmen in London.

This substantial mark of their consideration bore the inscription:

"Presented to Colonel Harry George Smith, C.B., as a testimonial of respect for his distinguished military

services during the late Kafir War, and the consummate skill and benevolence subsequently displayed in the civil administration of the conquered province of Queen Adelaide, which so eminently contributed to the peace and security of the colony and the amelioration of the condition of the barbarian thus brought within the pale of civilization."

The plate presented by the zealous officers is inscribed:

"Presented by the officers of the Cape of Good Hope Provisional Infantry to Colonel Henry George Wakelyn Smith, in testimony of their high sense of the eminent services rendered to the colony by his skill, gallantry, and unwearied activity in the field against the Kafirs in the year 1835, and by his subsequent, able, humane, and zealous exertions for the promoting the civilization of the native tribes as the best means of establishing with them a secure and lasting peace."

Lord Hill being desirous to mark his approbation and that of my Sovereign for the services above recorded, was kind enough to appoint me to the responsible, important, and elevated post of Adjutant-General to H.M.'s Forces in India; and in the very ship which brought the newspaper gazette of my appointment did I embark for my new destination, the ship waiting from Saturday until Thursday for me. [June, 1840.]

Little was the time thus afforded for me to prepare for embarcation, but a soldier must be ever ready, and my wife's cheerful exertion soon prepared everything, although our hearts were full at leaving so many valuable, dear, and faithful friends and a

country in which we had spent eleven years of happiness and some excitement, and ever received as much kindness and hospitality as the most sanguine could desire.

So short was the time that my friends in Cape Town who were desirous to pay me some mark of their respect could do no more than present me on the morning of my embarcation with the following address :—

"*To* COL. H. G. SMITH, C.B., etc.

"SIR,

"We, the undersigned inhabitants of Cape Town, do ourselves the pleasure of offering you our sincere congratulations on your recent appointment to serve in a country which can, better than this Colony, reward its brave and zealous defenders. But, cordial as our wishes are for your welfare and advancement, we deeply regret that the very circumstances which open brighter prospects to you must terminate your residence amongst us, and deprive this Colony of the services of one, whose well-known and long-tried courage and abilities have been once more tested in the performance of most difficult and important duties within our own observation.

"The few years which have elapsed since the most brilliant of your services to this Colony were achieved have not dimmed our recollection of them, and on quitting our shores be assured you leave a name behind you which will never be forgotten by the present, and will be made known to, and remembered by, succeeding generations of the Cape Colonists.

"The suddenness of your departure prevents very many from joining in this expression of our feelings towards you ;

but to whatever quarter of the world your well-earned promotion may lead you, South Africa will learn with deep interest the history of your future career, and rejoice in the tidings of your prosperity.

"We have, etc."

To which I replied—

"Cape Castle, 4th June, 1840.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I thank you most cordially for your congratulations on the mark of distinction which Her Majesty has been pleased to confer upon me, by appointing me Adjutant-General to the Queen's troops in India.

"On my return from the frontiers, you received me with warm congratulations—the services of which you were thus pleased, in a manner so gratifying to me, to express your approbation were of recent occurrence—but the feelings expressed by you in the address with which you have this day honoured me, prove that the recollection and appreciation of a soldier's services may outlive the excitement produced at the moment by success, and I pray you to believe that the recollection of the feelings so warmly and kindly expressed will never cease to dwell in my memory, and will be matter of exultation to me in whatever clime or quarter of the globe it may be my lot to serve.

"During a residence of eleven years, I have met with invariable kindness from all classes in the Colony—I may say, from the community at large; and although I cannot but feel that an honour of no ordinary class has been conferred upon me by Her Majesty, yet I say from my heart that I now quit your shores with deep regret.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"H. G. SMITH, Colonel."

And the Governor of the Cape, Sir George Napier,* issued the following General Order:—

"Headquarters, Cape Town, 1st June, 1840.

"In consequence of the promotion of Colonel Smith to be Adjutant-General to the Army in India, the Commander-in-Chief takes this opportunity to express his high approbation of that officer's services during his residence in this Colony, and he feels confident the officers and soldiers of this command will be highly gratified by so distinguished a mark of Her Majesty's favour and approbation being bestowed on an officer of such long and gallant services in nearly every part of Her Majesty's Dominions.

"As one of his companions, and as an old Comrade in Arms, the Major-General offers Colonel Smith his warmest congratulations and best wishes for his health and happiness.

"The Orders of the Garrison of Cape Town, and of the guards and sentries, etc., as established by Colonel Smith, C.B., are to be considered as Standing Orders for this Garrison, and will be strictly observed accordingly."

However gratified we were by this distinguished mark of Her Majesty's approbation, we left the Cape of Good Hope as if we were leaving for ever our native land, and in that patriotic expression "My native land, good night" is comprised all the most feeling heart of man can participate in.

Ah, Cape of Good Hope, notwithstanding your terrific south-easters in the summer, your dreadful north-westers in the winter, your burning sun, your awful sands, I and my wife will ever remember you with an affection yielding alone to that of the "Land of our Sires!"

* He succeeded Sir B. D'Urban, 22 Jan. 1838.

CHAPTER XL.

VOYAGE FROM CAPE TOWN TO CALCUTTA—HARRY SMITH'S DISAPPOINTMENT AT NOT RECEIVING THE COMMAND IN THE AFGHAN WAR—HIS CRITICISM OF THE OPERATIONS.*

On the voyage we encountered terrific gales of wind; one night a squall took us aback, carried away our topmasts, and shivered our sails into shreds in a moment. I never knew or could conceive before what the force of wind was capable of. This excessive violence lasted only twenty minutes, leaving us a log on the water. The gale continued three days, and on the 18th June, 1840,† we had staring us in the face a watery grave. It was the anniversary of the day on which I and two brothers escaped the slaughter of the eventful field of Waterloo. The same Divine Hand, however, protected us, and the 91st Psalm was again read in devotion and gratitude to the Almighty and Eternal Lord God, "Who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of

* With Chapters XL. to XLIV. compare the extracts from letters given in Appendix IV.

† On this very day twelve months, this ship, the *David Scott*, was burned in harbour in the Mauritius, having previously buried her captain at sea on the voyage from Calcutta.—H. G. S.

the sea;" and we reached Madras Roads in safety, after a most boisterous but quick passage.

I embarked six horses, one of which died at sea, and all the rest were much bruised and injured.

At Madras we had many friends. The Governor, Lord Elphinstone, whom we had known as a boy, and to whom we were of use at the Cape on his way out, was then in the Nilgherries. So soon as he heard of our arrival, Government House and all its luxuries were placed at our disposal; but we were already hospitably put up with one of my oldest and dearest friends, Dr. Murray, the Inspector-General, who had for many years held a similar appointment at the Cape, one of the most able professional men in the world, and as an officer in his department never surpassed. Poor fellow! in two years it was my melancholy duty to report his death at Kurnal, in the Upper Provinces of Bengal, where he fell a gallant victim to an epidemic disease. To his exertions to avert the progress of its fatal ravages, and the rapidity with which he travelled from Calcutta in the sickly part of the rainy season, may be attributed a loss irreparable to the service, to his family, and to his friends.

From Madras to Calcutta we had a beautiful passage, flying along the coast and passing the famous temple of Juggernauth with the rapidity with which its votaries believe they ascend to the Regions of Bliss. On reaching Calcutta we were surrounded by old friends of the army, and many civil servants and military officers of the Honourable Company's

Service whom we had known at the Cape, where they had repaired for the recovery of health. Lord Auckland received us with every kindness, and his Lordship's amiable, accomplished, and highly educated sisters showed us the most marked attention, kindness, and hospitality. As to the Commander-in-chief, Sir Jasper Nicolls, we became, after some time, as it were members of his family.*

Sir Jasper Nicolls is a man of very strong common sense, and very wary of giving his confidence, or, indeed, of developing any of his intentions. At first I thought he was a rough, hard-hearted man. I soon discovered, however, he was one of the best men of business I ever served, with a warm heart and a degree of honesty of purpose never exceeded. His dear good wife is now, alas! no more —she died at Rome on their return to their native land after years of travel, toil, and burning suns. Her ladyship and daughters and my wife possessed a union of hearts and feelings which gradually increased until, on the death of Lady Nicolls, one important link of that chain of union was snapped, but is now riveted in the most fervent affection for the daughters.

In the career of military life, no man can

* Colonel Harry Smith was appointed on 21st August, 1840, to the rank of Major-General (in the East Indies only). Writing to his friend Captain Payne, 72nd Highlanders, on 17th January, 1841, he says, "I get on very well here with the public functionaries of all descriptions, tho' they are odd fellows to deal with. But I have very much learned to restrain an impetuosity which never produces so favourable a result as moderation, for, if right, it frequently makes you wrong."

reasonably expect that so rugged a path can be traversed without some personal disaster, and so it was with me, previously one of fortune's spoiled children. Lord Auckland, from report and a knowledge of my exertions and successes at the Cape, had imbibed a favourable opinion of me, and had the Burmese made war in 1842, as was expected, it was his Lordship's intention to appoint me to the command of the troops destined to repel invasion and re-establish our superiority. I had also a faithful friend in the Lieutenant-Governor of the Upper Provinces, Mr. Thomas Campbell Robertson—a man of superior ability and acquirement, and more versed in the history and affairs of India than any man I ever sought information from except Mr. Thoby Prinsep.* As I was likely to spend some years in India if appointed Adjutant-General, as I had some reason to expect, I had, when at the Cape, read thirty-three authors, made copious notes, and generally studied the history and geography of this immense Empire. This acquired knowledge enabled me to converse with such practical and experienced men with great advantage to any information and knowledge I had previously obtained.

After the death of the celebrated Runjeet Singh, the state of our North-West Frontier, bordering on the seat of commotion, and ultimately bitter war, in Afghanistan, was far from settled, and it was

* Henry Thoby Prinsep, Member of Council at Calcutta, 1835–1843; Member of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, 1850–1858; Member of the Indian Council, 1858–1874. Died 1878.

contemplated that the Sikhs might interrupt our communication with our troops, so fearfully extended from any base of operations, and with the country of this doubtful ally intervening. Under these circumstances, I placed my ready services at the disposal of Lord Auckland and the Commander-in-Chief. Soon after this the insurrection at Cabool commenced. Poor Elphinstone and I had been friends for years,* and I had frequently impressed upon him the difficulty of his position, the probability of an attempt on the part of the restless and independent-spirited Afghan to shake off that yoke so injudiciously imposed upon him (especially as our rupees were no longer so lavishly, so indiscreetly scattered to acquire an ascendency which, if necessary to acquire at all, should have been acquired by the sword, and maintained by the sword, sheathed in inflexible and uncompromising justice, equity, dignity, and honour), and the necessity of his ever considering himself in the greatest danger when he felt the most secure ; but I must not set my foot on a field which to describe would require volumes. The war broke out. The energy of a Wellington or a Napoleon would have saved the destruction of that force ; it was perfectly practicable, as I then pointed out. The Lieutenant-Governor and I were in hourly communication ; I showed the military steps we ought to pursue, and he urged them on the Government, and offered to bear any responsibility

* Elphinstone had commanded the 33rd Regiment during the years of the occupation of France, 1815-1818.

with the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Auckland was a sensible but timid man, and the Commander-in-Chief, ever most judiciously and correctly averse to the occupation of Afghanistan, was reduced to defensive measures at the moment when the most vigorous and initiative steps ought to have been taken with the velocity of lightning. The moment was lost. If time, that irrecoverable engine in war, is neglected, disaster, as in this instance, must ensue. Before the outbreak at Cabool, when my dear friend Elphinstone, from the dire misfortune of sickness, was compelled to request his relief, the Lieutenant-Governor urged the Government and Lord Auckland to send me up. I offered my services on the condition that I had the supreme and uncontrolled military authority from the source to the mouth of the Indus and was aided by a civil servant; and Mr. George Clerk, the Political Agent for the Punjaub, a man of first-rate abilities and activity, most popular among the Sikhs, whose country and resources intervened between our distant operations and their base, offered nobly (for we were personally strangers) to serve with and under me.

Sir Jasper Nicolls, why I do not to this moment know, was opposed to my being employed, although Lord Auckland wished it, and Major-General Pollock was gazetted by the Government—"by the express recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief"—but only to the command of the Upper Indus, not the Lower, where Major-General Nott

was senior officer. Consequently, when these two officers' forces united, they were like the Corps d'Armée of Napoleon in Spain, jealous of each other, the junior* was disobedient to the senior, and that *ensemble*, on which success in war hinges, was lost.

The only reason I could ever suppose influenced Sir Jasper Nicolls in his reluctance to employ me—for I know he had the highest opinion of my activity—is that he apprehended, if I once got the command, the wealthy Persia would have been attempted, and my progress alone interrupted by the Caspian Sea. His thought day and night was to get back the army from its advanced and dangerous position. Whereas had the troops been rushed to the scene of action, as they might have been (for on the commencement of the outbreak, the Khyberies were with us), and Brigadier Wyld's Brigade moved by forced marches to Jellalabad, other troops rapidly following in succession, and when Wyld arrived at Jellalabad, the whole of the weakly men, women, stores, etc., been securely placed in a small *Place d'armes* constructed for the purpose during Wyld's approach, while General Sale's and Wyld's forces combined precipitated themselves on Cabool, the force then would have been saved, the spirits of the troops would have been sustained by the knowledge of succour approaching, the enemy proportionately depressed. Thus a want of exertion and decision in rendering support caused a disaster

* *I.e.* Nott.

and a loss England never before sustained. It is needless here to enter into dates, number of marches, etc.; the thing I have described was a simple matter of activity and well within the scope of possibility. As soon as he arrived, Lord Ellenborough saw the necessity of withdrawing the troops from Afghanistan, but was precipitate in availing himself of the period so to do—which certainly was not at the moment when our military prowess, the prestige of our arms, and our national character for supremacy required to be re-established. A government proposed by the Afghans should have been set up by us; then the sooner we abandoned a nominal conquest, the better for the true interests of British India. So astonished was I at the immediate withdrawal, that I wrote the Memorandum No. 1. In the meanwhile the Governor-General had left it optional to General Nott to retire by Guznee, but had issued several peremptory orders to Pollock to retire. When Nott, however, proposed his forward movement, Pollock was also directed to move. I then wrote the Memorandum No. 2, and as the campaign developed, No. 3.* The moment the Afghans were

* In Memorandum No. 1, dated "Simla, 7th August, 1842," the policy advocated is, "strike a decisive blow which will maintain our prestige in India, and then abandon Afghanistan, which ought never to have been entered."

In Memorandum No. 2, dated "Simla, 29th August," he states that his policy has been adopted. But the method involved "A division of force; an advance into the heart of the enemy's country; the siege of two cities with no positive means, one the venerated city of the Prophet, Guznee, the other Cabool, the capital; a retreat; the destruction of the base of these operations, Candahar." The plan, therefore, involved too many risks.

assailed and the invasion pursued, they quailed immediately, and did not evince the courage and

In Memorandum No. 3, dated "Simla, 7th September," he says that the evacuation of Candahar before Cabool and Guznee had been reduced was contrary to all military science. "Nott's column is now a single ship in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean surrounded by hostile fleets." "The science of war dictates that as rapid a concentration as can be effected of the forces of Nott and Pollock should be made to Guznee—reduce it, hence to Cabool. Thus the union of force ensures one of the primary objects in war—'one line of operations, one base, and a union of resources.'" "A kind of drawn battle with fluctuating advantages is worse to the general cause than if no attempt whatever had been made to 'strike a blow.'" "Our force is on the verge of winter in the prosecution of two sieges—having abandoned its base previously to the reduction of either, and it has a fair probability of being distressed for food and forage." "Our present base Jellalabad is of the most difficult and almost inaccessible character—and a whole country, the Punjaub, between it and our natural frontier." "If the enemy knew how to apply his means, he would fall upon either Nott or Pollock."

These Memoranda, marked "confidential," were sent to a number of Indian officers of high rank, civil and military, and their answers (preserved) show a general acceptance of Harry Smith's views. Among them is the following letter from Henry Havelock and note from Broadfoot to Havelock :—

"My dear General,

"I have the pleasure to return the Minutes which Broadfoot, the most gallant and talented fellow that I met beyond the Indus, has read, as you will see by the accompanying note.

"I too, though all unworthy to be mentioned in the same day, have perused them, and agree with you in every point, excepting one or two minor matters which those only who were in Afghanistan could be correctly informed upon.

"I feel like a man worn out, which is perhaps not surprising after having had my mind pretty much on the stretch for four years, but will come and speak to you upon General Skelton's affairs to-morrow morning, by God's help, and try to get a look at the charges.

"I thought Sir R. S[ale] would not go home. He is to blame, but generally takes odd views of things and then is not easy to move. He ought to make a personal fight for his pension.

"Ever yours very truly,

"H. Havelock."

"My dear Havelock,

"The bearer will deliver to you General Smith's minutes.

perseverance in the cause of their country of the Swiss and Vendeans. If they had done so, the three divisions of Pollock and Nott and England, moving as they were upon the falsest of military principles, would have been sacrificed; but in all wars the folly of one party is exceeded by that of the other, and that which is the least culpable succeeds. This example of the want of union and energy on the part of the Afghans shows how easy it would have been to have crushed the insurrection by adopting vigorous measures at the moment.

But to revert to my own command. If the Governor-General had selected me and given me the authority I desired, viz. the whole line of the Indus, with the aid of Mr. Clerk (whose popularity with the Sikh Government and nation was so great that the resources of the Punjaub would have been at his command, and consequently at my disposal for the use of the army, which stood so much in need of them), I would have waged war upon a great scale upon the Afghan, razed his forts and fortresses from one end of his country to the other, established a government, remained in the country until order, rule, and authority were firmly established; then when the invincible character of our arms had been maintained, marched out of the country triumphantly,

I have read them with much interest, and am much tempted to give you some of the reflections they have given rise to, but if I began I should run into a dissertation. Give the General my best thanks, and believe me,

"[G. BROADFOOT] [Signature cut off].

"Major Havelock, C.B."

and not have sneaked out of it, as we did, with our tail down, like a cur before a hound. That our national character for consistency, equity, and superiority has suffered by this melancholy attempt on Afghanistan is daily experienced throughout India. Would Scinde, Bundelkund, and Gwalior have dared to resist us but for the example afforded them in Cabool, that British troops could be not only beaten, but annihilated? The whole of the transactions of this period afford such a lesson to all Governors and Military Commanders, it is to be hoped posterity will never forget them. First principles in government and war can never be departed from: though success at the onset may attend irregularity, in the end disaster will assuredly prove that consistency, rule, and the true principles of strategy are indispensable to the achievement of conquest. To buy the good-will of the influential men of nations is folly and extravagance and the most temporary authority that can be attained. Conquest must be achieved by force of arms, by the display of irresistible power; then held by moderation, by a progressive system of amelioration of the condition of the people, by consistency and uncompromising justice. In this way the great movers of mankind, Fear and Self-interest, perpetuate subjection.

CHAPTER XLI.

SIR HUGH GOUGH SUCCEEDS SIR JASPER NICOLLS AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA—AFFAIRS IN GWALIOR—BATTLE OF MAHARAJPORE—HARRY SMITH MADE K.C.B.

At this period [1843] the time of command of Sir Jasper Nicolls expired, and Sir Hugh Gough, the hero of Barossa and of China, was appointed Commander-in-Chief. Headquarters was at the time in the Himalaya Mountains at Simla, and, Sir Hugh having expressed a wish that I should meet him, I and my dear wife started in the middle of the rainy and unhealthy season on the 18th July for Calcutta by dâk.* By this slow process you are carried at the rate of three and a half miles an hour in a sort of wooden box called a palanquin. You railroad flyers would regard it as slow indeed for a journey of 1300 miles. We reached Allahabad, and from thence proceeded by steamboat and found my new Commander-in-Chief. The parting with Sir J. Nicolls was as painful as affectionate. With every member of his highly educated and accomplished family we were on the most intimate and friendly

* "*Dâk:* post, relays of palanquins or other carriages along a road" (*Anglo-Indian Dictionary*).

terms, and he was kind enough by letter to say that he ever regarded me as a "most upright, straightforward gentleman and soldier." On parting, I could not fail to express regret that he had not appointed me to command in Afghanistan, the only time I ever agitated the subject. His answer was, "My reasons then are fully in force now, but it was no want of the highest opinion of your abilities." I shall ever entertain the highest respect for Sir Jasper Nicolls as a most shrewd and sensible man, laborious at papers, expressing himself by letter in as few words as the Duke himself, and possessing a clear and thorough knowledge of the affairs of India and its army. In his great error of command—I allude to Afghanistan—there he was ever consistent, always opposed to the occupation of that country, so distant from our resources, so ruinous to our Treasury, but, though right in principle, he should have yielded to the force of circumstances at the moment, *restored the fight*, and ultimately given back the country to its lawful owners.

We were both received by Sir Hugh Gough and family with every demonstration of a wish to cultivate that mutual friendship and good understanding which education dictates and the good of our service and the rules of the social compact demand. We were only in Calcutta from the 1st to the 12th September, but twelve more laborious days we never passed, what with an excess of correspondence, the meeting with innumerable old friends, the formation of new, the *fêtes* to the new Commander-in-Chief, a

great military dinner to Lord Ellenborough, etc., and, added to it all, the muggy heat and damp of Calcutta. The twelve days accordingly appeared to us almost months, from excitement and fatigue mental and bodily.

His Excellency had no recreation from his labours and indefatigable exertion, exposing himself to sun, wind, and weather both by sea and land in the most enthusiastic manner. Such was the state of affairs in Scindiah's Dominions, it was evident that British interference alone could establish any peaceful order of things. It was therefore not only expedient, but necessary, to assemble an army for the purpose of supporting diplomacy or of acting in open war. Lord Ellenborough intimated this to Sir Hugh, who, with his characteristic energy, sought information on all points, and soon saw his position, his resources, and the means at his disposal to collect that army which should be irresistible if compelled to take the field, or adequate to making a demonstration which would no less surely bring about the required result. To assemble an army in India requires much arrangement and consideration. There are various points at which the maintenance of an armed force is indispensable; the extent of country in our occupation entails in all concentrations particularly long and tedious marches: lastly, the season of the year must be rigidly attended to, for such is the fickleness of disease and its awful ravages, that it would need an excess of folly to leave it out of the account.

Affairs at Gwalior were still in a most disturbed state. The country was divided into parties. One of them, since the death of the Maharaja Scindiah [5 February, 1843], had adhered to the widow, a girl of only fourteen, but intriguing, designing, and in the hands of a cunning fellow, a sort of Prime Minister. This party was the strongest, and was inimical to the British Government. Hence it became necessary, in virtue of existing treaties, to re-establish by force of arms that amicable relationship which the tranquillity of India demanded, as well as to support the interests of the Maharaja, Scindiah's heir by another wife, a boy of ten years old. An army with a very efficient battery train was accordingly assembled at Agra under the immediate command of His Excellency, while a large division under Major-General Grey was concentrated at and in the vicinity of Cawnpore. While negotiations were in progress, the troops were to move on Gwalior to menace the hostile party, so that we might secure the object in view by negotiation rather than at once appeal to arms. The headquarters army marched from Agra direct on Dholpore upon the Chumbul, while the division under General Grey was to create a diversion and threaten Gwalior by a march to southward. According to the rules of strategy and correct principles of military combination, this division of the threatening or invading forces may with great reason be questioned, when we reflect that the army of Gwalior consisted of 22,000 veteran troops and for years had been

disciplined by European officers and well supplied with artillery, and thus an overwhelming force might have been precipitated on Grey and his army destroyed, for he was perfectly isolated and dependent on his own resources alone. This, however, had not escaped the observation and due consideration of the Commander-in-Chief. As we calculate on the power of an enemy, so may we estimate what, according to his system of operations, he is likely to attempt. On this occasion it was considered that if the enemy made a descent on Grey, his division was of sufficient force to defend itself, while our main army would have rapidly moved on Gwalior and conquered it without a struggle through the absence of the chief part of its army, (for strategy is totally unknown to a native army, which usually posts itself on a well-chosen position and awaits an attack).

The leading incidents which led to the outbreak of war have been so recently and so distinctly recorded, I have only to observe that the policy pursued by the Governor-General was of the most correct character. He gave the State of Gwalior full time for reflexion, and demanded only such an arrangement as could alone restore the youthful Maharaja to his birthright, and produce harmony within the State and peace and tranquillity without. It admits of considerable discussion whether or not the Governor-General was justified in crossing the Chumbul, and thereby invading the territory of a kingdom he was treating with, when one of the great preliminaries had been granted, viz. the surrender

of the Dada Khasgee Wala, the adviser and lover of the young widow and the Prime Minister. However, the army under the Commander-in-Chief crossed the Chumbul by ford above Dholpore, while Grey's Division entered the dominion of Scindiah *viâ* Koonah and crossed the boundary, the river Scinde, in the neighbourhood of Kohee, avoiding, however, the Antree Pass, which would have exposed his advance to considerable interruption. The army, after crossing the Chumbul, moved into a position on the Koharee rivulet (the banks of which are intersected by small ravines so as to be impassable but by certain roads), and about eight miles from the ford of the Chumbul. The position was one rather chosen for the pomp and ceremony of a visit from the widow, the Maharaja, and the Court, which was expected in the then state of the negotiations. This meeting was all arranged,* but never came to consummation. The army were so jealous of Grey's advance, they concluded, and naturally from their own Mahratta character (being the most fickle and deceitful people, and capable of any treachery to advance their desires), that while the Governor-General was encouraging this meeting, which was to be attended by a considerable body of the Mahratta army, Grey's division would move into the rear and seize the capital and the fortress of Gwalior. The suspicions of natives (naturally jealous and ready to impute evil to all around them) are not to be calmed, and the army prohibited this

* For 26 December, 1843.

meeting (if the babe widow and her party ever seriously meditated it) and moved forward in a hostile attitude, crossing the Ahsin rivulet, which runs parallel to the Koharee at a distance of eight or nine miles.

I was in the habit of taking long rides every morning to make myself well acquainted with the country. When out riding on the 28th December, I fell in with a patrol which the Quartermaster-General of the Army had been directed to take out for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy, who, according to information, had crossed the Ahsin and posted himself between the villages of Maharajpore and Chounda. The former is advanced on the plain between the two rivulets, the latter is below the Ahsin, the banks of which are also intersected by innumerable small and impassable ravines. I accompanied Colonel Garden, the Q.M.G. On my return I gave in the memorandum as follows:—

"Camp Hingonah, 28th Dec. 1843.

"Note on the position of the enemy on the left bank of the Ahsin River:—

"From what I saw this morning, I calculate the force of the enemy to be 10,000 men, and he fired from ten guns of small calibre. His position appeared to be on the plain in dense masses of troops, his left resting on the broken ground of the Ahsin River, his guns drawn out in front, his right 'en air,' as if *more troops* were coming up to occupy the position selected. The sooner, therefore, it is practicable for our army to occupy the right bank of the Koharee and place itself in front of the enemy's line, the better, not only to prevent a further advance of the enemy, but to

enable a general action to be fought in two hours, when desired. This, however, is a single view of our army, as it does not take into consideration Major-General Grey's Division. It therefore rests mainly to be considered whether General Grey's troops should not be so brought into direct communication with the main body as either to attack simultaneously the enemy's left flank, or be so posted as to act upon the line of the enemy when 'en déroute' of our main body. To do this it is obvious that the exact position of General Grey must be ascertained. If the information of the strength of the enemy renders it expedient to await direct communication with General Grey, some little delay is involved. On the contrary, if a general action be at once desirable, it may be fought by eleven o'clock to-morrow, Friday the 29th inst. To effect this, the army should march, crossing the Koharee disencumbered of the 'impedimenta' of war, before daylight the 29th inst. The distance hence to the enemy's line is within eight miles. To fight this action early in the morning is most desirable, in order to enable the pursuit of the fugitives to be protracted, therefore effective, and to ensure the capture of every gun.

"The morning was very hazy, and the smoke of the camp combining with it made reconnaissance difficult."

The army marched before daylight on the 29th Dec.* in three columns, all of which reached their ground with the utmost precision. The enemy was attacked [Battle of Maharajpore], every gun (54) taken, and the defeat general; but never did men stand to their guns with more determined pluck,

* "The Governor-General, with the ladies of his camp, rode on elephants beside the advancing columns" (Trotter, *India under Victoria*, vol. i. p. 100).

every gunner being bayoneted or cut down at his post. It was the same at Puniar [General Grey's victory of the same day.] The result of these battles is well known. I was mentioned in the dispatches of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough, and was rewarded with a step in the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, from C.B. (I had worn that decoration since Waterloo, twenty-nine years before) to K.C.B., the Great Captain of the Age writing to me as follows :—

"Horse Guards, 29 April, 1844.

"SIR,

"I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that the Secretary of State has, upon my recommendation, submitted to the Queen your appointment to be a Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, of which Her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to approve.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"(Signed) WELLINGTON."

"Major-General Sir H. G. Smith, K.C.B."

To which I replied—

"Headquarters, Army of India, Simla, 23rd June, 1844.

"MY LORD DUKE,

"I have this day had the honour to receive your Grace's letter, 'Horse Guards, 29th April,' acquainting me with an expression of satisfaction that Her Majesty had, upon your recommendation, been graciously pleased to appoint me a Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath. While my gratitude to my

Sovereign is unbounded, my heart dictates, it is to your Grace I am indebted for every honorary distinction, promotion, and appointment I have received during a long and an eventful period of the history of the world. Among the many thousands of the gallant soldiers who so nobly fought and conquered under your Grace, I may conscientiously hope none could desire more zealously to do his duty, or was ever more actuated by personal devotion or inspired with greater confidence throughout the numerous struggles of war, than he who now renders his grateful thanks for this mark of distinction so honourable to the soldier, and thus conferred by Her Majesty through the recommendation of his Commander-in-Chief, the Great Captain of the Age.

"I have, etc.,

"(Signed) H. G. SMITH.

"Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington."

I have now served my country nearly forty years, I have fought in every quarter of the globe, I have driven four-in-hand in every quarter, I have never had a sick certificate, and only once received leave of absence, which I did for eight months to study mathematics. I have filled *every* staff situation of a Regiment and of the General Staff. I have commanded a Regiment in peace, and have had often a great voice in war. I entered the army perfectly unknown to the world, in ten years by force of circumstances I was Lieutenant-Colonel, and I have been present in as many battles and sieges as any officer of my standing in the army. I never fought a duel, and only once made a man an apology,

although I am as hot a fellow as the world produces; and I may without vanity say, the friendship I have experienced equals the love I bear my comrade, officer or soldier.

My wife has accompanied me throughout the world; she has ever met with kind friends and never has had controversy or dispute with man or woman.

HARRY SMITH.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XLI.

ON THE BATTLE OF MAHARAJPORE.

In a letter to Sir James Kempt, dated "Gwalior, 15th January, 1844," Harry Smith sketches the events which led to the battle, and cites his memorandum of 28th December given above. He continues—

"The army did march as described in Sir H. Gough's dispatches in three columns, each arriving at its designated post in excellent time—which I freely admit was scarcely to be expected, having to disengage itself from a mass of laden elephants, camels, and bullocks and bullock carts, etc., resembling rather the multitudes of Xerxes than anything modern, and having to traverse ground on the banks of rivulets most peculiarly intersected by numerous and deep small ravines, the pigmy model of a chain of mountains, but even more impassable. On such ravines was posted the enemy's left flank; his right extended towards the village of Maharajpore, which he had filled with Infantry and ably supported by batteries enfilading its approach, his extreme right again thrown back upon the ravines of the Ahsin River, as described in the little pencil sketch enclosed, thus realizing the surmise in my report, 'his right "en air," as if other troops were coming up to complete the

occupation of the position.' If we could have caught the enemy in the state he was when reconnoitred the previous day, easy indeed would have been the victory. These Mahrattas, nor indeed does any Indian Army, know no more than to occupy a strong position and hold it as long as able, sticking to their guns *like men*. Having observed the enemy's position the day before, it was obvious to me this morning that he had advanced very considerably, and that he held the village of Maharajpore in force, which I rode through the day previous. Upon a plain, and that plain covered with the high stalks of Jumna corn, not a mound of rising ground even to assist the view, reconnoitring is nearly nominal. However, so impressed was I from what a nearer view the day before had given me and what I then saw, that the enemy attached great importance to his left flank, the line of his retreat if beaten, I ventured to advocate that flank as the most eligible point for a weighty attack. However, things were differently conducted and as the heads of columns appeared, the enemy instantly opened a well-directed cannonade, particularly from the vicinity of the village of Maharajpore, and Sir H. Gough ordered an advance. His dispatch tells the tale, and the mode of resistance, the enemy's guns, etc. I need, therefore, only bear testimony to the gallantry of the enemy's resistance, which in my conscience I believe and assert would not have been overcome but for our gallant old Peninsular comrades, the 39th and 40th Regiments, who carried everything before them, bayoneting the gunners at their guns to a man. These guns were most ably posted, each battery flanking and supporting the other by as heavy a cross-fire of cannon as I ever saw, and grape like hail. Our leaders of brigades in the neighbourhood and in the village had various opportunities of displaying heroism, Valiant, Wright 39th and my Assistant, Major Barr, remarkably so, and many gallant fellows fell in this noble performance of their duty. The

enemy was driven back at every point with great loss, yielding to force, not retiring in haste. A more thorough devotedness to their cause no soldiers could evince, and the annals of their defeat, altho' an honour to us, can never be recorded as any disgrace to them. Turn we now to General Grey's division. For many days before the 29th our communication was totally interrupted, and the wisdom of the route and the disunited approach to Gwalior must be tested by the fortunate result, not by the established rules and principles of strategy. Grey's dispatch is not so well written as it might have been, I am led to understand, nor does he give full credit to the old Buffs for their gallant *double allowance* with which they contributed to the achievements of the day and the capture of the enemy's guns, every one of them. The old 50th had its share too, and the blockheads in the East, who 'haver' over their wine of India's being in a state to require no British troops, are wrong: for, liberally contributing the full meed of praise to the Seapoy Battalions, that praise is so rested on the British soldier's example, the want of that 'point d'appui' would entail a dire want indeed, that of victory! Now if we regard the victories recently obtained over the Mahratta force, 28,000 men whose discipline has gradually been improving under Christian officers since 1803 (the days of Lake and Wellington), well supplied with cannon and every implement of war, animated by a devotion to their cause not to be exceeded—in a military point of view they are achievements in the field which yield alone to Assaye and rank with Dieg, Laswarree, and Mehudpore, and in a political point of view, their importance is immense, struck in the very heart of India, within the hearing almost of the seat of government of our Upper Provinces, Agra. Remembering the disasters in Affghanistan, which still, as they ever will, hold their baneful influence over British India; reviewing the recent bloody murders, and present

confusion and anarchy at Lahore; the still unsettled state of Bundelkund; the sickness in Scinde (that accursed Scinde), the grave of our army; the intrigues at the court of Nepaul, which have been rife and ready for mischief pending the late contest—then may my Lord Ellenborough and our country congratulate themselves upon the re-establishment of the 'Prestige of our Arms' as a sure foundation of our Indian Empire, the very base of which was tremulous, for it is well known that these Mahrattas have been *advocating hostility in every court of the East.* It is to be hoped, therefore, coupled with Lord E.'s moderation and the equity of his acts in thus re-establishing the youthful Maharaja on his throne, that our country and its Government will regard this as no war of foreign invasion, no war of conquest and unjust aggression, but one of absolute necessity to maintain the one Power paramount in India on the faith of old treaties of amity, and a demonstration to the present disturbed states of India, to the well-disposed, and to the World, that the British Lion will be ever triumphant; and that it will accordingly treat the soldiers who have achieved victories of such political magnitude with the liberality shown to *the heroes exiled* from Affghanistan, their discomfitures conjured into triumphs of valour, their miserable retreat through the Khyber Pass into deeds of glory inferior to none but the passage of San Bernardo by Napoleon. In this hope we may venture to trust a fair construction will be put on our acts, and that I may see my gallant comrades promoted as they deserve, and honoured in the manner recent services have been.

"I shall ever regard this battle as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life, if the majority of its remainder is to be spent in India, by its having acquired me that experience in Indian warfare all require, and above all, to hold in just estimation your enemy, a creed I have ever

advocated, and to a certain extent, in every instance practised. In the late conflict *no one* gave our foe credit for half his daring or ability; hence our attack was not quite so scientifically powerful by a combination of the different arms as it might have been, and the defects of the unwieldy machine called the British Indian Army rendered most glaring:—its appalling quantity of baggage, its lack of organization and equipment of the soldiers, its want of experience in Generals and in officers, the extreme willingness but total inexpertness and inaptitude of the soldier in the arts of war, in the conflict, on picquet, on every duty which a protracted campaign alone can teach effectually. In this country almost every war has been terminated in one or two pitched battles fought so soon as the one army comes in sight of the other, and accordingly all the science attaching to advance and retreat, the posting of picquets, reconnaissance of the enemy, the daily contemplating his movements, both when he is before you and on the march, are lost, and war is reduced at once to 'there are people drawn up who will shoot at you, so fire away at them.' You blindly and ineptly rush upon them, drive them from the field with considerable loss, take all their guns, and never see the vestige of them after. Thus we must judiciously and with foresight organize ourselves for a campaign in the Punjaub—a very probable event—for the armies of India are not now the rabble they were in Clive's time, but organized and disciplined by European officers of experience (many French), and the art of war has progressed rapidly among our enemies, whose troops are invariably far more numerous than those we oppose to them; thus by superior ability we could alone calculate on their defeat. As it is, we calculate alone on the bulldog courage of Her Majesty's soldiers, and our loss becomes what we lately witnessed.

"To obviate these deficiencies, apparent even to the

most inexperienced eye, we must in the first place reduce our baggage, next give our Seapoys canteens and haversacks (a Regiment told me they were exhausted for want of water, the water-carriers having run away). We must then, every cold season, have divisions of the army assembled, and post the one half opposite the other, with outlying picquets, etc., and daily alarms, skirmishes, etc., then general actions with blank cartridges. Without this the British Indian Army will remain as it now is—a great unwieldy machine of ignorant officers and soldiers. The drill of the Seapoy is good enough, and that of his officer, and never will attain greater perfection, but unless the officers in their separate commands know how, as I call it, to feed the fight, to bring up or into action successively in their places their command, when the attack is ordered, I defy any general to defeat his enemy but by stupid bull-dog courage. It may be conceit in Harry Smith, but if 10,000 men were given him in one cold season, if by sham fights, etc., he did not make them practical soldiers, he would resign in disgust, for the material is excellent and willing, but now, like a dictionary, it contains all the words, but cannot write a letter.

"I have given you no account of the death of our gallant old comrade Churchill; he was game, and tho' not free from many errors he had virtues, and his loss cost Juana and me some honest tears.

"Young Somerset is a fine, gallant young fellow who received four wounds, three severe ones, but is doing well, thank God both for his sake and his father's. As I cannot write to all my many friends, if you think this letter would amuse any of my *old comrades*, soldiers such as I aim at making, Lord K.,* Sir J. Lambert, Sir T. Reynell (if better), Sir A. Barnard, pray send it. Lord F. Somerset I do not

* Lord Keane.

name, as I know you show him all my effusions which meet your own approbation.

"Juana was under a heavy cannonade with Lady G., Miss G., and a Mrs. Curtis on their elephants. Juana had this command of Amazons, and as she was experienced and they young, her command was anything but satisfactory.* This Gwalior is a very extraordinary place. I have had some long rides in every direction, and the *débris* of the army of Scindiah now disbanding are as handsome, well-clothed and appointed soldiers, as regular in their encampments, as Frenchmen, and inclined to fight in their gallant and vivacious style.

"Thus our credit in the victory is the more.

"Faithfully, dear friend,

"(Signed) HARRY SMITH."

* Sir Charles Napier, writing to Harry Smith early in 1844, treats humorously of the presence of Lady Gough, Juana Smith, etc., under fire at this battle. "I congratulate you on your feats of arms. You had a tough job of it: these Asiatics hit hard, methinks. How came all the ladies to be in the fight? I suppose you all wanted to be gloriously rid of your wives? Well, there is something in that; but I wonder the women stand so atrocious an attempt. Poor things! I dare say they too had their hopes. They talk of our immoral conduct in Scinde! I am sure there never was any so bad as this. God forgive you all. Read your Bible, and wear your laurels."—W. Napier's *Life of Sir Charles Napier* (1857), vol. iii. p. 45.

CHAPTER XLII.

AFFAIRS IN THE PUNJAUB—SIR HENRY HARDINGE SUCCEEDS LORD ELLENBOROUGH AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL—OUTBREAK OF THE FIRST SIKH WAR —BATTLE OF MOODKEE.

Cawnpore, 7th September, 1846.

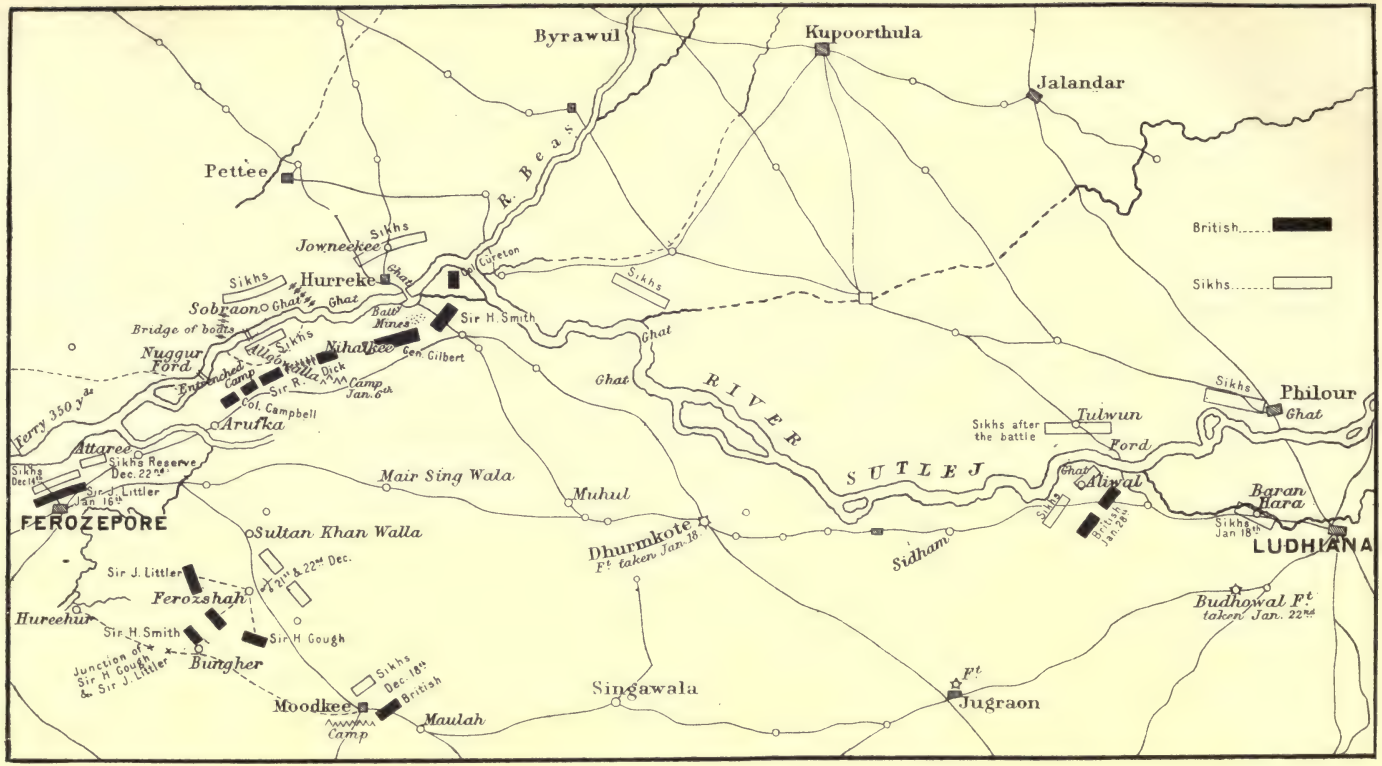
THE narrative by way of my history which ceased in 1843 must now be renewed, as it embraces the most important period of my eventful life, as far as public services go. In my capacity of Adjutant-General of Her Majesty's forces at Headquarters (which in the cold weather moved about on the plains, in the hot enjoyed the cool and bracing atmosphere of the Himalayas at Simla), I had every opportunity of watching the gradually gathering storm in the Punjaub, until it was suspended over our heads in November, 1845, ready to burst, though where, when, or how no one dared venture a decided opinion. Most certainly, however, no one contemplated a powerful invasion, or imagined that the Sikhs were in communication with the [princes ?] and influential men of British India so far as Delhi. At the period when this was written, the history of the rise of the Punjaub as a nation was well known to all, but ere these pages come to light it may be

forgotten or partially so. A slight compendium of this history is therefore annexed.

The kingdom called the Punjaub extends from the Hindoo Koosh (a branch of the Himalayas) on the north, is bounded by that range on the east, by the Indus to the west, by the Sutlej, to its confluence with the Indus, to the south. However, a considerable portion of the territory *south* of the Sutlej was under the rule of the Lahore Government, and this became the seat of the great war in 1845–6.

This tract of country was consolidated by the conquest of various independent principalities by the ability, enterprise, and foresight of the celebrated Runjeet Singh, who raised himself to pre-eminence and absolute power from the middle class of society. Hence the old Sikh families, the ancient Rajpoots, although subdued into obedience, were ever distrustful of him and he was ever obnoxious to them; hence the seeds of discord which so rapidly sprung up on the decease of Runjeet Singh, and which concluded in this war so fatal to the Sikh.

The whole Punjaub contains about a quarter of a million of Sikhs, the chief part to be found around Lahore and the beautiful city of Umritsir. A Sikh cultivator is seldom seen. The Sikhs, although professing a religion of Brahmanical tenets and established by their great priest and prophet Govind Gooroo, drink to excess, eat opium and bangh (a species of wild hemp possessing narcotic and intoxicating qualities of the most enervating description), and regard the abstemious Hindoo and the sensual



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE SUTLEJ CAMPAIGN, 1845–6.

[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 140.

Mussulman with contempt. Hence the labour of the fields and every other labour fall upon the two latter races, and they have always been favourably disposed to the British.

Runjeet Singh's great policy was a firm adherence to the rulers of British India. He had observed in 1811 [1808 ?] the discipline of some of our Seapoys who formed an escort to Mr. Metcalfe (ultimately Lord Metcalfe) on an embassy to the Court of Lahore. This escort, when treacherously attacked by a fanatical sect not then subdued to Runjeet's authority, called Akalies, so boldly and ably defended itself, that, observing the effect of discipline, the acute Runjeet instantly set to work to organize his own army on a similar footing. He invited foreigners, especially Frenchmen, to enter his service, and was liberal to many of them in the extreme. Under such instruction, a most powerful army sprung up, composed of Cuirassiers, Light Infantry most highly equipped, numerous Artillery (in which Runjeet had great faith), and beautifully appointed and organized Infantry. Runjeet spared neither expense nor exertion, and such a spirit of superiority and strength was infused into this army that it believed itself invincible and the most powerful in the world. Runjeet died in June, 1839, leaving this powerful army, estimated by us as of the following strength :—

40,000 Cavalry, regular and irregular, among which a Brigade of Akalies in cuirasses and chain armour, " The Invincibles."

120,000 Regular Infantry.

Innumerable Irregulars—every inhabitant being a soldier.

400 pieces of cannon ready to take the field,

(for Runjeet had spared neither pains nor expense to improve the breed of horses, and his efforts were attended with great success.)

From the death of Runjeet Singh in 1839 to 1845 a succession of revolutions and murders of Kings and Princes continued, first one party, then another, supporting a reputed son of Runjeet on the throne, who was as sure to be murdered in the sanguinary struggles of that Reign of Terror. A Hill family, elevated for their personal beauty rather than their talents (although some of them were far from wanting abilities), became conspicuous, and many fell with the puppets of their creation. This family received the soubriquet of Lords of the Hills, Jummoo being the fortified hold of the head of the family. Its most conspicuous members were Goolab Singh and Dhyan Singh. Dhyan and his son Heera Singh were both Prime Ministers, or Wuzeer, and both were murdered in 1844. Such was the power of the standing army, it acknowledged no other authority, set up Kings and deposed them at pleasure, and at the period of the commencement of the war, a boy (Dhuleep Singh), born of a Hill woman of great ability and reputed the son of old Runjeet, was the nominal King, Lal Singh was Wuzeer, and Tej Singh Commander-in-Chief of this rabble (though highly organized and numerous)

army. It must be obvious that such a state of things could not last. The resources of the treasury were rapidly consuming, and with them the only power of the Queen Mother, the Rani or Regent, which consisted in her presents and consequent popularity. All the foreign officers had absconded except one Frenchman, a man of neither note nor talent, and a Spanish Engineer by name Hubon, a low-bred man, but clever, acute, and persevering.

The British Government of India had acknowledged this Regency, and was desirous to retain amicable relationship with the Punjaub, but in the middle of the year 1845, so unruly and clamorous for war was the Sikh army, all negotiations terminated, and a state of uncertainty ensued which made it necessary for British India, without declaring hostility, to place itself on a footing to resist it, should so mad an enterprise ensue.

Meanwhile in 1844 Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and succeeded as Governor-General by Sir Henry Hardinge, a statesman and a soldier of Wellington's, in either capacity celebrated for judgment, ability, and foresight. Upon his very arrival, he saw that a rupture with the Punjaub was sooner or later inevitable, and he drew up an able document on the prospects of British India in such an event, which he submitted to the Directors. Immediately afterwards he commenced moving every possible soldier, and commanded the material of war up to the North-West Frontier, while a large flotilla of boats was built at Bombay for the purpose

of bridges, and sent up the Indus and thence into the Sutlej opposite Ferozepore, where they were sunk under the left bank of the river. By these arrangements, dictated by a perfect military knowledge and by that foresight which bears the stamp of prediction, Sir Henry Hardinge, in the autumn of 1845, had in readiness for coming events nine regiments of British Infantry, three regiments of British Cavalry, a most powerful train of Field Artillery (with upwards of 100 field-guns, 6 and 9-pounders, and a powerful battering train in progress), a large force of Regular and Irregular Cavalry, and forty regiments of Native Infantry. The isolated post and fortress of Ferozepore had been reinforced by twenty-four field guns, a regiment of British Infantry, and Cavalry and Native Infantry, until a force of upwards of 7000 men composed a Corps under Major-General Sir John Littler, for the double purpose of defending Ferozepore from insult and watching the ghauts, or fords, of the Sutlej. The assembling force was put into Brigades and Divisions, and equipped to take the field either on the initiative or defensive.

In December all negotiations and communications between the Regency and ourselves had ceased at the dictation of the Sikh army, which was clamorous for war with the British, and openly vaunted it would place the Rani and her son upon the Imperial Throne of Delhi, and a correspondence was actually established with that city and the line conducting to it, for the supply of provisions to the

Sikh army. This act of treachery on the part of British subjects will show what would be the stability of British rule in India on any other basis than that of military power.

The means of obtaining information on the part of our political officers, as results prove, was defective; nor can any credit attach to Sir John Littler as a watchful outpost officer, when the enemy gradually crossed by boats (not a bridge) an army of 70,000 men of all arms, with an immense train of artillery and overwhelming force of cavalry, with stores enormous, and positively established themselves under the Commanders Tej Singh and Lal Singh, ere our authorities were aware of it, civil or military, fortified a strong position near and embracing the village of Ferozeshuhur, and made a demonstration as of attack in front of Ferozepore. This was in the middle of December. This development and invasion called for, and was met by, the most active and vigorous measures on the part of the Governor-General and Council. Every available regiment was pushed forward without waiting to assemble Divisions and Brigades, although all were in order, and a very able organization was effected, as far as the programme went. The troops made double or forced marches, with the result that the force of cavalry under Brigadier White, the 1st Division under Major-General Sir Harry Smith,*

* On Sir Harry Smith's appointment to the command of the 1st Division, his duties as Adjutant-General devolved upon Lieut.-Colonel Barr.

and one Brigade of the 2nd Division under Major-General Gilbert, reached Moodkee much fatigued and exhausted on the morning of the eventful 18th December. One of the most able and enterprising movements at this stage of the war was the evacuation of Loodiana, except its fort, by order of the Governor-General, and the march of the troops thence on Busseean, which reinforcement, joining the troops on their hasty march on Moodkee, ensured the victory about to be contended for.

On the 18th December a considerable force of the British army had reached Moodkee, much exhausted, as has been said, by the necessary length of marches and a want of water and the power of cooking. Brigades were assembled, but not Divisions. The troops had some of them barely reached their bivouac, when the advance of the Sikh army with clouds of cavalry demanded an immediate turn-out in preparation to resist an attack of fresh and infatuated troops, excited by personal hatred, natural vanity, and the stimulants of spirits, opium, and bangh. In place of awaiting the coming storm, our united forces being compact, each arm in support of the other, the whole on an open plain ready to receive the onslaught, our troops were hurried unnecessarily into the field, and the cavalry and artillery rushed into action. Our cavalry and artillery had driven back the Sikh cavalry most gallantly into a very jungly or bushy country, when the enemy's infantry brought them up and occasioned a very considerable and most unnecessary loss. The

infantry meanwhile advancing, the right Brigade of the 1st Division upon the right of the army under the command of Brigadier Wheeler, but under the eye of Sir Harry Smith, was fiercely assailed by an almost overwhelming force of Sikh infantry. These it boldly repulsed, and, continuing to advance, took six guns and caused the enemy an inconceivable loss. The dust was so darkening, the enemy could only be discovered by its density and the fire.

The first part of this action was on an open country with occasional large dense and thorny trees, into which the enemy climbed and caused the 50th Regiment great loss. This Brigade (H.M.'s 50th, and the 42nd and 48th Regiments Native Infantry) was more engaged than any other part of the army. Many officers and upwards of 150 soldiers of the 50th were wounded. Brigadier Wheeler was wounded severely; Major-General Sale, Q.M.G. of H.M.'s Forces, who had attached himself to Sir Harry Smith, mortally. On this occasion Sir Harry Smith greatly distinguished himself on his celebrated black Arab "Jem Crow," by seizing one of the colours of H.M.'s 50th Regiment and planting them in the very teeth of a Sikh column, and gloriously did the Regiment rush on with bayonet, and fearful was the massacre which ensued. The left Brigade of the 1st Division was engaged to the left of the line under Brigadier Bolton of H.M.'s 31st Regiment (who fell mortally wounded), while the Brigades of the 2nd Division under Major-General Gilbert and Major-General

Sir John McCaskill occupied the centre. Sir John was shot through the heart.

It is a curious circumstance in this battle that so obscured was all vision by the dust, that it afterwards appeared that the bulk of the Sikh forces passed in column along the front of the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, and when repulsed by the 2nd Brigade 1st Division and [ ] Brigade 2nd Division, were driven again across the front of the 50th, the advance of which was pushed by Sir Harry Smith. After the troops were halted, the dust dispelled and the moon was up and shining brightly. The 1st Brigade 1st Division then formed an obtuse angle with the rest of the army. This brigade had gone right through the Sikh repulsed columns. The 1st Division this day took twelve of the seventeen guns captured from the enemy.

The Division lost at Moodkee—

Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
79	339	19	437

Both Brigadiers were knocked down, and one died of his wounds.

After the action the troops returned to their camp, which they reached about half-past twelve.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BATTLE OF FEROZESHAH (OR FEROZESHUHUR) 21ST DECEMBER, 1845, AND RESUMED BATTLE OF 22ND DECEMBER—THE ARMY MOVES INTO POSITION AT SOBRAON.

EARLY in the morning of the 19th parties were sent out to bring in the wounded, and our cavalry outposts pushed forward to cover this, as also to enable our artillery to bring in the captured guns, amounting to seventeen. The enemy having made a reconnaissance with a large body of cavalry, which created an alarm in the camp, the troops were turned out and took up a very faulty position in front of Moodkee. In this village there is a very tenable little fort, which was of great use to us. About one o'clock, the enemy making no forward movement, the troops were turned in to cook. During the afternoon all was quiet.

On the 20th every arrangement was made for the care of the sick, wounded, stores, etc., at Moodkee, and the troops, well completed in ammunition, prepared to march on the memorable 21st December. As yet no direct communication was established with Sir John Littler, in command of the

7000 men at Ferozepore. These were still isolated and subject to a weighty attack of the enemy, who could attack with facility and still hold his position around the village of Ferozeshuhur. This was strongly fortified and bristling with cannon, and there was plenty of water for both men and horses. Hence our object was to effect a combination with the Ferozepore force ere the enemy anticipated us, unless his correct information of our movements led him to attack either one or both of our columns moving mutually to a point of concentration, for Littler's force was ordered to move out and meet our advance. (This was by no means a difficult or dangerous movement, the distance from Moodkee to Ferozepore not exceeding that from the Sikh army at Ferozeshuhur.)

The troops marched from Moodkee in order of battle (almost crossing the front of the enemy's position), and moved in the direction of Ferozepore, from whence Littler's column was also moving to effect the junction, which took place about ten o'clock in the morning. Sir H. Hardinge, as Governor-General, had interdicted any attack upon the enemy's lines until the junction was effected, a most fortunate interdiction for British India.* So soon as the army was collected, Sir H. Hardinge turned to Sir H. Gough and said, "Now the army is at your disposal."

* It will be noted that Sir Harry Smith, in spite of all that followed, supports Sir H. Hardinge's military judgment in the famous dispute on this occasion between him and Sir H. Gough. A contrary view is taken in Gough and Innes' *The Sikhs*, etc., p. 107.

Sir Hugh made immediate arrangements to attack, although much most valuable time was lost in those arrangements, nor were Generals of Division made the least aware of how or what or where they were to attack. The army was one unwieldy battalion under one Commanding Officer who had not been granted the power of ubiquity. My opinion may be called one after the result, but I formed it while the troops were arranging in order of battle. I now record it leisurely and most deliberately. Had I commanded, I should have moved in contiguous columns of brigades, my cavalry protecting my advance up to the enemy's position till within range of his guns, the troops so moving as to be able to anticipate any movement of the enemy to the discomfort of Ferozepore, and to enable me to throw the weight of the attack upon the right of the enemy, if, as I apprehended from all I had heard, he was as assailable upon his right as on any other given point. I say I would have thrown the weight of my attack upon his right, because he was most formidable in his entrenched position, and if that right was to be carried as I anticipated, my victorious troops could have acted on the line of his retreat, which, being comparatively left open, gave him an opportunity to avail himself of it, and not to fight with that desperation that even bad troops will show if they are hemmed in. So soon as my advancing columns had attained to barely within the range of the enemy's guns, I would have carefully reconnoitred him, and compared ocular demonstration

with the accounts of the enemy's interior arrangements of defence afforded by spies, taking with me each General of Division as I passed the front of his troops. This reconnaissance would have enabled officers in command to see their way. The whole weight of my attack should have been on the enemy's right and right centre, which would have given me the advantage which the principles of war so justly and truly demand, "To be superior to your enemy on the point of attack." The enemy's position was his favoured one, semicircular, the centre near the village of Ferozeshuhur, where there were good wells, and also pond water for cattle. By a weighty attack on a given point, the half of the enemy's cannon in position would have been lost to him and innocuous to us. Whereas we attacked in what may almost be termed lines of circumvallation of the enemy's crescent, thus presenting ourselves as targets to every gun the enemy had. Our artillery was massed about the centre of the army; six-pounders opposed to the enemy's guns in embrasures, and of a calibre or weight beyond the range of our six-pounders; hence the mortality and wrongly imputed inefficiency of that arm, a noble arm when called forth in its legitimate field.

The 1st Division, mine, was separated, the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier Hicks, being to the right of the mass of artillery, the 2nd Brigade to the left of that arm, which covered from three-quarters to a mile of ground. The whole Division was regarded as the reserve to the centre of the army. Sir John

Littler's, the Ferozepore force, was on the left. In this order the army advanced to the attack. There was plenty of daylight; the imputation of attacking too late in the day is unfounded, as I will plainly show, although I was not then, nor am I now, an advocate for so precipitate an attack, made without any knowledge of the enemy's position beyond the lies and contradictory stories of spies. An attack on a rear-guard ought to be precipitated *coûte que coûte;* an attack on an army delayed until science can be applied with the greatest decision.

Having posted my right Brigade, I joined the left and correctly posted it, strictly in obedience to the orders I had received from the Commander-in-Chief in person. My Division thus posted, I rode forward with a desire of having a look at the enemy's position, and came up to Sir H. Hardinge, who was in doubt what some guns were upon our left, which had just been brought into action. I galloped forward to ascertain, and reported they were of Littler's force, that his attack appeared to me one of no weight from its formation, and that, if the enemy behaved as expected, it would fail. Sir H. Hardinge said, "Then bring up your Division." I explained I had only one Brigade; I could bring up that. He ordered it up, and I pretty quickly had it on the move to the front, to the left of Gilbert's, or the 2nd Division, and to the right of Littler's.

At this moment Gilbert's left was not only checked in its advance, but actually falling back,

and I had some difficulty in establishing myself on the front line in consequence of the broken troops falling back upon me. Scarcely was I firmly established, when Major Broadfoot, the Political Agent, rode up and said, "Be prepared, General. Four Battalions of Avitabile's* are close upon you in advance; I have it from correct information—a man in my pay has just left them." The smoke and dirt rendered everything at the moment invisible. I saw, however, that to resist this attack, which was evidently made to take advantage of our check, and penetrate our line between Littler's right and Gilbert's left, I must bring up the right of my Brigade. I endeavoured to do so, and with H.M.'s 50th Regiment I partially succeeded, under a storm of musketry and cannon which I have rarely, if ever, seen exceeded. My native troops staggered and some receded, while the gallant old 50th bore the whole brunt, opening a rapid fire. At this moment poor Major Arthur Somerset† was struck down, a most accomplished soldier for his experience, and of a promise to emulate his great ancestor the Duke, had Almighty God been pleased to spare him to his country. I never saw a more cool, judicious, and gallant officer than my dear and lamented friend, Arthur Somerset. If the tears of a veteran could decorate the hero's tomb, every vein

* General Avitabile, an Italian, had been employed by Runjeet Singh in training his troops.

† Son of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan, and great-nephew of the Duke of Wellington, his mother (a daughter of Lord Mornington) being the Duke's niece.

upon it would be full. Poor youth! "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

The enemy was at this moment in his bearing noble and triumphant. So fast were officers and men falling, I saw there was nothing for it but a charge of bayonets to restore the waning fight. I, Colonel Petit, and Colonel Ryan put ourselves at the head of the 50th, and most gallantly did they charge into the enemy's trenches, where such a hand-to-hand conflict ensued as I had never before witnessed. The enemy was repulsed at this point, and his works and cannon carried, and he precipitately retreated. I pushed forward with the 50th in line until we reached the enemy's camp. All order was broken by the tents, but my orders and example were "Forward! Forward! Forward!" I saw a village occupied by the enemy full in my front, about 400 yards away. By this time I was joined by many stragglers of regiments from my right or Gilbert's Division, but no one from my left or Littler's. I was therefore apprehensive of my left flank, nor was I aware (from the obscurity created by the dust) whether the four Battalions of Avitabile's were repulsed, or indeed where they were. I resolved, therefore, to carry the village, which I soon did in gallant style with H.M.'s 50th and a detachment of the Honourable Company's 1st European Light Infantry under Captain Seaton and Lieutenant ——. The colours of H.M.'s 50th were gallantly borne forward by Brevet Captain Lovett and Lieutenant de Montmorency.

I was the first officer in the Head-quarters village of the Sikh army, Ferozeshuhur, and I planted one of the colours of H.M.'s 50th on the mud walls. A scene of awful slaughter here ensued, as the enemy would not lay down their arms. The village was full of richly caparisoned and magnificent horses, and there were camels around it innumerable.

After about half an hour the dust cleared away upon my left, and I saw that Avitabile's Battalions had been driven back by my charge, but Littler's Division had made no impression upon the enemy where he attacked. The victory appeared complete on my right; crowds of advancing, straggling officers and soldiers came up, and I resolved again to push forward. The evening was fast closing, but before dark I carried the enemy's camp half a mile beyond the village, and endeavoured to collect and form the stragglers upon H.M.'s 50th—amounting, I conceive, to near 3000 men. For the first hour, so excited were the men, I could make no formation, which I little regarded at the moment, expecting every instant to hear the victorious army upon my right. Not doing so, on the contrary, hearing the enemy in force close to my front and right (it was very dark), I saw at once I had pushed the victory far beyond [the ground held by our army], and that my position was critical in the extreme. I therefore made a vigorous and determined exertion to establish a formation, and I got the 24th Regiment Native Infantry—one of my own Division—in line

upon my right under Major Bird, and about 150 of the 1st European Light Infantry under Captain Seaton, and proceeded to form the whole in a semicircle in front of the enemy's camp, my flank being well refused towards the village. Scarcely was this first formation effected, when the enemy made rather a sharp attack upon my right and drove back the formed troops. The darkness prevented the enemy continuing his success, and the noise and clamour of my troops in the endeavour to form indicated that I still held my ground. Thus I was compelled to reoccupy my right and contract the circle of formation. In this arduous duty I (and the Service still more so) was deeply indebted to Major Hull of the 16th Grenadiers, who, after he received a wound of which he died in a few hours, continued to do his duty, and aid me beyond my expression under a murderous fire of musketry, grape, round shot, and grisaille.

I at length got all the stragglers, consisting of some of H.M.'s 9th Regiment under Major Barwell,

The 19th Grenadiers Native Infantry
„ 24th Regiment „ „
„ 28th „ „ „
„ 73rd „ „ „

and many others, upon the 50th, which was well in hand.

The moon arose, and the night was as bright as day. The enemy soon discovered the weakness and isolation of my force, and gradually closed in upon me, keeping up a most destructive fire. My

A.A.G. and Q.M.G. were both wounded, their horses killed—every officer and soldier dead-tired, so that many were killed fast asleep, both officers and men. I was fully aware of the importance of my post, in the very centre of and beyond the enemy's entrenched position, and although I could hear nothing of our army or see any bivouac fires, I resolved to maintain myself to the last. The loss, however, became every moment more heavy, and officers and soldiers were restless and sensible of their critically advanced position. The enemy got a gun to bear directly on my rear; my course was decided for me, and I at once saw indications of the impossibility of maintaining myself any longer.

It was now three o'clock in the morning. To withdraw without being compromised was a most perilous operation, for I was surrounded, while the enemy were shouting and cheering, beating up troops, and calling out to us in French and English, as well as Hindoostani, that we were in their power. I therefore feigned to attack, opened a fire and under the smoke quietly drew off, H.M.'s 50th leading. For the last arrangement, this was my reason—if I were opposed, the 50th would charge through such opposition; if pressed on my rear and the native troops rushed past me, I then had a rear-guard of H.M.'s troops which I could depend on. The enemy never discovered my retrograde movement until I was out of his power.

I then marched straight, leaving Ferozeshuhur to my left and continuing my route (guided by the

moon and the dead soldiers on the line by which I advanced). I soon fell in with a vedette, and, concluding all was right and seeing a bivouac fire, regarded it as the picquet of cavalry from which he was posted. Upon reaching the fire, I found it belonged to the wounded men of H.M.'s 62nd Regiment and others, under some surgeons, who knew nothing whatever of our army. It was presumptuously urged upon me by several officers, who ought to have thought before they spoke, to move on Ferozepore. My answer was decided enough. "The Commander-in-Chief with his army is not far from us, meditating an attack as soon as it is daylight, and find him I will if in h—ll, where I will join him, rather than make one retrograde step till I have ascertained some fact." At the moment a large flame mounted up, as if soldiers were lighting a large fire. I exclaimed, "There's my point, friend or foe."

In about three-quarters of a mile I reached the fire, the village of Misreewalla, where I found a Brigade of Cavalry, some Irregular Horse, some Horse Artillery, and two or three thousand stragglers of every Regiment in the army. I halted my people and got hold of some spirits, which I issued to my gallant 50th and all the Europeans. Soon after I reached Misreewalla I met Captain Lumley, A.A.G. of the Army and at the head of the Department (General Lumley being sick, and Major Grant desperately wounded at Moodkee). I was delighted to see him, concluding he came direct from the

Commander-in-Chief. He said, "Sir Harry Smith, you are the very man I am looking for. As senior officer of the Adjutant-General's department, I order you to collect every soldier and march to Ferozepore." I said, "Do you come direct from the Commander-in-Chief, with *such an order?* If you do, I can find him, for, by G——, I'll take no such order from any man on earth but from his own mouth. Where is he?" "I don't know, but these in my official [position] are the orders." "D—— the orders, if not the Commander-in-Chief's. I'll give my own orders, and take none of that retrograde sort from any Staff officer on earth. But why to Ferozepore? What's the matter?" "Oh, the army has been beaten, but we can buy the Sikh soldiers." "What!" says I, "have we taken no guns?" "Oh yes," he says, "fifty or sixty." "Thank you," I said; "I see my way, and want no orders." Turning round to my A.G., Captain Lugard, I said, "Now get hold of every officer and make him fall in his men."

At this moment Captain Christie, in command of an irregular Corps of Horse, a most excellent officer, came up and said he knew the direction the Commander-in-Chief was in and could point it out. I was delighted, and I marched off every man able to move to join Sir Hugh Gough, sending forward my wounded A.G. to report my whereabouts and what troops I had with me. The Commander-in-Chief was as delighted to hear of me and my troops as I was to find His Excellency. His orders were to move up in support of the attack which I well and

truly anticipated he meditated, when to my astonishment I saw the village of Ferozeshuhur full in my front two miles distant, the very post I had carried and occupied the night before, and from which, after having held it until three o'clock that morning, I was compelled to withdraw, or I should have remained there nearly by myself.*

The attack was made on the part of the enemy's camp he still held, namely, his right, which had repulsed Littler's attack on the afternoon of the 21st. It was now carried without a check. The 1st Brigade of my Division, especially H.M.'s 31st Regiment, greatly distinguished itself and suffered severely.

Scarcely was the victory of the 21st and 22nd December over, when a fresh body of the enemy

* Sir Harry Smith's capture of the village of Ferozeshah and his retention of it during the night were vaguely referred to in Sir H. Gough's dispatch in these terms: "I now brought up Major-General Sir Harry Smith's Division, and he captured and long retained *another point of the position.*" On this circumstance General Sir James Kempt, in a letter to Sir Harry Smith dated "5th April, 1846," makes the following comment, which I give for what it may be worth:—

"Sir H. Gough does not in his public Dispatches of the action mention your carrying the village of Ferozeshah, or allude to the difficulty in which you were placed, and my *first* impression was that he had written the Dispatch before he received your Report. But as Gilbert in his Report of the proceedings of his Division (which has been published in India) says that after driving the enemy from their position opposed to him, he was induced (from circumstances which he mentions) to withdraw from the position they had so gallantly won and to take up a position *under instructions* 400 yards in the rear, where he bivouacked for the night—*this*, and Littler having also withdrawn on your left, fully accounts for the unprotected state in which you were left after carrying the village. But Sir H. Gough could not mention you in the way which your service deserved in the *public* Dispatch without telling the whole truth, and letting the public know how miserably the thing was managed."

(which had been watching Ferozepore or threatening an attack if the garrison was withdrawn, and had been deluded through Littler's very judiciously leaving his camp standing) came vaunting upon the left of our line and opened a fierce cannonade upon us, literally within what had been their own camp and entrenchments. The ammunition for our guns was fully expended, and our troops were literally exhausted, and we could not attack what would have been an easy prey under other circumstances. The whole of the enemy withdrew and recrossed the Sutlej unmolested, for our troops were in no condition to pursue. Our numerous wounded required to be collected, our stores to be brought up, our troops to be refreshed.

From the march of the troops from Umbala and Loodiana upon Busseean, our men had fought three actions, the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshuhur, and that of the 22nd December, gained three victories, and endured great fatigue of marching and privations, especially of what is so important to the native troops, water.* In a day or two the whole were

* Colonel T. Bunbury writes of the battle of Ferozeshah : "Everybody was so famished with hunger that Sir H. Smith, hearing that (one of our officers had secured a lamb), sent to beg of us a mutton chop. But he was too late. The sheep had been slaughtered, cooked, and devoured" (*Reminiscences of a Veteran*, iii. p. 289).

The same story is told in a letter of a private soldier, dated "January 5th, 1846" (printed in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, 25th April, 1846): "The Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, the General of Division, the A.D.C., and the whole of the staff—with this one exception, they rode and we marched—fared the same as ourselves—without food, without water." The same writer relates, "General Smith has command of the 1st Division. He exposed himself very

fresh, and we moved forward on the line the enemy had withdrawn by. The 1st Division was on the right of the army, and subsequently Brigadier Cureton's Brigade of Cavalry (two troops of Horse Artillery, H.M.'s 16th Lancers, 3rd Light Cavalry, and a corps of Irregular Horse under a Captain Hill) were posted again to my right and under my command. My outposts were opposite the enemy. At Sobraon, which afterwards became so renowned, the enemy threw over a bridge and had a ford near it; they ably constructed *têtes du pont*, and showed an intention to cross. To do so was an act of madness which could not be contemplated by any reasoning faculties, although ultimately demonstrated.

It appeared to me that our army was not posted where it ought to be, and I strongly recommended to the Commander-in-Chief to move up the left bank of the Sutlej, so that his centre should be opposite Sobraon, and his left be kept in direct communication with Ferozepore by an intermediate corps under the command of Sir John Grey, which could also watch the reputed fords and ferries on that part of the river on his front,—the right of the army,

much, too much in fact, for when the whole of the men were lying down to escape the shower of shot, the gallant General remained on his horse in front of the line, exhorting the men to lie still as they could not get up and live, and when they charged the guns, he led them in truly gallant style. His escape was truly miraculous." "The gallant General Smith has just passed—he looks somewhat thinner, and no wonder, for he has a very busy time of it. I hope to God he will come off unscathed, and may he receive the reward of his services from his sovereign."

namely, my command, Cureton's Cavalry and my own Division, to be posted opposite the ford and ferry of Hurreekee. The Commander-in-Chief called for the distribution of the army as I proposed, which I gave in, accompanied by an explanatory letter to His Excellency. In forty-eight hours it was adopted, and the army moved into the celebrated position opposite Sobraon. Here the enemy constructed a bridge of boats and pushed over his whole army, most strongly fortifying and entrenching himself on the left side of the river, a movement unparalleled in the history of war from time immemorial. It may be asked, Why was he permitted? Answer, Because we could not help ourselves. The right or enemy's bank was high and favourable for him in every way, and the bridge was judiciously thrown over at a bend of the river; hence the natural formation presented a formidable *tête du pont*, which the enemy entrenched and filled with cannon of the heaviest calibre. We could not contend with him, our heavy guns not having arrived, and the left bank of the river being nearly perfectly flat. Thus he could cross, and did, unmolested, and duly pushed his outposts forward and ours back, until it was deemed necessary to counter-fortify our camp in his front, which was done by bringing some of the heavy guns from Ferozepore. My Division and command being well to the right, I had a line of outposts from the confluence of the Beas and the Sutlej to within a mile of the enemy's entrenchments at Sobraon.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SIR HARRY SMITH DETACHED FROM THE MAIN ARMY —HE REDUCES THE FORTRESSES OF FUTTEYGHUR AND DHURMCOTE—COMBINES WITH COLONEL PHILLIPS AT JUGRAON, AND AFTER CHANGING HIS ROUTE TO LOODIANA ENCOUNTERS THE ENEMY AT BUDOWAL, AND LOSES SOME PART OF HIS BAGGAGE—HE RELIEVES LOODIANA, AND, BEING REINFORCED AND THE ENEMY HAVING RETREATED, OCCUPIES HIS POSITION AT BUDOWAL.

On the 16th January the Commander-in-Chief sent for me, and told me the Governor-General was desirous that the small fortress of Futteyghur and the larger one of Dhurmcote, both slightly garrisoned by the enemy, should be reduced, as under their cover he was drawing supplies from the left bank and crossing them over. His Excellency said, "A Brigade will be sufficient to send, the 3rd Light Cavalry and some Irregular Horse; but who will you send?" I replied I had rather go myself. Sir Hugh Gough was much pleased with my offering to do so, for I subsequently ascertained it was the Governor-General's desire I should be ordered. The Commander-in-Chief said, "When will you march?

there is no hurry." I said, "Soon after this time to-morrow I shall be writing my report that I have reduced them both." He laughed and said, "Why, the distance to Dhurmcote is twenty-six miles from your right." I replied, "I know that; still, what I say shall be, provided that the officer and the Engineers supply me in time with the powder I want to blow in the gates in the case of necessity." I said to myself, "However, powder or no powder, I march."

When I reached camp, I found that, without my knowledge, the Commissariat had sent almost all the tent elephants and other transport into Ferozepore for provisions; some, however, arrived in the night. These provisions I laid hold of, and I collected every animal in camp for the use of the troops ordered to move, and I marched two hours before daylight. On my approach Futteyghur was abandoned, and I pushed on to Dhurmcote, which I reached by two o'clock in the afternoon, and found it occupied, but without any gun deserving the name of cannon. I invested it immediately with the 3rd Light Cavalry and Irregulars (the infantry not being yet up), and summoned the garrison to surrender. It received my flag of truce, and the leader or *killadar* came out and made a variety of stipulations, which I cut short by saying, "You may march out with your arms, ground them on the glacis, and I will endeavour to secure all hands six weeks' pay. Go back to the fort. I give you 20 minutes to consider, after which I shall make no

terms, but open my cannon upon you." I waited 25 minutes, and no communication being made, although I rode close to the works myself and beckoned to them, I ordered our 9-pounders and a howitzer to open a few shots. The Sikh flag was then hauled down, and a white one hoisted. I allowed the garrison to march out and lay down their arms as prisoners of war, and as the Infantry arrived, I immediately occupied the fortress and commenced improving its defences. I was thus able to report, as I had promised, to my Commander-in-Chief.

I had orders to reconnoitre the country around to ascertain its resources and the feeling of amity or hostility of the neighbourhood. Near me the villages were Mussulman and well disposed. Dhurmcote itself belonged to a Sirdar in the enemy's camp, but the people, when the hand of power was manifested, were civil and brought me all the supplies I required.

Having made so long a march on the 17th and being desirous to put the fortress in a state of defence, I had resolved to halt on the 18th, when I received a communication to say that on the 19th I should receive a reinforcement of two troops of Horse Artillery (viz. 12 guns), H.M.'s 16th Lancers, and the remainder of the corps of Irregular Horse under Brigadier Cureton. Upon these reaching me, I should have a Brigade of Cavalry, one of Infantry, and 18 guns. With this force I was to move on to Jugraon, thence open a communication with

Busseean, the line nine miles to the interior of Jugraon, on which our enormous battering train, stores, treasure, and ammunition, covering an extent of ten miles of road, was marching. I was informed that I might get hold of H.M.'s 53rd Regiment at Busseean, and if so, they were to obey my orders. Under any circumstances, I was to open a communication with Loodiana (distant from Jugraon, by the direct roads *viâ* the little fortress of Budowal, twenty-five or twenty-six miles), it being threatened by Runjoor Singh's army of 50 guns and 30,000 men, which had crossed at Philour by boats and was in position at Baranhara, seven miles from Loodiana. The force at Loodiana, under Lieutenant-Colonel Godby, 30th Regiment N.I., consisted of one Regiment, the 5th Native Cavalry, the 30th and 36th Sermoor and Nusseeree Battalions, and four guns Horse Artillery.

On the 19th I marched the Infantry to Koharee, halfway to Jugraon, which divided the distance, and I left orders at Dhurmcote for Colonel Cureton to move on the 20th to Jugraon, where he was to join me, which was effected accordingly. On reaching Jugraon, I received a report from Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, commanding H.M.'s 53rd Regiment, to whom I had sent orders to Busseean to move on without delay to Jugraon. He begged a day's halt, representing that his transport was done. I had opened a communication with Colonel Godby commanding at Loodiana. I received the most pressing and urgent reasons for my joining

him, and I was equally urged by the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief to move on to save Loodiana and drive back the invaders under Runjoor Singh and the Rajah of Ladwa. Hence the necessity to concentrate every soldier I could lay my hands on for the purpose. I therefore sent Lieutenant Smith of the Engineers over from Jugraon to Busseean, with a written order for Colonel Phillips to march immediately—provided it were possible. He marched, and the 16th Lancers and guns had reached me.

I here annex a narrative written at the Period.

"When I reached Jugraon on the 20th January, all accounts agreed that the enemy was still at Baranhara, thirty miles from me, between Loodiana and Philour, a fortress of his on the right bank of the Sutlej, under cover of which he had crossed and perfected his invasion; but that he had also occupied with a small garrison the fortress of Budowal, which had been abandoned by the troops of a chief in amity with us, and that he had near it some two or three hundred Horse. He was also known to possess a fortress called Gungrana, regarded as very strong, to my right (that is, its parallel) about ten miles from Budowal into our interior, where there was also Cavalry.

"I got hold of the 53rd Regiment on the evening of the 20th, the day I arrived at Jugraon. My force therefore stood thus: eighteen guns, one Regiment of English Cavalry (16th Lancers), one Regiment of Native Light Cavalry, one Regiment

of Irregular Horse, two Regiments of British Infantry (H.M.'s 31st and 53rd), 250 convalescents, and two very weak Regiments of Native Infantry (the 24th and 47th). At Jugraon was a very tenable fortress occupied by the troops of a Rajah considered to be friendly, but in time of war and doubtful success friendship is precarious. I therefore occupied the fortress (or rather its citadel) by two Companies of my Native Infantry, and resolved as soon as the moon was up, viz. at half-past twelve, to march on Loodiana, leaving Budowal to my right, *i.e.* by the best, shortest, and direct road, and I ordered all baggage which consisted of *wheel-carriage* transport, to remain behind under the protection of the fort of Jugraon.

"Meanwhile, every two hours I dispatched instructions of these my intentions to the officer who commanded at Loodiana, whom I ordered to meet me with his force of four Horse Artillery guns, an excellent and strong Regiment of Native Cavalry, and four good and fresh Regiments of Native Infantry. All the while I believed the enemy's force to be at Baranhara, thirty miles from me, but only seven from Loodiana. My order of march was in writing, also my instructions for the baggage and detail of its guards, and I read them on the afternoon of the 20th to all the officers in command. I marched in the most regular order at the hour appointed, with the desire to leave Budowal to my right, and not move by the interior line, *i.e.* between Gungrana and Budowal, two fortresses in the

occupation of the enemy, distant only four miles from *both* my flanks, so that my march would be subject to double interruption. The large force nearly equal to mine was to have approached me from Loodiana, within three miles of Budowal on its own side, on a strong hill and position I well knew of, Sonnact. The natives here were most hostile, and it is an axiom, and a very just one, in the conduct of war, 'distant combinations are not to be relied on.' Hence, although I calculated upon this combination, I did not rely upon it, but adopted my own measures for advance with caution and circumspection, relying alone on my own resources.

"When I had marched some sixteen or eighteen miles in the most perfect order of advance to within two miles of Budowal, as day dawned, I received a communication from Colonel Godby that the enemy had marched from Baranhara and was encamped around Budowal with his whole force, and from some villagers I ascertained that the enemy had received considerable reinforcements. I found myself thus close upon him, and he in force. I had one of two alternatives, viz. to move on, leaving Budowal to my right and most probably the moving Sikh army on my left—in other words, to force my passage; or to leave Budowal to my left and make a *détour* towards Gungrana. To return to Jugraon I never contemplated, which would have exposed Colonel Godby as previously stated. The stake at issue was too great, hence I changed my order of march and proceeded with every precaution, leaving the

fort of Budowal on my *left*, and with my troops in order of battle by wheeling into line to their left if required. Several times during our night march we had observed rockets firing, as if for signals, and at broad daylight we discovered the enemy preparing to interrupt my newly adopted line of march, though his most ample preparation, as I afterwards discovered, had been made for my reception on the more direct road by which I had originally intended to move, and upwards of forty pieces of cannon pointed there, so perfect was his information.

"So soon as the enemy had discovered that I had changed my line of march for the relief of Loodiana, he immediately attempted to interrupt my force by moving parallel to my column through a line of villages which afforded him cover and protection, and by providing him with good roads facilitated his march, while I was compelled to move in order of battle over ploughed fields of deep sand. Hence the head of the enemy's column, principally a large body of cavalry, rapidly outflanked me a mile at least, and his rear of guns and infantry equally so. With great celerity he brought to bear on my troops a considerable number of guns of very heavy metal. The cavalry moved parallel with the enemy, and protected from the fire of his guns by a low ridge of sandhills. My eighteen guns I kept together close in rear of the cavalry, in order to open a heavy fire on the enemy and to check his advance, thereby attracting his attention, so soon as the fortunate moment which I saw approaching arrived.

"This fire, which I continued for some ten minutes, had a most auxiliary effect, creating slaughter and confusion in the enemy's ranks. The enemy's cannonade upon the column of Infantry had been previously to this furious. I had reinforced the baggage guard, and sent orders that it should close up and keep well on the reverse flank and as much ahead as possible. A few round shot ricocheting among the camels, many of the drivers abandoned their animals, and our own followers and the hostile villages in the neighbourhood plundered a part of the baggage: little of it fell into the hands of the enemy's soldiers.

"As the column moved on under this cannonade, which was especially furious upon the rear of the Infantry, the enemy, with a dexterity and quickness not to be exceeded, formed a line of seven battalions directly across my rear, with guns in the intervals of battalions, for the purpose of attacking *my* column with *his* line. This was a very able and well-executed move, which rendered my position critical and demanded nerve and decision to evade the coming storm. I would willingly have attacked this line, and I formed up a part of the 31st Regiment as a base, when so deep was the sand and so fatigued were my men, I was compelled to abandon the project. I therefore, under this fierce cannonade, changed front on the centre of the 31st Regiment and of the 53rd by what is a difficult move on parade even—a countermarch on the centre by wings. Then became conspicuous the majesty of discipline

and bravery. This move was executed as accurately as at a review.

"My Native Regiments were very steady, but I now directed the Infantry to march on Loodiana in échelon of Battalions, ready to receive the word 'Halt, Front' (when they would thus confront the enemy's line if he advanced), and the Cavalry to move in échelon of squadrons, the two arms mutually supporting, the guns in rear of the Cavalry. The whole were moving most correctly and the movement was so steady that the enemy, notwithstanding his overwhelming force, did not attack, but stood amazed, as it were, fearing to quit his stronghold of Budowal, and aware that the junction of my force with that of Loodiana was about to be accomplished.

"I was astonished, I admit, at hearing nothing from Colonel Godby. I had reason to hope some of my two-hourly dispatches had reached him, and when at daylight I changed the direction of my march on account of the enemy having anticipated me, I sent Lieutenant Holmes with a party of Irregulars, cautioning him to look as sharp to his right on account of Gungrana as to his left. I soon after sent off Lieutenant Swetenham of the 16th Lancers, and a short time later Lieutenant Band Smith of the Engineers. All these officers reached their destination. From the repeated and urgent requests made by Colonel Godby that I should advance to his relief, from *his then knowledge* that the enemy had anticipated me, I had every reason (supposing he had secured no *positive information* of

my march from Jugraon or my orders) to expect some co-operation or demonstration in my support, as I moved towards him. On the contrary, my first messenger found his troops only turning out, he having only just received my instructions, and his force did not move off until the firing had commenced, about half-past seven or eight, at a distance of between eight and nine miles—another illustration of the truth of the axiom, 'distant combinations are not to be relied on.' The natural expectation, too, of Colonel Godby's move towards me cramped my manœuvres, for had I swerved from the line on which I expected his co-operation, his force would have been compromised and in the power of the enemy's weighty attack. The reinforcement of four guns, a strong and fresh Regiment of Cavalry, and four Regiments of fresh Infantry is a powerful reinforcement to a large army; to me it was nearly one-half of the whole. Decision, coolness, and determination effected the junction and relief of Loodiana, while it cut off the enemy from his line of communication with Philour, under which fortress he had crossed the Sutlej.

"A want of water in a position near the enemy compelled me to encamp in front of Loodiana, but I established my outposts close upon him, and frequently made strong patrols up to his position, intending, if he dared attempt to interrupt our line of communication *viâ* Busseean (which I did not, although I so closely watched him, anticipate, so close was I upon him, and the fortress of Jugraon

before him), to move on, *coûte que coûte*, and attack under any circumstances. Indeed, my combined force would well have enabled me to do so, had I come up with him when on the march and out of his entrenchments.

"Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief, with great foresight and judgment, ordered the second Brigade of my Division, under Brigadier Wheeler, a Regiment of Native Cavalry, the Body Guard, 400 strong, and four guns Horse Artillery, to move from Hurreekee *viâ* Dhurmcote and Jugraon to join me, while a second Brigade under Brigadier Taylor was ordered in support to Dhurmcote, and the Shekawuttee Brigade was moving on Jugraon. Thus the enemy's position at Budowal was menaced on three points.

"He expected considerable reinforcements *viâ* the Tulwun Ghaut, eight miles lower down the Sutlej than Philour. He therefore, again with judgment, abandoned his position of Budowal, in which I was making vigorous preparations to attack him, and fell back upon the reinforcement of 12 guns and 4000 of Regular Infantry of Avitabile's Corps and a large addition of Cavalry. This movement, however, must have been premeditated, for the stores of ammunition and his fortifications around the ford were not the work of a day. I immediately occupied the enemy's position at Budowal, and as rapidly as possible concentrated my force coming from Dhurmcote and Busseean (viz.: Wheeler's from the former, and the Shekawuttee from the latter), while I dispensed with the service of Brigadier

Taylor's Brigade in reserve at Dhurmcote, feeling myself now sufficiently strong, and being aware of the importance of Infantry to the Commander-in-Chief, who to reinforce me had considerably reduced his own means in the immediate front of the main army of the Sikhs. This is the *précis* of the campaign leading to the Battle of Aliwal, and from this period taken up in my report of that glorious battle, herewith annexed." *

* Before sending the dispatch given in the next chapter, Sir Harry wrote in pencil from the field of battle the following short note to the Commander-in-Chief :—

"Bank of the Sutlej, 28th January.

"Hearing the enemy had received a reinforcement yesterday of twelve guns, and 4000 men last night, I moved my troops at daylight this morning to attack. I think I have taken every gun he had and driven him from the river. My guns are now battering him from the opposite bank. He came out to fight me. I expect fifty guns are on the field at least. My loss I hope not great. The Cavalry charged several times, both black and white, like soldiers, and infantry vied with each other in bravery. To the God of victory we are all indebted. God bless you, dear Sir Hugh. My staff all right. Mackeson and Cunningham, of the Political Department, bore heavily on some villages. The enemy required all I could do with such brave fellows to teach him to swim.

"H. G. SMITH,
"Major-General."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE BATTLES OF ALIWAL AND SOBRAON—END OF SIR HARRY SMITH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

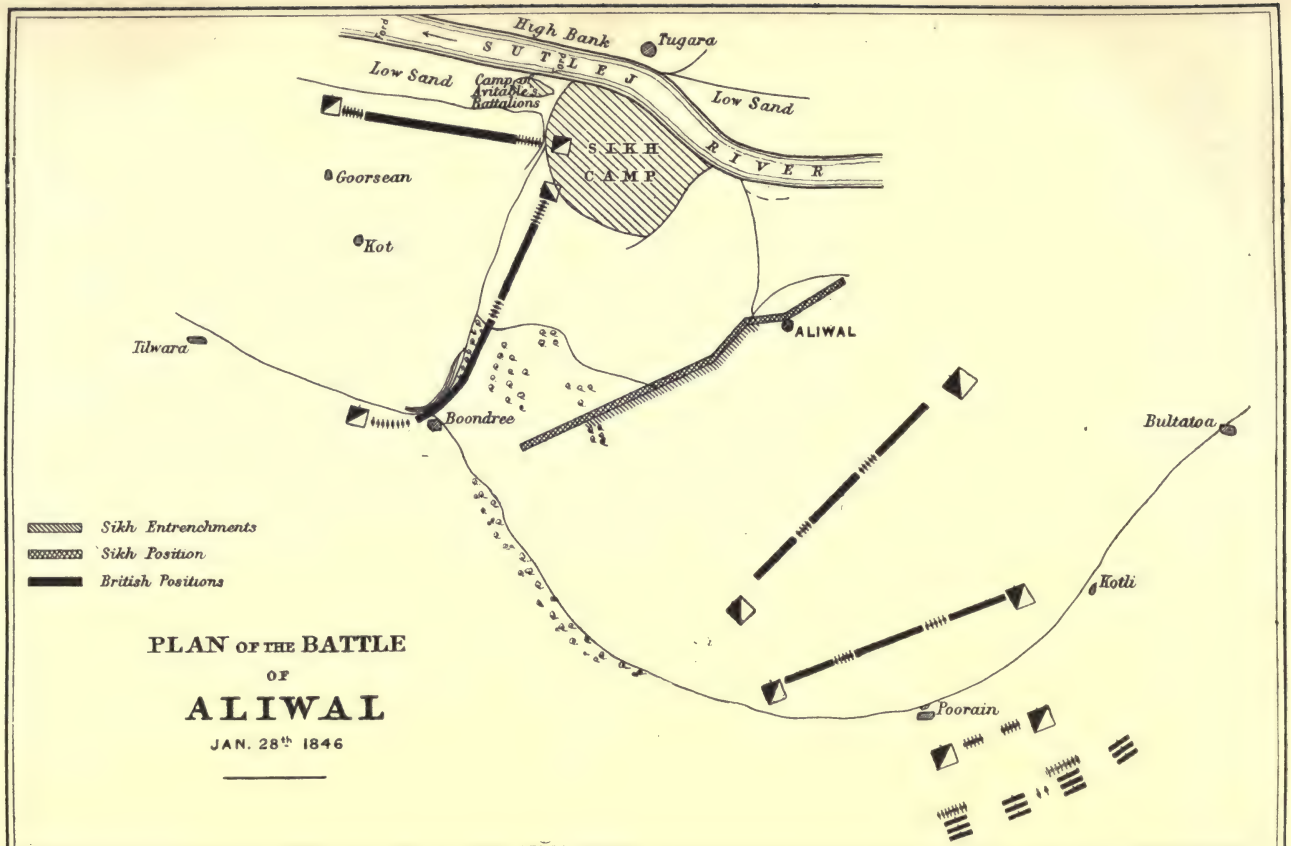
Major-General Sir Harry Smith, K.C.B., to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

"Camp, Field of the Battle of Aliwal, Jan. 30, 1846.

"SIR,

"My despatches to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the 23rd * instant, will have put his Excellency in possession of the position of the force under my command, after having formed a junction with the troops at Loodiana, hemmed in by a formidable body of the Sikh army under Runjoor Singh and the Rajah of Ladwa. The enemy strongly entrenched himself around the little fort of Budhowal by breastworks and 'abattis,' which he precipitately abandoned on the night of the 22nd instant (retiring, as it were, upon the ford of Tulwun), having ordered all the boats which were opposite Philour to that Ghat. This movement he effected during the night, and, by making a considerable détour, placed himself at a distance of ten miles, and consequently out of my reach. I could, therefore, only push forward my cavalry as soon as I had ascertained he had marched during the night, and I occupied immediately his vacated position. It appeared

* Not received by the Secret Committee.



[*Opposite Vol. ii. p. 178.*

subsequently he had no intention of recrossing the Sutlej, but moved down to the Ghat of Tulwun (being cut off from that of Philour, by the position my force occupied after its relief of Loodiana), for the purpose of protecting the passage of a very considerable reinforcement of twelve guns and 4000 of the regular, or 'Aieen' troops, called Avitabile's battalion, entrenching himself strongly in a semicircle, his flanks resting on a river, his position covered with from forty to fifty guns (generally of large calibre), howitzers, and mortars. The reinforcement crossed during the night of the 27th instant, and encamped to the right of the main army.

"Meanwhile, his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, with that foresight and judgment which mark the able general, had reinforced me by a considerable addition to my cavalry, some guns, and the 2nd brigade of my own Division, under Brigadier Wheeler, C.B. This reinforcement reached me on the 26th, and I had intended the next morning to move upon the enemy in his entrenchments, but the troops required one day's rest after the long marches Brigadier Wheeler had made.

"I have now the honour to lay before you the operations of my united forces on the morning of the eventful 28th January, for his Excellency's information. The body of troops under my command having been increased, it became necessary so to organize and brigade them as to render them manageable in action. The cavalry under the command of Brigadier Cureton, and horse artillery under Major Lawrenson, were put into two brigades; the one under Brigadier MacDowell, C.B., and the other under Brigadier Stedman. The 1st Division as it stood, two brigades:—Her Majesty's 53rd and 30th Native Infantry, under Brigadier Wilson, of the latter corps;—the 36th Native Infantry, and Nusseree battalion, under Brigadier Godby;—and the Shekawattee brigade under Major

Forster. The Sirmoor battalion I attached to Brigadier Wheeler's brigade of the 1st division; the 42nd Native Infantry having been left at head-quarters.

"At daylight on the 28th, my order of advance was—the Cavalry in front, in contiguous columns of squadrons of regiments, two troops of horse artillery in the interval of brigades; the infantry in contiguous columns of brigades at intervals of deploying distance; artillery in the intervals, followed by two 8-inch howitzers on travelling carriages, brought into the field from the fort of Loodiana by the indefatigable exertions of Lieutenant-Colonel Lane, Horse Artillery; Brigadier Godby's brigade, which I had marched out from Loodiana the previous evening, on the right; the Shekawattee infantry on the left; the 4th Irregular Cavalry considerably to the right, for the purpose of sweeping the banks of the wet nullah on my right, and preventing any of the enemy's horse attempting an inroad towards Loodiana, or any attempt upon the baggage assembled round the fort of Budhowal.

"In this order the troops moved forward towards the enemy, a distance of six miles, the advance conducted by Captain Waugh, 16th Lancers, the Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master of Cavalry, Major Bradford, of the 1st Cavalry, and Lieutenant Strachey of the Engineers, who had been jointly employed in the conduct of patroles up to the enemy's position, and for the purpose of reporting upon the facility and point of approach. Previously to the march of the troops it had been intimated to me by Major Mackeson, that the information by spies led to the belief the enemy would move somewhere at daylight, either on Jugraon, my position of Budhowal, or Loodiana. On a near approach to his outposts, this rumour was confirmed by a spy, who had just left the camp, saying the Sikh army was actually in march towards Jugraon. My advance was steady; my troops well in hand; and if he had

anticipated me on the Jugraon road, I could have fallen upon his centre with advantage.

"From the tops of the houses of the village of Poorein, I had a distant view of the enemy. He was in motion and appeared directly opposite my front on a ridge, of which the village of Aliwal may be regarded as the centre. His left appeared still to occupy its ground in the circular entrenchment; his right was brought forward and occupied the ridge. I immediately deployed the cavalry into line, and moved on. As I neared the enemy, the ground became most favourable for the troops to manœuvre, being open and hard grass land. I ordered the cavalry to take ground to the right and left by brigades; thus displaying the heads of the infantry columns; and, as they reached the hard ground, I directed them to deploy into line. Brigadier Godby's brigade was in direct échellon to the rear of the right; the Shekawattee infantry in like manner to the rear of my left; the cavalry in direct échellon on, and well to the rear of, both flanks of the infantry; the artillery massed on the right and centre and left. After deployment, I observed the enemy's left to outflank me, I therefore broke into open column and took ground to my right. When I had gained sufficient ground, the troops wheeled into line. There was no dust, the sun shone brightly. These manœuvres were performed with the celerity and precision of the most correct field day. The glistening of the bayonets and swords of this order of battle was most imposing; and the line advanced. Scarcely had it moved 150 yards, when, at ten o'clock, the enemy opened a fierce cannonade from his whole line. At first his balls fell short, but quickly reached us. Thus upon him, and capable of better ascertaining his position, I was compelled to halt the line, though under fire, for a few moments, until I ascertained that, by bringing up my right and carrying the village of Aliwal, I could with great effect

precipitate myself upon his left and centre. I therefore quickly brought up Brigadier Godby's brigade; and, with it, and the 1st brigade under Brigadier Hicks, made a rapid and noble charge, carried the village, and two guns of large calibre. The line I ordered to advance,—Her Majesty's 31st Foot and the native regiments contending for the front; and the battle became general. The enemy had a numerous body of cavalry on the heights to his left, and I ordered Brigadier Cureton to bring up the right brigade of cavalry, who, in the most gallant manner, dashed in among them and drove them back upon their infantry. Meanwhile a second gallant charge to my right was made by the light cavalry and the body-guard. The Shekawattee brigade was moved well to the right, in support of Brigadier Cureton, when I observed the enemy's encampment and saw it was full of infantry: I immediately brought upon it Brigadier Godby's brigade, by changing front, and taking the enemy's infantry 'en reverse.' They drove them before them, and took some guns without a check.

"While these operations were going on upon the right, and the enemy's left flank was thus driven back, I occasionally observed the brigade under Brigadier Wheeler, an officer in whom I have the greatest confidence, charging and carrying guns and everything before it, again connecting his line, and moving on, in a manner which ably displayed the coolness of the Brigadier and the gallantry of his irresistible brigade,—Her Majesty's 50th Foot, the 48th Native Infantry, and the Sirmoor battalion,—although the loss was, I regret to say, severe in the 50th. Upon the left, Brigadier Wilson, with Her Majesty's 53rd and the 30th Native Infantry equalled in celerity and regularity their comrades on the right; and this brigade was opposed to the 'Aieen' troops, called Avitabile's, when the fight was fiercely raging.

"The enemy, well driven back on his left and centre,

endeavoured to hold his right to cover the passage of the river, and he strongly occupied the village of Bhoondree. I directed a squadron of the 16th Lancers, under Major Smyth and Captain Pearson, to charge a body to the right of a village, which they did in the most gallant and determined style, bearing everything before them, as a squadron under Captain Bere had previously done, going right through a square in the most intrepid manner with the deadly lance. This charge was accompanied by the 3rd Light Cavalry under Major Angelo, and as gallantly sustained. The largest gun upon the field, and seven others, were then captured, while the 53rd Regiment carried the village by the bayonet, and the 30th Native Infantry wheeled round to the rear in a most spirited manner. Lieut.-Col. Alexander's and Capt. Turton's troops of horse artillery, under Major Lawrenson, dashed among the flying infantry, committing great havoc, until about 800 or 1000 men rallied under the high bank of a nullah, and opened a heavy but ineffectual fire from below the bank. I immediately directed the 30th Native Infantry to charge them, which they were able to do upon their left flank, while in a line in rear of the village. This native corps nobly obeyed my orders and rushed among the Avitabile troops, driving them from under the bank and exposing them once more to a deadly fire of twelve guns within 300 yards. The destruction was very great, as may be supposed, from guns served as these were. Her Majesty's 53rd Regiment moved forward in support of the 30th Native Infantry, by the right of the village. The battle was won; our troops advancing with the most perfect order to the common focus—the passage of the river. The enemy, completely hemmed in, were flying from our fire, and precipitating themselves in disordered masses into the ford and boats, in the utmost confusion and consternation; our 8-inch howitzers soon began to

play upon their boats, when the 'débris' of the Sikh army appeared upon the opposite and high bank of the river, flying in every direction, although a sort of line was attempted to countenance their retreat, until *all* our guns commenced a furious cannonade, when they quickly receded. Nine guns were on the river by the ford. It appears as if they had been unlimbered to cover the ford. These being loaded, were fired once upon our advance; two others were sticking in the river, one of them we got out; two were seen to sink in the quicksands; two were dragged to the opposite bank and abandoned. These, and the one in the middle of the river, were gallantly spiked by Lieutenant Holmes, of the 11th Irregular Cavalry, and Gunner Scott, of the 1st troop 2nd brigade Horse Artillery, who rode into the stream, and crossed for the purpose, covered by our guns and light infantry.

"Thus ended the battle of Aliwal, one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in India, by the united efforts of Her Majesty's and the Honourable Company's troops. *Every gun* the enemy had fell into our hands, as I infer from his never opening one upon us from the opposite bank of the river, which is high and favourable for the purpose—fifty-two guns are now in the Ordnance Park; two sank in the bed of the Sutlej; and two were spiked on the opposite bank; making a total of fifty-six pieces of cannon captured or destroyed.* Many jingalls which were attached to Avitabile's corps and which aided in the defence of the village of Bhoondree, have also been taken. The whole army of the enemy has been driven headlong over the difficult ford of a broad river; his camp, baggage, stores of ammunition and of grain,—his all, in fact, wrested from him, by the repeated charges of cavalry and infantry, aided by the guns of Alexander,

* Eleven guns since ascertained to be sunk in the river, total sixty-seven; thirty odd jingalls fell into our hands.

Turton, Lane, Mill, Boileau, and of the Shekawattee brigade, and by the 8-inch howitzers;—our guns literally being constantly ahead of everything. The determined bravery of all was as conspicuous as noble. I am unwont to praise when praise is not merited; and I here most unavowedly express my firm opinion and conviction, that no troops in any battle on record ever behaved more nobly;—British and native, no distinction; cavalry, all vying with H.M.'s 16th Lancers, and striving to head in the repeated charges. Our guns and gunners, officers and men, may be equalled, but cannot be excelled, by any artillery in the world. Throughout the day no hesitation —a bold and intrepid advance;—and thus it is that our loss is comparatively small, though I deeply regret to say, severe. The enemy fought with much resolution; they maintained frequent rencontres with our cavalry hand to hand. In one charge, upon infantry, of H.M.'s 16th Lancers, they threw away their muskets and came on with their swords and targets against the lance.

* * * * * *

"The fort of Goongrana has, subsequently to the battle, been evacuated, and I yesterday evening blew up the fort of Budhowal. I shall now blow up that of Noorpoor. A portion of the peasantry, viz. the Sikhs, appear less friendly to us, while the Mussulmans rejoice in being under our Government.

"I have, &c.,

"H. G. SMITH,

"*Major-General Commanding.*"

My loss during the 21st January was, of killed and wounded and sick taken, upwards of 200 men, but many of our wounded and exhausted Infantry were brought off in the Artillery carriages

and by the noble exertions of H.M.'s 16th Lancers, who dismounted and put the sick and wounded upon their horses. My orders to the baggage guard (composed of 400 Irregular Horse, to which I afterwards added one squadron of Regular Native Cavalry) were only half obeyed, or our loss of baggage would have been next to nothing; but young soldiers are excited under a heavy cannonade and apprehend more of its deadly effect than I have ever seen the heaviest cannonade (not grape and canister) merit.

This short but most eventful campaign was one of great difficulty and embarrassment for the General (or myself). The enemy was concentrated, whilst my force was to accumulate contingent on a variety of combinations distant and doubtful.

The political importance of my position was extreme. All India was at gaze, and ready for anything. Our army—truth must out—most anxious, the enemy daringly and exultingly regarding himself invincible, as the *bold* and *most able* and energetic move of Runjoor Singh with his whole force throwing himself between my advance from Jugraon *viâ* Budowal to Loodiana most fully demonstrated. It is the most scientific move made during the war, whether made by accident or design, and had he known how to profit by the position he had so judiciously occupied, he would have obtained wonderful success. He should have attacked me with the vigour his French tutors would [have displayed, and] destroyed me, for his force compared to mine

was *overwhelming;* then turned about upon the troops at Loodiana, beaten them, and sacked and burnt the city—when the gaze I speak of in India would have been one general blaze of revolt! Does the world which argues on my affair at Budowal suppose I was asleep, and had not in clear perspective a full view of the effect such success of the enemy would have had upon the general features and character of the war? It must be remembered that our battering train, an immense treasure, our ammunition, etc., etc., were not ten miles from me, occupying a line of road of ten miles in length.

The end was accomplished, viz. the battle of Aliwal and its results. In a few days after the victory I received from my Political Associate, Major Murchison, a very clever fellow, a long report, of which this is an extract: "I cannot help mentioning to you that the result of your decisive victory of the 28th has been the abandonment by the enemy of *all* his posts south of the Sutlej from Hurreekee upwards to Nunapoor Mackohoorvara, and the submission to our rule of a country yielding an annual revenue of upwards of twenty-five lacs of rupees. The post of the enemy at Sobraon is now the only one held by the Sikhs south of the Sutlej." And again, in a letter from Colonel Godby after he had crossed into the Jullundur with Brigadier Godby, "I have no doubt the battle of Aliwal will be esteemed in England as it deserves; it finished a most painful crisis both in India and in England, and its moral effect in Hindostan and the Punjaub was

greater than any other achievement of the war. In the Jullundur the natives speak of it as most unaccountable that the soldiers they thought invincible should be overthrown and driven into the river in two or three hours, and be seen scampering through the country before the people had heard of their defeat. The defeat was so cleanly and unquestionably done, that they ascribed it to supernatural intervention for the many atrocious crimes of the Sikhs, especially upon the oppressed followers of the true Prophet."

All men, especially Generals, reflect in times of peace and quiet upon their exertions, their enterprises, and the measures they adopted. Human life once extinct is in this world gone, and how gratifying it is under Divine Providence to feel that not a soldier under my command was wantonly, unnecessarily, or unscientifically sacrificed to his country! Had I adopted any other course at Budowal on the 21st of January than I pursued, had I not pushed the war entrusted to my conduct with vigour and effected a junction with the troops at Loodiana, they and the city would have fallen, and next our treasure, battering train, ammunition, etc., would have been captured or scattered and lost to the army; had I sustained a serious reverse, all India would have been in a blaze. I steered the course invariably pursued by my great master the Duke, never needlessly to risk your troops or fight a battle without an object. Hence the decisive victory of Aliwal and its wonderful results and important aid in

repelling the Sikh army at Sobraon and seizing the capital of his vaunted glory.

Months have now passed since I conducted these operations,* and although reflection as a guide for the future prompts me to find fault with any movement or march, I cannot, but with the blessing of the Almighty, I say, "Results even cannot dictate to me—if you had done this or that, it would have been better."

Having disposed of my captured cannon † (I sent forty-seven to the fortress of Loodiana, and took five with me to Head-quarters, the most beautiful guns imaginable, which will, I believe, be placed in St. James's Park, London), provided for my sick and wounded, replenished my ammunition and stores, given over to Brigadier Wheeler the troops he was to command on the Upper Sutlej, and furnished him and the Political Agent, Major Murchison, with my views of their operations as a guide, I marched on the morning of the 3rd February on my route back to the Commander-in-Chief.

I had with me three troops Horse Artillery, two 8-inch howitzers, the 16th Lancers, the 3rd and 5th Light Cavalry, one corps of Irregular Horse, H.M.'s 31st, 50th, and 53rd Regiments, and 200

* He wrote these lines in September, 1846.

† No one but those who have encountered it, can be aware of the difficulty there is in disposing of the stores and captured guns of your enemy. I had 52 to move, and most of their own draught animals had been killed in action or shot by the victors. The country yields no resources in aid, thus I had to use the transport of my own 32 guns to send on to Loodiana 47 of the enemy's, and this delayed my return to Headquarters three days.—H. G. S.

convalescents, and of Native Infantry the 47th Regiment, and the Sermoor and Nusseeree Battalions. The rest of my Aliwal heroes remained with Wheeler.

I reached the right of the army on the 7th, and was received by the Commander-in-Chief with a burst of enthusiastic welcome* to be equalled only by that of the army at large. His Excellency addressed each Corps in terms as gratifying to them as to me, and I, Staff, Commanding Officers of Corps, Prince Waldemar,† etc., dined with the Commander-in-Chief, who again, in a speech when drinking our healths, bestowed upon us every encomium, and attached the utmost importance to the great cause—our signal victory. The Governor-General was at Ferozepore.

The ground I had been directed to occupy being

* A trooper in the 16th Lancers, named Eaton, writing on 2nd Feb., 1846, of the battle of Aliwal, says, "As soon as the Commander-in-Chief received the dispatches, which he did on horseback while reconnoitring, he leaped from his horse and gave three cheers, a salute of eighteen guns was fired, and the line gave three hearty cheers for us, their gallant comrades, as they called us." The same writer gives a very characteristic picture of Sir Harry Smith: "The General told us that when our regiment was in Lahore in 1837, the King thought us all gentlemen, but had he seen us on that day, he would have proclaimed us all devils, 'for you charged their ranks more like them than anything else.' As he left us we saw tears in the poor old man's eyes, and he said, 'God bless you, my brave boys; I love you.'"—See *Cambridge Independent Press*, 4th April, 1846.

Of the above letter Professor Sedgwick wrote, "Excepting Harry Smith's dispatch, which nothing can reach, it is one of the most soul-stirring letters that has come from India."—*Life of Sedgwick*, ii. p. 102.

† Prince Waldemar of Prussia, travelling as Count Ravensburg, was present with his suite at the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon.

filthy to excess, I begged to move my position, which I was permitted to do on the 8th. On this day the Governor-General arrived in camp. He sent for me, and received me with all the warmth of a long-standing friendship, and bestowed personally upon me all the praises he had so lavishly given me in his General Orders.

On the 9th, all Generals of Divisions, Brigadiers, and Heads of Departments were summoned in the afternoon to attend in the Commander-in-Chief's tent. I pretty clearly guessed the purport of such a summons. His Excellency explained to all that the enemy's most strongly fortified position was to be attacked at daylight, and he clearly detailed to each General and Commander his position and portion of the attack. In my own mind I very much disagreed with my gallant Commander-in-Chief as to the place of his attack being the most eligible one. I saw at once that the fundamental principle of "being superior to your enemy on the point of attack" was lost sight of, and the whole of our army, with the exception of my Division, which was reduced to 2400 bayonets, was held in reserve just out of the reach of the enemy's cannon. At daylight our heavy guns (which had been placed with the object of destroying or greatly impairing the enemy's defences) opened fire, and with apparent success where the fire was the most heavy, but to our astonishment, at the very moment of this success our fire slackened and soon ceased altogether, when it was ascertained that the ammunition

was expended, the officer in command of the Artillery not having brought half the quota into the field which was ordered by the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. Thus no time was to be lost.

* * * * *

At this point Sir Harry Smith's autobiography breaks off. He laid down the pen, probably through temporary illness, and never took it up again. In place of any fuller account of the battle of Sobraon, we have only the following passages relating to his individual share in the victory. The first occurs in a letter dated "Camp Lahore, 25th February, 1846," and addressed to his sister, Mrs. Sargant.

"Our last fight was an awful one. My reduced-in-numbers Division—only 2400 bayonets—was, as in other fights, placed in reserve, but pretty soon brought into action, and as at Ferozeshuhur again I had the good luck to turn the fortune of the day. In so doing I lost out of my 2400 men, 635 killed and wounded [100 more than out of 12,000 men at Aliwal]. My first attack on the entrenchments was repulsed. I attacked when *I* did not wish, and had to take ground close to the river on the enemy's left, consequently our right. [Never catch a butting animal by the horns, though, as a good soldier, obey your superior's orders.] By dint of the hardest fighting I ever saw (except Badajoz, New Orleans, and Waterloo) I carried the entrenchments. By Jupiter! the enemy were within a hair's-breadth of driving me back. Their numbers exceeded mine. And such a hand-to-hand conflict ensued, for 25 minutes I could barely hold my own. Mixed together, swords and targets against bayonets,

and a fire on both sides. I never was in such a personal fight for half the time, but my bulldogs of the 31st and old 50th stood up like men, were well supported by the native regiments, and my position closed the fight which staggered everywhere. Then such a scene of shooting men fording a deep river, as no one I believe ever saw before. The bodies *made a bridge*, but the fire of our musquetry and cannon killed every one who rushed. The hand of Almighty God has been upon me, for I may say to you what all the army knows, I was foremost in the fight, and on a *noble* horse the whole time, which sprang over the enemy's works like a deer, neither he nor I nor my clothes being scratched. It is a *miracle* for which I am, I trust, even more grateful to my God than humble towards my comrades. You always so desired I should distinguish myself. I have now gratified you, although I so egotistically write it to my sister, and in every battle have I with my noble horses been exposed without a graze. The only thing was my stick shot out of my hand; my clothes are covered with blood in many cases. Poor Holdich * got a bad wound in the shoulder and arm. He is a gallant and cool boy as ever lived. He is at Ferozepore, too far off for me to go and see, or I should do so and write to his mother."

The words in square brackets are inserted from a letter to Mr. Justice Menzies of the Cape. The following additional touches are taken from a letter to Sir James Kempt, dated 24th February.

"I never was in such a hand-to-hand fight; my gallant 31st and 50th literally staggered under the war of cannon and musquetry. Behind such formidable entrenchments,

* His aide-de-camp, now General Sir Edward A. Holdich, K.C.B.

I could not get in where I was ordered to attack, but had to turn my right close to the river, where, if left alone, I should have commenced. I carried the works by dint of English pluck, although the native corps stuck close to me, and when I got in, such hand-to-hand work I have never witnessed. For twenty-five minutes we were at it against four times my numbers, sometimes receding (never turning round, though), sometimes advancing. The old 31st and 50th laid on like devils.* . . . This last was a brutal bulldog fight, although of vast political and definite results; but my fight at Aliwal was a little sweeping second edition of Salamanca—a stand-up gentlemanlike battle, a mixing of all arms and laying-on, carrying everything before us by weight of attack and combination, all hands at work from one end of the field to the other."

Sir Harry Smith's services at Aliwal were thus acknowledged by Sir Henry Hardinge:

"To Major-General Sir Harry Smith, and to the brave troops he commanded, the Governor-General conveys the tribute of his admiration, and the grateful acknowledgments of the Government and the people of India. The service rendered was most important, and was accomplished by the ability of the commander and the valour of the troops."

The following tributes were paid by Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough respectively to Sir Harry Smith's conduct at Sobraon:—

"The Governor-General has much satisfaction in again

* A coloured print of the 31st Regiment at Sobraon was published afterwards by Ackermann. There is also a large engraving, "The triumphal reception of the Seikh guns" (at Calcutta), after W. Taylor in which Sir Harry Smith is a prominent figure.

offering to Major-General Sir Harry Smith, K.C.B., commanding the 1st Division of Infantry, his best thanks for his gallant services on this occasion, by which he has added to his well-established reputation."

"In his attack on the enemy's left, Major-General Sir Harry Smith displayed the same valour and judgment which gave him the victory of Aliwal. A more arduous task has seldom, if ever, been assigned to a Division. Never has an attempt been more gloriously carried through."

CHAPTER XLVI.

(Supplementary.)

HONOURS AND REWARDS, AND KNITTING OF OLD FRIENDSHIPS.

THE news of the victory of Aliwal reached London on 23rd March.* It brought a sense of immense relief to the public mind, which had been as much disturbed as elated by the costly struggles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. The relief was the greater inasmuch as exaggerated reports had already been received of Sir Harry Smith's rencontre with the Sikhs at Budhowal and the loss of part of his baggage. It was at once decided that the thanks of Parliament should be offered to the victorious General and his gallant army—and although a few days later came the news of the crowning victory of Sobraon, it was not allowed to affect the determination which had been arrived at. The victors of Aliwal were still to receive a special vote of their own.

None were so delighted at the news of Harry Smith's victory as the old Peninsular friends who

* The official dispatches not till March 26th.

had watched his career from the beginning, and while they loved the man, marked in him that military genius and gallantry which must bring him to the front if only fortune gave him his chance. At last the chance had come, and he had seized it according to their utmost hopes.

Captain Kincaid wrote on the 24th March to Mrs. Sargant—

"I congratulate you most heartily on the brilliant success of your gallant brother, who has nobly vindicated the opinion entertained of him by every one who has had the opportunity of judging of his rare professional qualities, for he is one of Nature's generals. History will no doubt do justice to his merits. The previous battles were won by the bulldog courage of the soldier, with the consequent unnecessary sacrifice of human life; here is a great victory, gained over superior numbers with comparatively little loss—the judicious proceedings throughout stamping it as a general's, and not a soldier's, victory." *

* Kincaid, in his generous enthusiasm, wrote a letter signed "Veteran" to the *Times* of March 30th, to acquaint the public with his friend's past services and military character. Speaking of Peninsular days, he writes, "Those only who have served under a good and an indifferent staff officer can estimate the immense value of the former, and Smith was one of the very best, for his heart and soul were in his duty. His light wiry frame rendered him insensible to fatigue, and, no matter what battle or march might have occupied the day or night, or what elementary war might be raging, Smith was never to be found off his horse, until he saw every man in his brigade housed, if cover could possibly be had. His devotion to their comforts was repaid by their affection. . . . No one who knew Harry Smith (his familiar name) in those days could doubt for a moment that whenever he acquired the rank, and the opportunity offered, he would show himself a General worthy of his illustrious preceptor. . . . The battle of Aliwal speaks for itself, as the dispatch of Sir H. Smith would alone proclaim that he had been trained under Sir John Moore and finished under the master-mind of Wellington."

Sir James Kempt, the revered friend with whom Harry Smith had kept up a monthly correspondence from India, wrote in similar terms—

"You may well be proud, my dear Mrs. Sargant, of having such a brother as Harry Smith. . . . I have read many details of battles with real pleasure, but I felt something more than pleasure, I felt the highest gratification and delight in reading Harry's admirable dispatch. It is spoken of by every one whom I have seen in terms of the highest praise." *

The *Times* of 25th March, after speaking of Sir Harry's avoiding battle at Budhowal, continues—

"The judgment and caution of General Smith on this occasion may be advantageously contrasted with the headlong and indiscriminating valour which hurried our troops into the frightful conflicts of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. In these actions it may literally be affirmed that Sir Hugh Gough had never seen the enemy until he was in the heat of action. The Sikh position had not been reconnoitred; the strength of the Sikh army was unknown.† . . . Sir H. Smith's action at Ulleewal is exposed to none of these animadversions."

* Sir James, writing to Sir Harry Smith himself on 5th April, said, "I well knew that you only wanted an opportunity to display the great military qualities which I knew you possessed in no common degree. . . . Most nobly did you perform your part and show how a battle ought to be fought when the troops are commanded by a skilful and brave General who feels himself 'at home' in the thickest of the fight, and who knows how to handle them, and how to make use of each arm at the proper time as an auxiliary to the other. The Great Duke in his speech in the House of Lords makes *you* the Hero of the day. . . . On the day that thanks were voted to you in Parliament, I invited Barnard, Johnny Kincaid, Rowan, Alex. McDonald, and other of your old friends and comrades to dine with me, and we drank a bumper to your health and that of Lady Smith."

† Compare an extract from the journal of Sir C. Napier (*Life of*

The Aliwal dispatch in particular,* excited unbounded admiration. Sir Robert Peel said of it, "The hand that held the pen used it with the same success with which it wielded the sword." And Thackeray's praise of it in the *Book of Snobs* is a proof that it appealed to a master of literary craft no less powerfully than it appealed to a statesman :

"Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language."

After referring to Sir Henry Hardinge's conduct at Ferozeshah, Thackeray continues—

"No, no ; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour and describe them with such modest manliness, *such* are not Snobs. The country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, 'Heaven save them.'" †

On the evening of April 2nd the thanks of both Houses were given unanimously by separate resolutions to the victors of Aliwal and Sobraon. In the House of Lords Sir Harry Smith received, to quote

Sir C. Napier, iii. p. 398): "[Hardinge's] army is for discipline the worst I have seen. . . . There were no picquets or patrols, not even when close to and in sight of the enemy! I am told, however, that Harry Smith's Division was an honourable exception." And another from the same journal, dated "July 9" (p. 434): "Harry Smith is a good-hearted, brave fellow, and it gladdens me that he has been rewarded, for he was the only man that acted with any science and skill as a general officer."

* Written, as Sir Edward Holdich tells me, on the battlefield on the night of the battle, and hardly altered afterwards.

† W. M. Thackeray, *Book of Snobs:* "Military Snobs."

the *Times*, an "unreserved panegyric"* from his worshipped master in warfare, the Duke of Wellington. It cannot be doubted that the proudest moment of Harry Smith's life was that in which he read these words of one so sparing of praise. Some of them were in later days inscribed on his tomb.

"The distant points of the frontier were threatened; Loodiana was threatened—I believe it was even attacked, and the cantonments were burned; and then it was that Sir Harry Smith was sent with a detachment of troops towards Loodiana, taking possession of various points on his road—Durrumkote and other places, of which the enemy had taken possession by bodies of troops which had crossed the Sutlej. And I beg your Lordships to observe that, when Sir Harry Smith was sent, he had three objects in view: one to give security to the post at Loodiana, already reinforced by the arrival there of General Godby after the battle; the others to keep up his communications with the rear by the town of Busseean, a point of great strength and importance, with a view to the communication between Ferozepore and Loodiana, in the front line, and Ferozepore and Delhi in the rear, the point from which the heavy train and the means of carrying on the siege in the ultimate operations were to come. These must have passed between twenty and thirty miles of the enemy, while the main body of the army at Ferozepore was not less distant than fifty. These were the objects, to secure which Sir Harry Smith was detached from the army. He marched upon Loodiana, and communicated with the British commander there, who endeavoured to move out to

* Professor Sedgwick wrote similarly, "I do not believe the old Duke ever spoke so much praise in the course of his life before, and all he said was from the heart" (*Life of Sedgwick*, ii. p. 102).

his assistance. While he was engaged with the enemy on this march, which he made in order to perform a part of his instructions—namely, to maintain the communication with Loodiana, they came out from the entrenched camp and carried off his baggage. I desire to explain that, because it was the only check which the gallant officer met with throughout the whole of this operation, and in fact it is the only misfortune, trifling as it is, which has happened during the whole operations that have taken place in that part of the country. This loss of the baggage, such as it is, has been written up as a great misfortune; but, in point of fact, it could not be otherwise. He was obliged to march within sight of the entrenched camp, from which the enemy had an opportunity of attacking him on his march. I beg your Lordships to observe that Sir Harry Smith had not only to secure his communication with Loodiana, but likewise to secure his junction with General Wheeler, who, alone, was not able to contend against the enemy. He performed all those objects, was joined by General Wheeler, and then moved on to attack the new position which the enemy had taken up near the river. And, my Lords, I will say upon this, I have read the account of many a battle, but I never read the account of one in which more ability, energy, and experience have been manifested than in this. I know of no one in which an officer ever showed himself more capable than this officer has in commanding troops in the field. He brought every description of troops to bear, with all arms in the position in which they were most capable of rendering service; the nicest manœuvres were performed under the fire of the enemy with the utmost precision, and at the same time with an energy and gallantry on the part of the troops never surpassed on any occasion whatever in any part of the world. I must say of this officer, that I never have seen any account which manifests more plainly than

his does, that he is an officer capable of rendering the most important services, and of ultimately being an honour to this country."

Lord Hotham, who had himself served under the Duke, said that Sir Harry Smith had had the advantage of seeing an extent of service which it had been the fortune of few to witness; but besides, he had the natural advantages of a remarkably quick conception, unceasing activity, the most ardent zeal and devotion, and the most undaunted resolution.

In the House of Commons Sir Robert Peel moved the vote, with a recital of Sir Harry's many services to his country—

"Of the battle itself I will not speak; the victory was complete, and it has been so admirably described by the illustrious commander, that I will not weaken the effect of his narrative. And what, let me ask, have been the services of this gallant officer? These recent events have given new lustre to his glory; but he was at the capture of Monte Video—at the attack upon Buenos Ayres; he served during the Peninsular War, from the battle of Vimeira to that of Corunna. He was then wounded in another action, but he was at the battles of Sabugal and Fuentes d'Onor and the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse. He was at Washington and at New Orleans, and finally he was at Waterloo. What a series of noble services, and how rejoiced I am that there should be an opportunity, through this new and signal victory, of bringing before the gladdened eyes of a grateful country a long life of military exertion, and an unbroken series of military

honours! After he had achieved that success for which we are about to give him our special thanks—after he had driven back the enemy across the Sutlej, he instantly returned to rejoin his commanding officer, Sir Hugh Gough. He arrived on the 8th, two days before the decisive victory gained by the forces under Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge. But for his services in the victory of the 28th of January, I propose that there should be a distinct and separate vote—distinct and separate from that which I shall recommend for that not more glorious, though perhaps more important achievement accomplished at a later date by the whole British army."

Sir De Lacy Evans, an old friend,* took occasion to defend Sir Harry from the unfounded notion that he had suffered any sort of reverse at Budhowal.

On the 4th April Sir Robert Peel wrote to inform Sir Harry Smith that, on his recommendation, the Queen had bestowed on him a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom. To the title were appended, as a special distinction, the words "of Aliwal."† At the same time Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were raised to the peerage as Viscount Hardinge and Baron Gough. While, however, Viscount Hardinge was further granted an annual sum of £3000, and Lord Gough one of £2000, in each case for three lives, no such material reward was given to Sir Harry Smith.

* See vol. i. p. 329.

† Sir Robert Peel, in a letter of 21st April, requesting Sir Harry's acceptance of a copy of his speeches of April 2nd, added, "Sir Robert Peel trusts that the special reference in the Gazette and the Patent for conferring a Baronetcy on Sir Henry Smith to the name of Aliwal (unusual in the case of a Baronetcy) will be acceptable to the feelings of Sir Henry Smith."

On April 6th Sir Harry was appointed a Major-General on the staff of the army in the East Indies, *vice* Sir R. H. Dick killed in action; and on the 7th Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington wrote separately to acquaint him that the Queen had approved of his appointment to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

On April 2nd the General Court of the East India Company echoed the thanks already passed by the Board of Directors; and on April 6th the Court of Common Council of the City of London voted to Sir Harry Smith, along with Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough, their thanks and congratulations and the freedom of the city. The Council of the Borough of Liverpool passed resolutions of thanks on the same day.

Let us now turn to the recipient of these honours.

On 20th May Sir Harry Smith wrote to Sir Robert Peel to express his gratitude to Her Majesty for the baronetcy conferred upon him and to the House of Commons and Sir Robert himself for the honour paid him in that assembly. He could not forbear adding—

"I have been fortunate indeed to be reared in the military school of our great Duke. To meet His Grace's unqualified approbation in the face of the world is an honour, I must admit, I have ever contended for, but never hoped to have thus realized."

A week later he sent his thanks to the Duke

himself, and also assured him "how grateful I and Juana, my Spanish wife, are, for the messages sent us."

On 16th June he wrote from Simla to his old Peninsular friend, Major George Simmons*—

"I have received," he says, "since the battle of Aliwal, more than 150 letters of heartfelt gratification. . . . From every old General I have served with left to us, from every old comrade of the Light and 4th Divisions, have I received every expression of their approbation, their happiness in my having realized their often-expressed anticipations. Your old friend Juana's good sense, which you so kindly give her credit for, keeps pace with her delight in all the congratulations of our friends. Then, George, comes the encomium of the Duke. Dear old Master, if I have done that which meets *your* approbation, then is the cup of glory full indeed, for it is to your example I have desired to apply any share of ability bestowed upon me. I have had, too, from him the kindest messages, and to his old friend Juanita, as he still calls her. . . . I have had a letter from Joe, who tells me your happiness was such that your nerves so thrilled through your desperate old wounds as to make you quite ill. . . . I begin to long to get once more to my native land; mine has been an awful banishment. I do so long to seize by the hand all those old friends who have so adhered to me notwithstanding my absence, and who thus so kindly feel my success and honours *their own*. . . . Our old dear and mutual friends, Sirs Kempt, Barnard, and Lord F. Somerset, have written in most enthusiastic terms."

* See vol. i. p. 33. The letter has been printed by Col. Verner in *A British Rifleman* (George Simmons' diaries).

To another old friend, Mr. Justice Menzies * of the Cape, he writes on 26th June. After recounting the story of the campaign, he tells of his coming movements—

"I and Juana start *dak* in the month of July for Cawnpore, my division. She will leave the hills before cold, contrary to sense, but in strict usage, with her unvaried attachment."

After the significant statement, "I am out of debt," he signs himself—

"one who, if affection can make him so, is worthy of your faithful friendship, hot-headed Harry Smith."

The following letters explain themselves :—

"To Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Barnard, G.C.B., K.C.H.,
"Colonel 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade.

"Cawnpore, India, 29th July, 1846.

"SIR,

"The honorary distinctions recently conferred upon me by our gracious Queen enable me to take supporters to my family arms. I have the honour, therefore, to acquaint you, and to request you to be so good as to make it known to my gallant comrades, the Rifle Brigade, both 1st and 2nd Battalions—having served with each Battalion from the storm and capture of Monte Video [through] the whole of the Peninsular War, and the crowning Battle of Waterloo—I have adopted a soldier of the Rifle Brigade, a 'Rifleman :' and out of respect to that immortal Light Division, of which the Rifle Brigade and 52nd Light Infantry formed for so many eventful

* See vol. i. p. 331.

years the 2nd Brigade, in which I was the Major of Brigade at the many affairs and battles this Brigade was so distinguished in, the Coa, Pombal, Foz d'Aruz, Sabugal, Fuentes d'Onoro, siege, storm, and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Badajos, Salamanca, San Millan, Vittoria, the heights of Vera, Irun, crossing the Bidassoa, Nivelle, Nive, many affairs near Bayonne, Tarbes, Orthes, and Toulouse, involving many days' sharp fighting with each named battle, and as no officer in the army has posted so many outlying picquets of this Brigade as I have, and as I am indebted to it and the great school of the immortal Wellington for whatever knowledge of my profession I may have acquired, by which my most fortunate career has so prospered, I beg the support to my arms of a soldier of the 52nd Light Infantry and a Rifleman in token of my veneration for their Corps and as a connecting link of former times with my present fortune. I have, etc.

"H. G. SMITH,
"Major-General."

"To Major-General Sir Edward Gibbs, K.C.B.,
"Colonel 52nd Light Infantry.

"Cawnpore, India, 29th July, 1846.

"SIR,

"The honorary distinctions recently conferred upon me by our gracious Queen, enable me to take supporters to my family arms. I have, therefore, the honour to acquaint you and to request you would make it known to my gallant comrades, the 52nd Light Infantry, that in full remembrance of the period I was Major of Brigade to the 2nd Brigade of the immortal Light Division, of which the 52nd formed so prominent and distinguished a part, involving the glorious contests of the Peninsular War; I have adopted a soldier of the 52nd Light Infantry and

a 'Rifleman'—my own regiment. The many affairs and battles the brigade so nobly fought in (no man better knows than yourself) include the Coa, Pombal, Foz d'Aruz, Sabugal, Fuentes d'Onoro; siege, storm, and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo; siege, storm, and capture of Badajos, where you lost an eye, as my brigadier; Salamanca, San Munos, San Millan, Vittoria, the heights of Vera, that most irresistible attack, although on a fortified mountain; Irun, the crossing of the Bidassoa, Nivelle, Nive, the many affairs near Bayonne, Tarbes, Orthes, and Toulouse, with the numerous skirmishes each of these actions entailed upon light troops. To this Brigade and to the great school of the illustrious Duke of Wellington am I indebted for that knowledge of my profession which has led to my personal aggrandisement, and which has lately acquired me the approbation of the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, and an expression of thanks from my grateful country. I pray you, therefore, Sir Edward Gibbs, and the 52nd Light Infantry, to give me that credit for the feeling of a grateful comrade I desire to demonstrate, and that you and this renowned corps may regard me as not unworthy to take a soldier out of your ranks to support me, in conjunction with their brother-in-arms, a Rifleman, and as the means in declining life of remembering the gallant Regiment who taught me to fight for my country. I have, etc.,

"H. G. SMITH,
"Major-General."

In the autumn at Simla Sir Harry Smith was invested with the Grand Cross of the Bath by the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge. In the speech he made on this occasion, he exhorted young soldiers to draw encouragement from his career—

"In 1805, now 41 years ago, I entered the army, one of a family of six sons and five daughters. I had two brothers in the hottest part of the battle of Waterloo, and as your Lordship kindly asserted, I may, with humility, affirm, I have fought my way through the four quarters of the globe to my present elevated position, unaided by the power of aristocracy or the influence of wealth. I cite this as an example to my younger comrades that in our free and unrivalled constitution, the paths of ambition are open to all."

On 18th January, 1847, he was appointed Colonel of the 47th Foot, but was transferred on 16th April to the command of the 2nd Battalion of his old Regiment, the Rifle Brigade, vacant by the death of Sir D. L. Gilmour.

In the letter written to Major Simmons on 16th June Sir Harry Smith had said, "I wonder if Charley Beckwith ever bestows a thought on me whom he once loved as a brother." In the course of the autumn came a charming letter from that noble man,* and henceforth the flame of friendship burnt brightly till both gallant souls had passed away.

* Charles Beckwith, so often mentioned in the first volume, lost a leg at Waterloo. During his time of suffering he underwent a religious conversion. "I was carried away by the love of glory, but a good God said to me, 'Stop, rascal!' and He cut off my leg; and now I think I shall be the happier for it." Through casually opening a book in the Duke of Wellington's library, he became interested in the Vaudois or Waldensian Protestants, and from 1827 onwards spent a great part of his life among them as a father or apostle. He died in 1862 (see *Dictionary of National Biography*).

"La Tour, Turin, 26th September, 1846.

"MY DEAR HARRY,

"The noise of the guns at Aliwal and Sobraon having died away in the echoes of the Himalaya, and the éclat and movement of those brilliant days having melted into the calmer atmosphere of ordinary life, I have good hopes that the handwriting of one who has never faltered for one moment in the deep feeling of respect and affection which he will cherish to his dying day for all his old companions in arms, will not be unwelcome.

"From the hour in which I saw your name associated with the army of the Sutlej, you may imagine how carefully I followed all your movements, how I rejoiced in your success, how anxious I felt in the usual intervals of doubt and trial.

"I laughed heartily when you lost your baggage, I knew full well the hearty damns that you sent after Sikhs, coolies, syces, and the whole rabble rout; saw your keen face as you galloped on the sand, and admired the cool close order of your movements in the teeth of an enemy who held-in his very breath in anxious doubt and dread whether he should dare to touch you; saw the noble array of your clear decided movement of Aliwal, and went along with you pell-mell as you drove your enemy headlong into the waters of the Sutlej; triumphed in the crowning efforts of a long soldier's life, formed in the school of true science, common sense, and right-hearted action, and felt a secret pride that I had been formed in the same school and was able to estimate such men as Hardinge and Harry Smith. But what did Juana do in all this row? Was she on horseback abaxo de los cañonaços? Give my kind love to her and kiss her for me.

"Many years have now gone by, and our outward frames are but the shadows of what they were, but my

mind continues of the same sort. Character never loses its indelible stamp. Thin and black, my hair is not yet gray, and you would yet be able to recognize the Charley Beckwith of the Light Division. . . . The last enemy has done his worst on very many of our Peninsular companions. Sir Andrew and some Riflemen still remain to dine together sometimes in Albemarle Street. Charley Rowan is letter A, No. 1. Old Duffy regulates the Club, Johnny Bell cultivates dahlias at Staines, Will Napier misgoverns the Guernseymen, Johnny Kincaid regulates the secrets of a prison-house, Jonathan Leach writes histories; thus each labours in his vocation, and has still a conceit left him in his misery. The chronicle of the out-pensioners of Chelsea is more spirit-stirring in its former than in its latter day. . . . Adieu, Harry, and believe me that you may always depend on the affection of

"Your old friend,

"CHARLES BECKWITH." *

Harry Smith was raised on 27th February, 1847, to the full rank of Major-General, dating from 9th November, 1846. He received a further gratification in an address from his native town, Whittlesey, which had been prepared by the Rev. G. Burgess, his old schoolmaster, then in his 82nd year. His reply evinced that warm attachment to his birthplace and native land which had been shown in so many of his private letters during his long exile. At length he was to see them again.

* Sir Harry passed Gen. Beckwith's letter on to Col. W. Havelock, the "Young Varmint" of the Light Division (destined to die a soldier's death at Ramnuggur two years later), and received a characteristic letter of acknowledgment of the "treat" it had given to "yours affectionately, Old Will."

Already in November, 1846, he had told his sister that he had taken his passage in a steamer which was to leave Calcutta in the middle of March, and that he would not "go mooning about the continent," but "come straight home." He sailed as he had said, and reached Southampton after eighteen years' absence from his native land on 29th April, 1847.

CHAPTER XLVII.

(Supplementary.)

IN ENGLAND ONCE MORE—A SERIES OF OVATIONS—LONDON, ELY, WHITTLESEY, CAMBRIDGE—APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Sir Harry Smith was received at Southampton by the General commanding the South-Western District and a guard of honour. Salutes were fired, and bells set ringing, and he landed in the presence of thousands of spectators. The corporation presented an address, and had prepared a civic banquet. Next day he travelled to London in a special train, which was put at his disposal by the South-Western Railway Company.

On the 6th May he dined with Her Majesty at Marlborough House; on the 7th he received a deputation from the inhabitants of his native town of Whittlesey, who were desirous of making him a presentation. It consisted chiefly of old schoolfellows.

A series of invitations poured in from Her Majesty the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Dukes of Wellington, Montrose, and Beaufort, the

Earl of Ripon, the Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Peel, Sir J. Cam Hobhouse, Sir De Lacy Evans, etc.* On the 18th May his old friend and commander, Sir Andrew Barnard, presided at a dinner in his honour given by the Senior United Service Club. On the 20th the freedom of the City of London was presented to Sir Harry at Guildhall. He returned thanks for the honour in stirring sentences such as came naturally to him.

"It has been my fate to call upon the British soldier to follow to victory, and never have I known him to fail. The fear of defeat never entered the bosom of any one man whom I have seen with the blood of John Bull in his veins" (great cheering). "So long as England is true to herself and loyal to her Sovereign, she will stand, as she now stands, the paramount power of the world" (immense applause).

In the evening of the same day Sir Harry was the guest of a memorable company, his old Peninsular comrades, the survivors of the Light Division. They included Sir Hew Ross, Sir Andrew Barnard, the Duke of Richmond, John Kincaid, Sir John Bell, Jonathan Leach, and Major Smith (Sir Harry's "Brother Tom"). Next day the *Times* wrote as follows:—

"A hundred soldiers dined yesterday together in this city, and all the gatherings of all the capitals of Europe

* Lord Malmesbury wrote in his diary for May 8th, "Dined with the Eglintons. General Sir Harry Smith was the great lion of the evening. He is a little old man, very clever-looking. She is a Spanish woman, and has been very handsome" (see *Memoirs of an Ex-minister*).

for half a century to come will not produce so memorable a reunion. If the muster roll of the Old Guard could be called and answered, a rival parade might perhaps be formed, but from no other body whose services modern history records could another such company be raised. The survivors of the most renowned division of the most famous army of England's most famous war were yesterday once more collected to welcome an ancient comrade whose victories in more productive but not more honourable fields have gloriously terminated a career commenced amongst those who bear this grateful testimony to the fruits of a spirit and character which their own society and conduct so largely contributed to form.

"On all sides is Sir Harry Smith receiving the due congratulations of his countrymen and the well-earned meed of his courage. For once, at least, the metropolitan season is supplied with a reasonable object of admiration and amusement, but we are much mistaken in Sir Henry's disposition, if this, of all the festivities which greet his arrival, will not convey at once the greatest gratification and the highest compliment. The same recollections which led the newly created baronet to pass by the ordinary attractions of blazonry and to turn to the days and comrades of his youth, to Ciudad Rodrigo and the Pyrenees, to the 52nd and the 95th, for those figures which should support his shield and tell of the deeds by which it was won, will teach him also to value the tribute which he yesterday received above any more gorgeous or imposing testimony. His cordial countrymen, his gratified friends—appreciation of his service and admiration of his conduct, he may meet elsewhere ; but at the festival in Willis' Rooms last night only, and there perhaps for the last time, could he meet his fellows and companions in that noble school in which he learnt his soldiership and to which he owes his fame. Well does it tell for England's justice that such merits are at

length acknowledged, and that Sir Henry Smith comes back to find that his ancient comrades and his ancient deeds are no longer left without the decorations which have been lavished on more recent services.*

"It cannot be the least part of his satisfaction at this entertainment, to think that, but for him, a gathering so memorable would never have occurred. This was no anniversary of a recurring solemnity, no periodical festivity or customary reunion. It did not take place last year, and it will not take place next. The last rendezvous perhaps was in the plains of Vittoria, or under the walls of Toulouse, the next will probably never occur. Already is the circle of survivors closing rapidly in under a slower but more resistless enemy than even they ever faced before; the actors, like the deeds, must soon become subjects of history and examples for imitation, and it is but too likely that yesterday was sounded the last assembly of the old Light Division."

On the 30th June, Sir Harry with Lady Smith left London for Whittlesey, his native place, and by desire of the people of Ely stopped there on the way. The story is best told in the words of warm-hearted Adam Sedgwick.†

"I was called away [from Cambridge] by the Dean of Ely to meet my old friend, Sir Harry Smith. I could not resist the temptation. So next morning (the 30th) I went to the station, and there I met the hero and his family party, and joined them in a saloon fitted up by the directors for their special reception. The entry into Ely was triumphant.‡ Thousands were assembled, with flags,

* The Peninsular Medal had just been granted.

† For his early friendship with Harry Smith, see vol. i. p. 5, *n.*

‡ On the opposite page is given a facsimile of the handbill issued for the occasion.

SIR HARRY SMITH'S
VISIT TO ELY

Programme of Procession.

Standard Bearer.

TRUMPETER MOUNTED.

Chief-Constable mounted.

Three Police Officers mounted,

Standard Bearer.

GENTLEMEN ON HORSEBACK FOUR A-BREAST.

BAND of the Scots Fusileer Guards.

Drums and Fifes of the Scots Fusileer Guards.

Chairman of Breakfast--& Rev. E. B. Sparke, & Rev. A. Peyton.

Standard Bearer.

SIR HARRY SMITH,

AND ATTENDANTS.

LADY SMITH, and Attendants.

PRIVATE CARRIAGES.

Standard Bearer.

Three Policemen mounted.

Persons who join the PROCESSION are particularly requested to attend to the Directions of the Persons appointed to marshall it, and who will wear a distinguishing Badge.

☞ ***The Procession must be formed punctually at a quarter before Eleven.***

ELY June 29, 1847.

CLEMENTS, PRINTER, ELY

branches of laurel, and joyful anxious faces. The Dean had provided me a horse, so I joined the cavalcade. After going through triumphal arches, and I know not what, preceded by a regimental band of music — Sir Harry mounted on the Arabian charger he rode at the battle of Aliwal, and greeted by lusty shouts from thousands—we all turned in to a magnificent lunch.* We then went on to Whittlesey, a similar triumphant entry. I should think not less than 10,000 men to greet the arrival of the hero at his native town. He was much affected, and I saw tears roll down his weather-beaten, but fine face, as he passed the house where his father and mother once lived." †

At the station an address was read by Mr. Thomas Bowker, to which Sir Harry replied that he felt proud to set his foot once more in his native place, and he was delighted to see the Whittlesey Cavalry ‡ there before him, as he could not forget that in that loyal troop he commenced his military career.

A ball was given in the evening, at which Sir Harry joined in the set dances, but refused to dance the polka. Next day he was entertained at a dinner attended by three hundred persons, including Lords Fitzwilliam, Aboyne, and Hardwicke, Professor Sedgwick, and other leading men of the county, and an épergne of the value of £300 was presented to

* Dean Peacock, who presided, referred to the character he had received of Sir Harry from Sir John Herschel, as one not only valiant in the field, but able to conciliate a foe and turn the enemies of the British Empire into its friends.

† *Life of Sedgwick* (Clark and Hughes), vol. ii. p. 124. The *Illustrated London News* of 10th July, 1847, has an illustration representing Sir Harry passing the house of his birth.

‡ Then commanded by his "third Waterloo brother," Captain Charles Smith, with whom Sir Harry stayed during his visit.

"ALIWAL," SIR HARRY SMITH'S CHARGER.

(From a picture painted by A. Cooper, R.A., in 1847.)

[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 218.

him by residents of the Isle of Ely. In reply to the chairman, the Rev. Algernon Peyton, who proposed his health, Sir Harry said that that day was his mother's birthday, and he recalled her parting injunction to him,* which he claimed to have obeyed. He concluded, "Many of my playmates, schoolmates, fellow-townsmen are around me, and I trust that, with the other honourable gentlemen present, they will accept the grateful thanks of their townsman and countryman, Harry Smith." When Lady Smith's health had been proposed by Lord Hardwicke and drunk by the company, Sir Harry returned thanks for the kindness shown to one he loved so dearly, and who had followed him with the greatest devotion over many fields of battle and in every quarter of the world—a devotion not to him alone, but to the cause in which he was engaged. From Whittlesey† Sir Harry proceeded to Cambridge, where an honorary degree was to be conferred upon him in connexion with the ceremony of installing Prince Albert as Chancellor.

Professor Sedgwick, it seems, told Prince Albert on Saturday, July 3rd, that Sir Harry Smith was coming to Cambridge on the following Tuesday. He writes—

"The Prince said that the Queen would wish him to be there on Monday to take an honorary degree. So I fired a shot to Whittlesey, not doubting that I should bring the

* See vol. i. p. 158.

† During his Whittlesey visit an address was presented to Sir Harry at Thorney, on behalf of the inhabitants of that village.

hero down in time; for the Queen's wishes are, as you know, a soldier's law. I returned to Cambridge on Saturday. On Sunday . . . after evening chapel, I was rejoiced to find Sir H. Smith waiting at my rooms; he took my bed, and I took Dick's. . . . I spent a delightful quiet evening with my hearty and gallant friend. We took a turn in the walks, but he was in plain clothes, and was not known by the multitude.

"Next day (Monday the 5th) began the great hurly-burly. On Monday John told me that more than one hundred people came to lunch at my rooms, no doubt partly drawn there in the hope of meeting Harry Smith, who (after the Duke of Wellington) was the most popular of all the visitors. I could not be there myself except at very short intervals, as I was officially in constant attendance on the Prince. . . . There was a grand cheer on Monday morning when Sir H. Smith had his degree. . . . The Vice-Chancellor that day had a dinner—the Queen attended—to a party of about sixty. I presided in Trinity College Hall over a party of more than three hundred; and a right merry party it was. Sir Harry Smith was at my right hand as the Vice-master's guest, and among the distinguished foreigners were Le Verrier and Struvé. If we had not as much dignity as the Vice-Chancellor, we had more numbers and more fun. . . .

"On Tuesday * we had the Installation Ode performed in full chorus, and of all the cheers I ever heard, the cheers after *God save the Queen* in full chorus, accompanied and joined by a thousand voices, were the most enthusiastic.

"When the Duke of Wellington was leaving the Senate House, a loud peal of cheers was raised for him; and, immediately after, Harry was caught sight of. 'Cheers for

* The Whittlesey troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, under the command of Captain Charles Smith, formed the guard of honour at the Installation.

Sir Harry Smith' were called for; and the Duke, turning back, laid hold of Sir Harry and turned him round, saying, 'There you have him.' Indeed, he is more like the Duke's son, so much is he attached to him."

On Thursday "the corporation brought an address to Sir Harry Smith, to which he read them an answer. Soon afterwards he went away."

Professor Sedgwick tells the romantic story of Lady Smith's early life, and ends, "And now she is a pleasant, comfortable-looking dame with mild manners and soft, sweet voice." *

But the intoxicating hour of honours and ovations was quickly to give place to another period of hard service to Queen and country. During a visit to the Rev. T. Holdich at Maidwell Hall, Northants, Sir Harry received the news that he had been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Pottinger as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and High Commissioner, and in September he was to leave England again. Another Kafir war was in progress, and Sir Harry's nomination gave the greatest satisfaction to the country. Before his departure his old friends at Glasgow presented him with a piece of plate of the value of £400 and upwards. On the 16th September, in reply to an address presented at Portsmouth on the eve of his departure, Sir Harry said—

"I trust, if it should be my good fortune to render any additional service to my Queen and country, I may be

* *Life of Sedgwick*, ii. pp. 125–127 and 573.

able to do it through other instruments than that called war. . . . If I can avert war, I will. If I can extend the blessings of civilization and Christianity in a distant land, where, without any affectation of humility, I can say that some years ago I sowed its seeds, it will be a gratification to me beyond expression to do so."

In the evening of the preceding day the 43rd, 52nd, and 60th Regiments had entertained Sir Harry at the George (the inn which had so many associations with his arrivals in and departures from England in early life).

In replying to the toast of his health, Sir Harry referred to the dinner given him on his arrival in London by the survivors of the old Light Division; to his own participation in every action recorded on the colours of the 52nd before him; and to the special praise given by the Duke of Wellington to the Light Division:

"When I have set the Light Division to do anything which was difficult and dangerous, requiring enterprise, the next day I found that division, with scarcely any loss, ready again to fight."

Sir Harry drew the moral, "He is the best officer who does the most with the least loss of life." On the relation of officers to men, he continued—

"Believe me, the tone of courage is taken from the officers; whatever the conduct of officers is, such will be the soldiers. And, gentlemen, if you knew the feeling of the British soldier in the field, . . . then would your devoted service be for the comforts and happiness of your men. Do not let it be supposed, gentlemen, because I talk of the

comforts and happiness of the men, that I am one of those officers who I regret to say exist in the present day, who have a kind of twaddle in talking about 'the poor soldier.' In the country I am going to, I regret to hear it said 'the poor soldier' sleeps here and sleeps there, 'the poor soldier' wants this and wants that. It is the duty of every officer to provide to his utmost for the comfort of his men, and when comforts are not to be had, 'bad luck to the shilling.' And, my gallant officers, believe me, our soldiers are equally gallant men, and where the comforts are not to be had, they don't call themselves 'poor soldiers'; they call themselves the glorious soldiers in the service of Her Majesty."

In a later speech, replying to the toast of "Lady Smith," Sir Harry returned thanks for the honour to his wife—a wife who had participated in the hardships of almost every one of the gallant actions recorded on their colours; who had been three times besieged in her native city, and after being finally rescued, had followed him through the four quarters of the globe; a wife who had been not only honoured by all his comrades, but respected by those of her own sex.

On the 24th September Sir Harry embarked on the *Vernon* amid a great demonstration, by which he seemed much moved.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

(*Supplementary.*)

SOUTH AFRICA IN 1847—SIR HARRY'S RECEPTION AT CAPE TOWN AND ON THE FRONTIER—END OF THE KAFIR WAR—EXTENSION OF THE BOUNDARIES OF THE COLONY AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF "BRITISH KAFFRARIA"—VISIT TO THE COUNTRY BEYOND THE ORANGE AND TO NATAL—PROCLAMATION OF THE "ORANGE RIVER SOVEREIGNTY"—TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO CAPE TOWN—DISAFFECTION AMONG THE BOERS IN THE SOVEREIGNTY—EXPEDITION THITHER AND BATTLE OF BOOMPLAATS—RETURN TO CAPE TOWN.

Much had happened in South Africa since the period 1835–6 of which Sir Harry's autobiography has given us so full an account, and it was his fortune as Governor to encounter difficulties traceable to the policy of Lord Glenelg of which he had himself seen the short-sighted fatuity at the time when it was adopted.

By Sir Benjamin D'Urban's treaty with the Kafir chiefs of September, 1835, the country between the Fish River and the Keiskamma was to be

occupied by those settlers who had suffered most severely in the war, while in that between the Keiskamma and the Kei (to be called the "Province of Queen Adelaide") a number of loyal Kafirs were to be established under military protection. All this was upset by Lord Glenelg's dispatch of 26th December, 1835. No settlers were to be permitted beyond the Fish River, and the Kafirs were to be reinstated in the districts from which they had consented in their treaty with Sir Benjamin D'Urban to retire; while the compensation which was to have been paid to sufferers from the war was sharply refused. Well may Cloete write, "A communication more cruel, unjust, and insulting to the feelings both of Sir Benjamin D'Urban and of the colonists could hardly have been penned by a declared enemy of the country and its Governor." The immediate consequence was the emigration from the Colony of numbers of Dutch farmers (described by Sir B. D'Urban as "a brave, patient, industrious, orderly, and religious people"). In another dispatch of Lord Glenelg's dated 1st May, 1837, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, perhaps the best Governor the Colony ever had, was recalled. He was succeeded by Sir George Napier. The policy entrusted to the new Governor was that of entering into alliances with the Kafir chiefs. But experience soon taught him that this was futile, and the only possible course was that which had been pursued by his predecessor and Harry Smith. "My own experience and what I saw with my own eyes," he declared to a Parliamentary

Committee in 1851, "have confirmed me that I was wrong and Sir Benjamin D'Urban perfectly right; that if he meant to keep Kafirland under British rule, the only way of doing so was by having a line of forts and maintaining troops in them."

The Boers or emigrant farmers of Dutch descent who in 1835 and subsequent years, to the number of 10,000, left the Cape Colony as men shamefully abandoned by the British Government, settled themselves, some north of the Orange River, some across the Vaal, some in Natal.

To prevent those in Natal from joining any other European power, the British Government in 1842 took possession of Durban, and in 1843 of the whole of Natal. In 1845 Natal was annexed to the Cape Colony under a Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. West. But in consequence of dissatisfaction in regard to a settlement of lands, a new emigration of Dutch farmers began, and was in operation when Sir Harry Smith reached South Africa.

Meanwhile in 1845 Sir Peregrine Maitland, then Governor of the Cape, had established Major Warden and a small British garrison at Bloemfontein with authority over the emigrant Boers settled across the Orange between the Modder and Riet rivers, the Boers who were settled north of the Modder being left undisturbed. These had set up for themselves in 1837 a simple form of government at Winburg.

The treaty system failed to protect the settlers in

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

From a lithograph by Day and Haghe, 1832.

[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 226.

the eastern part of the Cape Colony from Kafir aggressions, and in 1846 Sandilli, the successor of Gaika, openly defied the British authorities; and a war broke out which was hardly ended when Sir Henry Pottinger, after holding office for less than a year, resigned the government of the Cape into the hands of Sir Harry Smith.

The *Vernon* entered Table Bay on 1st December, 1847. The first news signalled from shore was that five officers had been cut off by the tribe of Galekas under Boku, on which Sir Harry remarked, "Doing something they ought not, I'll be bound!"* A few hours later he and Lady Smith landed. "Amidst the most hearty cheering, mingled with the roaring of cannon, the Governor passed through the streets, at every moment recognizing and saluting old acquaintances. Immediately after his arrival at Government House he took the oaths of office. That night the town was brilliantly illuminated, and the windows in a solitary house that was unlit were completely wrecked by the populace."† That the new Governor and Lady Smith were received by the Colony as old friends was again shown when, at a public banquet, Judge Menzies proposed the toast, not of "His Excellency and his Lady," but of "Harry Smith and his Wife."‡

Sir Harry lost no time in grappling with public

* Told me by General Sir Edward Holdich, who sailed with Sir Harry as his aide-de-camp.

† Theal's *History of South Africa*, iv. p. 308.

‡ Mrs. Ward, *Five Years in Kaffirland.*

business, and started by sea on the 11th December for the frontier. At Port Elizabeth he saw the chief Macomo, and, having upbraided him for his treachery, ordered him to kneel, when he set his foot on the chief's neck, saying, "This is to teach you that I am come hither to teach Kafirland that I am chief and master here, and this is the way I shall treat the enemies of the Queen of England." After-events may make us doubt the wisdom of this public humiliation of the chief. After having an interview at Sidbury with Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir Harry reached Grahamstown on the 17th. Mrs. Ward, who was there, writes in her diary—

"The shops were closed, every one made holiday, triumphal arches were erected surmounted by inscriptions proclaiming welcome to the new Governor and old friend. The very *bonhommie* with which Sir Harry had met his old acquaintances—even an old Hottentot sergeant with whom he shook hands on the road—procured for him a ready popularity ere he entered Grahamstown."

And at night—

"The frontier to-night was delirious with joy. Its own hero, its best friend next to Sir Benjamin the Good, has arrived. The town is illuminated, and beacon-lights telegraph from the hill-tops. . . . We watched the rockets ascending and the lights flashing from one end of Grahamstown to the other; the very Fingo kraals sent forth shouts, and torches flitted from hut to hut. But long before the lights were extinguished, Sir Harry Smith was up and at work. Three o'clock on the morning of the 18th found him at his desk, which he scarcely left till five in the evening."

But even on the day of his arrival in Grahamstown he had made history. He had released the captive chief Sandilli (an act of generosity afterwards ill-requited), and sent him the baton of office of a British magistrate; and, more than this, he had issued a proclamation creating a new boundary for the Colony, which was now to include the district of Victoria (to the east of Albany and Somerset), the district of Albert (north-east of Cradock), and a vast territory stretching from the old northern boundary of the Colony to the Orange River. The chief town of Victoria he named "Alice," doubtless after his beloved sister, Mrs. Sargant.

On the 19th, by the submission of Pato, it appeared that the Kafir War was at an end. The Governor at once set out for King William's Town, which he reached on the 23rd, and was again received enthusiastically. The troops—the Rifle Brigade and the 7th Dragoon Guards—were drawn up on the parade, and were praised in stirring terms for their services in the recent war. On another part of the square an assembly of two thousand Kafirs waited, sitting in a great hollow circle. Into this circle Sir Harry rode with his staff, and read a proclamation, which was practically a dramatic reversal of that abandonment by Lord Glenelg of the "Province of Queen Adelaide" which he had felt so bitterly in 1836. He declared the whole country between the Keiskamma and the Kei, running northwards to the junction of the Klipplaats and Zwart Kei rivers, to be under the sovereignty

of the Queen, not, however, as part of Cape Colony, but as a district dependency of the Crown to be named "British Kaffraria," and kept in reserve for the Kafir people, over whom the Governor, as High Commissioner, was to be "Inkosi Inkulu," or Great Chief. Colonel Mackinnon was appointed to a post such as Harry Smith had held in 1835–36—that of Commandant and Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria, with his headquarters at King William's Town.* Having read the proclamation, he gave an illustration of those dramatic methods of treating the Kafirs on which he had always relied, but which stirred some ridicule in England during the time of his Governorship. "He called for a sergeant's baton, which he termed the staff of war, and a wand with a brass head, which he termed the staff of peace. Calling the chiefs forward, he desired them to touch whichever they pleased, when each of course touched the staff of peace. After an address of some length upon their prospects if they behaved themselves, and threats of what would happen if they did not, he required them to kiss his foot in token of submission." [He was, of course, still on horseback.] "This they did also without hesitation. The ceremony concluded by

* After the abandonment of the Province of Queen Adelaide, King William's Town had been deserted. Mrs. Ward, early in 1847 (p. 147), speaks of "the ruins of what had once promised to be a flourishing town." "The walls of Sir Harry Smith's abodé are still standing." Sir Harry now ordered Colonel Mackinnon to cause it to be laid out in squares and streets on both sides the Buffalo. He also established in British Kaffraria a chain of forts, and four military villages called Juanasburg, Woburn, Auckland, and Ely.

the High Commissioner shaking hands with all the chiefs, calling them his children, and presenting them with a herd of oxen to feast upon." *

On 7th January,† 1848, the Chiefs were called to a second meeting to hear the arrangements which had been made for the government of the new province. Sir Harry addressed them, after which they took oath to obey the High Commissioner as the Queen's representative, and to renounce witchcraft, violation of women, murder, robbery, and the buying of wives, to listen to the missionaries, and on every anniversary of that day to bring to King William's Town a fat ox in acknowledgment of holding their lands from the Queen. "Sir Harry then addressed them again, telling them what would happen if they were not faithful. 'Look at that waggon,' said he, pointing to one at a distance which had been prepared for an explosion, 'and hear me give the word Fire!' The train was lit, and the waggon was sent skyward in a thousand pieces. 'That is what I will do to you,' he continued, 'if you do not behave yourselves.' Taking a sheet of paper in his hand, 'Do you see this?' said he. Tearing it and throwing the pieces to the wind, 'There go the treaties!' he exclaimed. 'Do you hear? No more treaties.'" ‡

* Theal, iv. p. 311.

† The choice of this date shows Sir Harry's pleasure in restoring all his old arrangements. It was the date of the great meeting of chiefs in 1836 (see pp. 79, 80, and Appendix III.), and it was then arranged that on every 7th January there should be a similar meeting.

‡ Theal, iv. p. 315.

Things being thus settled at King William's Town, Sir Harry proceeded to the country between the Orange River and the Vaal.* Here Major Warden at Bloemfontein had authority over the emigrant Boers between the Modder and the Riet rivers; the Boers north of the Modder were left to themselves, and large tracts bordering on the Orange River were assigned as reserves to the chiefs Moshesh and Adam Kok, who could also exact quit-rents from the farmers outside the reserves.

"Sir Harry Smith came to South Africa with a fully matured plan for the settlement of affairs north of the Orange. He would take no land from black people that they needed for their maintenance, but there were no longer to be black states covering vast areas of ground either unoccupied or in possession of white men. Such ground he would form into a new colony, and he would exercise a general control over the chiefs themselves in the interests of peace and civilization. A system antagonistic to that of the Napier treaties was to be introduced. Those treaties attempted to subject civilized men to barbarians. He would place an enlightened and benevolent government over all. But to enable him to do so, the consent of Adam Kok and Moshesh must be obtained to new agreements, for he could

* On his way he stayed from January 12th to 14th at Shiloh, and then selected a site for a town at the junction of the Klipplaats and Ox Kraal Rivers to which he gave the name of his native place, Whittlesea.

not take the high-handed course of setting the treaties aside." *

Accordingly, on 24th January he had an interview with Adam Kok. At first the chief gave himself great airs, and Sir Harry, losing his temper, threatened to have him tied up to a beam in the room in which they were sitting unless he acted reasonably. Eventually an agreement was signed by which Adam Kok, in return for a small annual income, ceded his claim to jurisdiction over all the land outside the Griqua reserve. At Bloemfontein the Governor received addresses from a number of Boer settlers. "Among them were some who had served under him in the Kafir war of 1835. At a public meeting speeches were made in which old times were recalled, and enthusiastic language was used concerning the future of South Africa, now that a true friend of the country was at the head of affairs. At this meeting the Governor observed an aged grey-headed man standing in the crowd. He instantly rose, handed his chair to the old man, and pressed him to be seated, a kindly act that was long remembered by the simple farmers, and which formed the subject of one of the transparencies when Cape Town was illuminated on his return." †

From Bloemfontein Sir Harry proceeded to Winburg, where on 27th January he had a conference with Moshesh, in which the latter, like Adam Kok, accepted his proposals. At Winburg twenty-seven farmers, heads of families, and twenty-two

* Theal, iv. p. 421. † Ibid., iv. p. 422.

others presented an address, in which they requested the Governor to extend British jurisdiction over the country. He probably took this as representing the general feeling, but he could not wait for further information. He had heard that a number of the Boers in Natal were "trekking" out of that colony. He therefore sent an express to their leader, Pretorius, asking him to pause, and at daybreak on the 28th January (the second anniversary of Aliwal) he was hastening towards Natal.

In a graphic dispatch written from Pietermaritzburg on 10th February, he describes his meeting with the "trekking" farmers.

"On my arrival at the foot of the Drachenberg Mountains, I was almost paralyzed to witness the whole of the population, with few exceptions, 'treking'! Rains on this side of the mountains are tropical, and now prevail—the country is intersected by considerable streams, frequently impassable—and these families were exposed to a state of misery which I never before saw equalled, except in Massena's invasion of Portugal, when the whole of the population of that part of the seat of war abandoned their homes and fled. The scene here was truly heart-rending. I assembled all the men near me through the means of a Mr. Pretorius, a shrewd, sensible man, who had recently been into the colony to lay the subject of dissatisfaction of his countrymen before the Governor [Sir Henry Pottinger], where he was unfortunately refused an audience, and returned after so long a journey, expressing himself as the feelings of a proud and injured man would naturally prompt. At this meeting I was received as if among my own family. I heard the various causes of complaint. Some I regard as well founded, others as imaginary; but

all expressive of a want of confidence and liberality as to land on the part of Government. I exerted my influence among them to induce them to remain for the moment where they were, which they consented to do. The scene exhibited by about three or four hundred fathers of large families assembled and shedding tears when representing their position was more, I admit, than I could observe unmoved. . . . To prove, if it be necessary, the faith which I place in their loyalty, I may mention that on one occasion when the little waggon in which I travel, and which they call 'Government House,' was nearly upset when crossing one of the tributary streams of the great Tugela, thirty or forty men on the bank stripped and sprang into the water, exclaiming, 'Government House shall not fall—it shall not fall!' and their efforts saved my only home from being carried down the current."

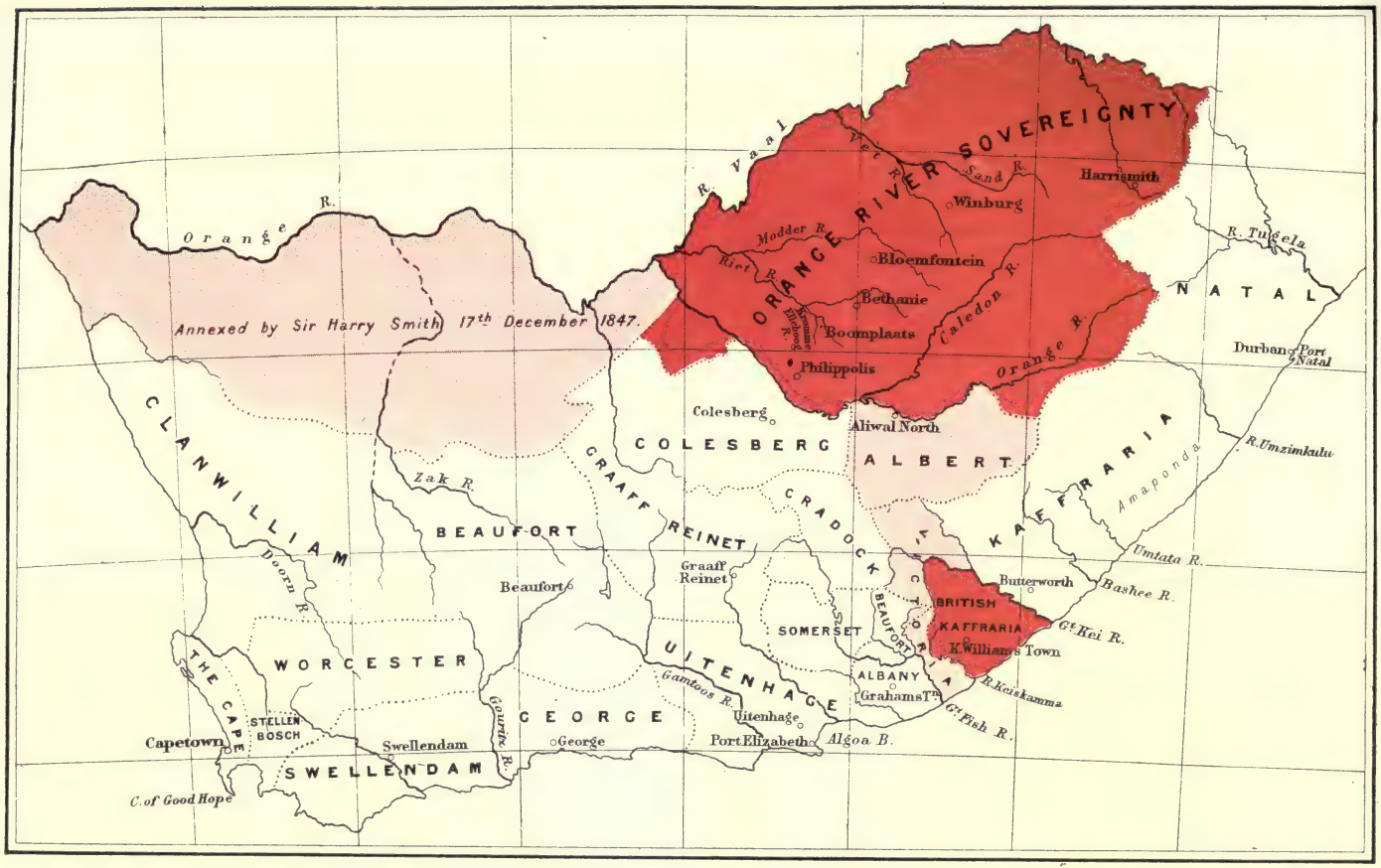
Sir Harry proceeded to argue that the very existence of the Colony of Natal depended on its preserving its white population, and stated that he had therefore issued a proclamation to meet the grievances of the farmers in regard to land, and had given Mr. Pretorius a place on the Land Commission. "If the measures which I have adopted conduce to the restoration of happiness to many thousands, tend to the preservation of a Christian community by the erection of churches, schools, etc., and are productive of general good, the glory of war will be eclipsed by the blessings of [establishing] harmony, peace, and content."

On 3rd February, from the emigrant camp Sir Harry Smith issued a proclamation declaring the whole territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers

to be subject to the Queen. The country was to be divided into magistracies; taxes were to be raised for the support of a small staff and for erecting schools, churches, etc.; and the farmers were to serve the Queen when required. So arose the Orange River Sovereignty, destined to be known under altered conditions in turn as the Orange Free State and the Orange River Colony.

Meanwhile Pretorius, with the Governor's consent, had left the camp in order to ascertain the real feelings of the emigrant farmers beyond the Drakensberg. He seems to have thought that Sir Harry had promised him that if the general opinion of the settlers was unfavourable, the proclamation would not be issued. Sir Harry maintained that his agreement with Pretorius only referred to the Boers north of the Vaal, and in consequence of the agreement the territory they occupied was excluded from the terms of the proclamation.

Mr. Theal states that "in issuing this proclamation Sir Harry Smith was full of confidence in his personal influence with the emigrants. When Major Warden, the British resident, expressed an opinion that if the Queen's authority was proclaimed north of the Orange River, additional troops would be requisite, his Excellency replied, 'My dear fellow, bear in mind that the Boers are my children, and I will have none other here for my soldiers; your detachment will march for the colony immediately.' And in this confidence a garrison of only 50 or 60 Cape Mounted Riflemen were left to defend



SOUTH AFRICA, 1847–1854.

(The coloured districts were annexed by Sir Harry Smith, those only lightly coloured becoming part of Cape Colony.)

a territory more than 50,000 square miles in extent." *

The creation of the Orange River Sovereignty was reluctantly agreed to by the Home Government,† and the measures taken by Sir Harry to induce settlers in Natal to remain there, and others to come there, were to a great extent successful.

* Theal, iv. p. 427.

† The question was submitted to a Committee of Privy Council, whose report was approved on 13th July, 1850. They gave it as their opinion that to abandon a sovereignty virtually assumed by Sir P. Maitland in 1845 and proclaimed by Sir H. Smith in 1848 would be productive of more evil than good. But they add sentences which read strangely in these changed times. "We cannot pass from this part of the subject without submitting for your Majesty's consideration our opinion that very serious dangers are inseparable from the recent, and still more from any future, extension of your Majesty's dominions in Southern Africa. That policy has enlarged, and, if pursued further, may indefinitely enlarge, the demands on the revenue and the military force of this kingdom with a view to objects of no perceptible national importance, and to the hindrance of other objects in which the welfare of the nation at large is deeply involved. . . . Unless some decisive method can be taken to prevent further advances in the same direction, it will be impossible to assign any limit to the growth of these unprofitable acquisitions, or to the extent and number of the burdensome obligations inseparable from them. In humbly advising that the Orange River Sovereignty should be added to the dominions of your Majesty's crown, we think ourselves therefore bound to qualify that recommendation by the further advice that all officers, who represent, or who may hereafter represent, your Majesty in Southern Africa, should be interdicted, in terms as explicit as can be employed, and under sanctions as grave as can be devised, from making any addition, whether permanent or provisional, of any territory however small to the existing dominions of your Majesty in the African Continent, and from doing any act, or using any language, conveying, or which could reasonably be construed to convey, any promise or pledge of that nature. And we are further of opinion that the proposed interdict should be published in the most formal manner in your Majesty's name ; that so, in the contingency of any future disregard of it by your Majesty's officers, your Majesty may be able to overrule any such act, or to disappoint any such promise of theirs, without risking the imputation of any breach of the public faith."

But his belief that the settlers in the northern part of the new Sovereignty and over the Vaal would readily accept British supremacy when offered them by one whom they had known and trusted in the past—this belief proved fallacious. The sense of wrong created by the Glenelg policy could not be so easily assuaged.

By the 1st March Sir Harry Smith was back at Cape Town, "welcomed as a successful pacificator and benefactor with pæans of praise from all classes of the inhabitants. His meteoric progress over the length and breadth of the country—all at once dispelling the idea of the unwieldiness of the settlement and its dependencies—and the generous character of the mission he had so triumphantly concluded were regarded as the most signally happy events South Africa had ever witnessed. His Excellency's praise was on every lip, and his virtues were to be symbolized to future generations by an equestrian statue." *

But no sooner had he returned than he heard that among the farmers of the Winburg district (constituting the northern part of the new Orange River Sovereignty) there was a movement against the British authority which had been imposed upon them. To counteract it, Sir Harry issued on 29th March a manifesto of a rather unconventional kind. He bade the farmers remember all the benefits he had lately conferred on them [freedom from nominal subjection to native chiefs,

* J. Noble, *South Africa* (1877), p. 126.

etc.], and contrast the misery from which he had endeavoured to raise them with the happiness of their friends and cousins living under the Colonial government. If they compelled him to wield the fatal sword, after all he had attempted to do for them, the crime be on their own heads. He concluded with a prayer to the Almighty in which he suggested that the farmers might unite with himself.

Such a manifesto is not to be judged cynically. The religious passages were sincere and characteristic of their author, and calculated to appeal especially to the people to whom they were addressed. But the distrust of England was too deep for such an appeal to have more than a partial success. The disaffected party in the Winburg district determined to make a struggle for independence, and invited Pretorius to come over the Vaal to lead them. Pretorius arrived at Winburg on the 12th July. At his approach, Mr. Biddulph, the British magistrate, rode off to Bloemfontein and informed Major Warden, who sent a report to the Governor on the 13th.

On the 17th Pretorius reached Bloemfontein, and Major Warden, being unable to offer resistance, capitulated, and was furnished by Pretorius with waggons to take him, his troops, and the refugees who had sought his protection, to Colesberg. Pretorius with his force marched to a camp on the Orange River in the same neighbourhood.

Major Warden's report of the 13th July reached

Sir Harry Smith at Cape Town on the 22nd.* On the same day he issued a reward of £1000 for the apprehension of Pretorius and made arrangements for collecting a force to put down the rebellion.

On the 29th July he left Cape Town for the Sovereignty, accompanied by his Private Secretary, Major Garvock, Dr. Hall, Principal Medical Officer, Mr. Southey, Secretary to the High Commissioner, and Lieutenant Holdich, A.D.C. (now General Sir Edward Alan Holdich, K.C.B.). The party travelled with three waggons.

I extract the following entries from Sir Edward's diary, which he has kindly lent me :—

5*th August.*—Reached Beaufort. Heard from Cape Town that Major Warden had left Bloemfontein.

9*th.*—Reached Colesberg, having been 11½ days from Cape Town, travelling 102½ hours at the rate of 6 miles an hour, making the distance about 615 miles. A hundred Cape Mounted Rifles and one gun had arrived from Grahamstown, with 30 of the 91st Regiment, and were encamped at Botha's Drift. Boers occupying the opposite bank.

15*th.*—Detachment of 91st and C.M.R. which arrived yesterday encamped at Botha's Drift. High Commissioner rode to Major Warden's camp at Botha's Drift to meet the rebel leaders, [Gert] Kruger and Paul Bester, who had been invited to a conference, but they did not come. About 60 Boers on opposite bank. No regular laager or appearance of defence. Mr. Rex (a settler in the Orange Settlement) crossed the river, and was civilly received by Pretorius and other leaders.

* "The Governor—likened to a thunderbolt in presence of an enemy—acted with characteristic promptitude."—Noble, p. 132.

16*th.*—A letter received from the Rebel camp, petitioning His Excellency to withdraw the troops. Boers would never acknowledge British Government, but would trek to their friends across the Vaal. No reply sent to petition.

17*th.*—His Excellency and staff left Colesberg and pitched camp at Botha's Drift. When on the way report arrived from Major Warden that the rebel Boers had left the opposite bank the preceding night, no vestige of them remaining. A Boer came across and confirmed the report that they had all trekked (about 100 men with Pretorius). They had 62 waggons in the laager. Various reports as to the cause of the sudden flight. One was that Pretorius had heard of an army marching against them from Natal *viâ* the Drakensberg. Detachment of 45th Regiment and C.M.R. reached Colesberg, and marched following day to Botha's Drift.

20*th.*—The force encamped together on Botha's Drift except 91st Regiment [which marched in on the 25th]. Preparations made for crossing the river.

26*th.*—Headquarters and staff crossed. In six days the whole force (about 1200), with 117 waggons and supplies for thirty days, followers, etc., had crossed a rapid river 240 yards wide, and that by means of a caoutchouc pontoon (then just invented and here put to a practical trial) and one small boat worked by a hawser. The pontoon had to be taken out of the water every night and refilled in the morning, and the line to be passed across and made fast to the bank each morning. Camp pitched on the north-east bank of the river, either flank resting on the river.

27*th.*—Commenced march on Winburg in following order:—Cape Mounted Rifles, two guns R.A., one Company Rifle Brigade, one gun, remainder of R.B., 45th and 91st, waggons (117), rearguard, composed of 20 C.M.R., servants, burghers, followers, etc. At 2 pitched camp to

right of Philippolis. Camp formed in line. Cavalry on the right, infantry on the left, guns and headquarters camp in centre.

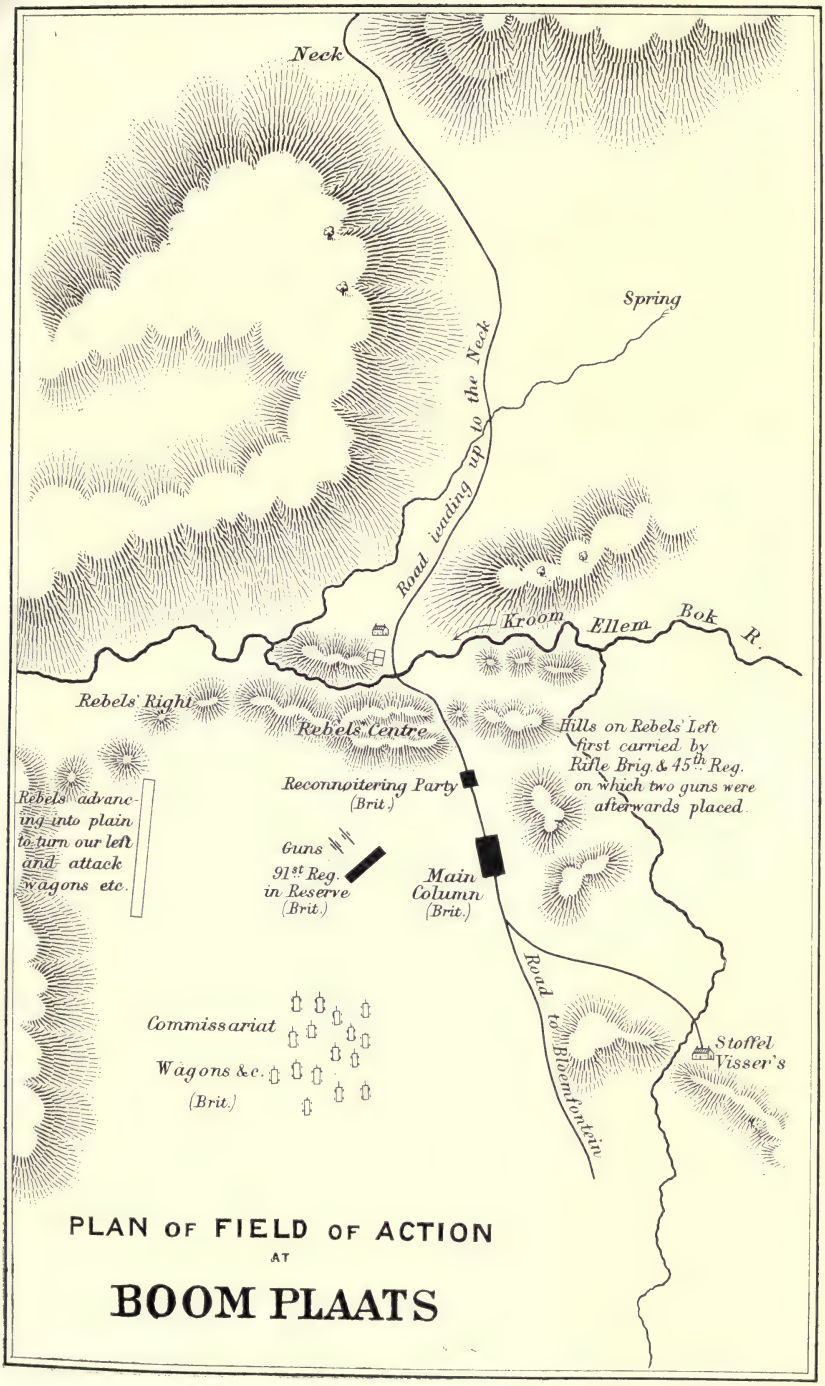
28*th.*—Camp at Fuller's Kloof. No tidings of the rebels. 250 Griquas under Adam Kok joined the camp.

29*th.*—Halt for breakfast at Touw Fontein. Rebels reported to have been in the neighbourhood the evening before. At 10 a.m. inspanned, fell in, and marched on Boomplaats in the same order as before. Route lay over an open plain. After an hour's march saw a herdsman at a distance. He reported that he had seen fires the evening before along the Krom Elbe* river, beyond a few low hills in the direct route, also about 20 Boers riding about that morning, but he believed more to be in the neighbourhood.

On approaching this low range of hills, through which the road led, we observed large herds of game, apparently uncertain which way to run. At length the herd crossed close in front of the column, as if avoiding the hill. A report (as above) having been received of Boers having been seen in the neighbourhood of the hills, Lieut. Warren, C.M.R., with three or four troopers, was sent to reconnoitre. On galloping up one of the hills for this purpose, he suddenly found himself close upon some 40 or 50 Boers, mounted and armed with "roers," who immediately retreated round one of the hills, apparently joining a large body; this was assumed from the dust that arose. The White Company (or Europeans) of the C.M.R. under Lieut. Salis were ordered to cover the front of the column in skirmishing order, and to feel round the hills, but not to fire a shot unless fired upon. General† and staff rode to

* Called in Sir Harry Smith's dispatch "Kroom Alem Boh," by Theal "Kromme-Elleboog."

† "Up to this moment he was confident that no European in South Africa would point a weapon against his person. In this confidence he had dressed himself that morning in blue jacket, white cord trousers, and drab felt hat, the same clothing which he had worn when



[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 242.

the front with tried troops. All waggons were moved up well in rear of the infantry. The column had not advanced many paces, when some one from the front cried out, "There they are!" and on looking in the direction intimated, the hills were observed to be suddenly lined with Boers in their duffle jackets and white hats, who soon opened a brisk and regular fire, which at first did not cause much more harm than to throw the leading party rather into confusion. The order was given for the troops to go "threes about" and make way for the guns. The Boers fired so low that not much mischief was done. The guns being brought to bear upon the enemy, the infantry were deployed into line, and the waggons, under charge of Mr. Green of the Commissariat, were withdrawn further to the rear and formed up in circle (laagered), and escort for their defence was composed of the servants and drivers accompanying them.

The order of attack was Rifle Brigade to skirmish over the hills to the right; 45th to bear on the centre, and follow up any opening made by the artillery; 91st Regiment to escort the guns, and the Cape Mounted Rifles to sweep round to the left, where the Boers were advancing from their right, in good skirmishing order, into the plains, with the evident intention of getting round to our rear and in at the waggons. The 45th suffered a good deal in the centre, and the Rifle Brigade on the right, being too eager and not taking sufficient advantage of cover, lost a good many, Captain Murray being mortally wounded at the head of his company. The 91st were ordered in support of the 45th and the General's escort (a party of Rifle Brigade) to form the escort for the guns.

In about twenty minutes the first range of hills was

he met Mr. Pretorius in the emigrant camp on the Tugela seven months before. He was exceedingly anxious to avoid a collision." —Theal, iv. p. 437.

cleared, and pushing on with all arms we observed the Boers reformed at a farm-house below, where they made a good defence from behind walls, and especially from an old kraal and the bed of the "Krom Elbe" river. From the kraal Colonel Buller was shot, a bullet taking a piece out of his thigh and killing his horse. The guns were advanced over a stony hill, which in ordinary times would have been deemed impracticable, and by their steady fire, under Lieut. Dyneley, soon drove the rebels out of their (natural) defence-works and they spread across an open plain that intervened in great disorder. (No cavalry available to pursue.) Their road lay across a neck between two hills, where they again made a stand, as if to cover their retreat, but were checked by a demonstration of the C.M. Rifles and the Griquas and other followers, who on observing the retreat had turned up on the right in a very valiant manner!

The Infantry in the mean time under Major Beckwith (R.B.) had reformed, and marched in column across the plain as steadily as if their ranks had never been broken or thinned. A few shots from the R.A. soon dispersed the group at the neck, who before retreating had set fire to the grass. On reaching the neck, it was observed that the rebels had dispersed over the plain as fast as they could with tired horses. Halted at the neck, to collect stragglers, and make provision for the wounded and for bringing up the waggons. No water to be had within three miles. Only about 40 of the Cape Corps could be got together.*

Mr. Rex, with a party of Griquas, sent to bring up the baggage, the wounded remaining at Boomplaats under the superintendence of Dr. Hall, P.M.O.

* A picture of the sharp skirmish of Boomplaats (from a drawing by the late Lieut.-Col. Evelyn) appeared in the *Graphic*, 17th Feb., 1900, with some comments by Major-General C. E. Webber.

Advanced on Calvert Fontein, having been told by some friendly Burghers, who had followed rather close on the trek of the Boers, that they were collecting in great numbers round Calvert Fontein. Found that they were only collecting and carrying off the wounded, or something of this kind. There appeared to be no intention of waiting for any more of our fire. Reached Calvert Fontein at 4.30 p.m. (a great rush for water). Halted for the night. No trace of a human being. A picket of cavalry sent forward to reconnoitre and follow up the rebels till dark. On return reported having seen a large body of Boers at some distance, in great disorder, apparently "off saddled."

On roll being called, found the return of casualties to be—

Commander-in-Chief, Sir H. Smith, struck on shin (very slight), and horse wounded;* Colonel Buller, wounded in thigh (severely), and horse killed; 7 officers wounded (Captain Murray, mortally); Rifle Brigade, 8 killed and 39 wounded.

On strict inquiry among the men of the force, ascertained that 49 *bodies* of rebels were seen lying on the field.†

Waggons came up at 5.30 p.m. On arrival at the bivouac, a Dutch letter was received by the Commander-in-Chief, stating that the Boer laager was about 12 miles off, west of the direct route to Bethany, at the farm-house of one Jan Cloete.

30*th.*—Leaving the camp standing in charge of convalescents and officers' servants (Col. Buller in command), we marched at 3 a.m., cavalry in advance, guns (with port-

* "It was remarkable how his Excellency came out unhurt, for from the beginning to the end he was in the thickest of the fire."—Noble, p. 135.

† It appeared afterwards that only nine Boers were killed.

fires burning) following. A company of Rifles headed the column and were directed to sweep any suspicious places. Met with no impediment. On reaching Cloete's farm at 6 a.m. found no trace of any laager. Column arrived at Bethany at 10 a.m. There is a large missionary chapel and a few native huts around it. A good house belonging to the missionaries, who had deserted it. Sir H. Smith and staff took possession of house and yard. Breakfasted upon biscuits and brandy, aided by a little tea made in an old pot. A Boer came in from his house half an hour distant and professed to be "loyal," and said he had not been in the fight, though his son had. The son and another young man concealed in the house were brought into camp by Mr. Southey. They received a lecture and were sent off with the understanding that they were to bring in their "roers" next day, which they did.

Two prisoners were brought up from the rear, taken on the field with arms, one a Dutchman named Dreyer, the other an Englishman, who proved to be a deserter from the 45th Regt. Both were remanded for trial by court martial on arrival at Bloemfontein.

2nd Sept.—Arrived at Bloemfontein at 9 a.m. Troops formed up into three sides of a square (Commander-in-Chief and staff, etc., in centre). Proclamation read and sovereignty proclaimed under a salute of 21 guns. General Court Martial ordered and assembled under Colonel Buller, R.B., for the trial of the two prisoners taken in the field.

Bloemfontein, a small village, consisting of some half-dozen houses and some huts, prettily situated on the banks of a stream having its source in a bubbling fountain, and under a hill. A small fort (or stockade) had been built, which was commanded from every side. The rebels had taken possession of the various houses and at the Resident's house had even commenced ploughing.

Encamped on the opposite side of the stream to the town, very good ground and well sheltered by a hill.

Sept. 3rd.—Troops paraded at 10 a.m. in front of the camp for Divine Service. Service read by Sir Harry Smith.* Preparations afterwards made for the march on Winburg; a small force to be left to garrison Bloemfontein under Col. Buller (disabled by his wound).

Sept. 4th.—Camp struck before daylight and troops paraded, when the two rebels (who had been found "guilty" by the General Court Martial of "being in rebellion and bearing arms against Her Majesty's subjects" and sentenced to death accordingly) were paraded in front of the troops assembled, in the very spot where, a short time before, the rebel leader Pretorius had demanded the submission of the British resident, and the sentence carried out—the rebels being shot in presence of the troops.†

6th.—Reached the Vet River at one. On the march joined by a party of friendly Boers, who greeted us with a salute from their "roers" and loud shouts, which caused no little excitement in the rear of the column. These Boers had formed a laager on the Vet River under a Field Cornet named Wessels, and had maintained their position against Pretorius and the rebels. [Gert] Kruger, one of the leading rebels, surrendered himself, and, professing penitence, after taking the oath of loyalty, was pardoned. Moroco, king of the Barolongs, also came in, with a small train.

* In connexion with this, I may quote a story told to my sister, Miss Moore Smith of Durban, by the late Sir Theophilus Shepstone. "Sir Harry always read part of the service on Sunday morning at Grahamstown [? in 1835], and was so particular that all should come that he imposed a fine of half a crown on every absentee. He read extremely well, and was very proud of it. One Sunday a dog came into the room when service was going on, and began to create a disturbance. Sir Harry stood it for a little time, then in the middle of a prayer said suddenly, 'Take that d——d dog away,' after which he continued his prayer in the same tone as before."

† The execution of Dreyer as a rebel was long bitterly resented by the Boers.

Sept. 7th.—At 5.30 a.m. crossed the Vet River. Reached Winburg at 10.30. Here the troops were formed up in hollow square, the Proclamation read, and the sovereignty proclaimed under a salute of 21 guns. Encamped on the far side of a stream on the slope of a hill. Village consisted of three or four houses and huts.

Sept. 8th.—Halt. King Moshesh and Sikonyela arrived in camp. Moshesh a clear-headed fellow and very sharp. He wore a general's old blue coat and gold lace trousers, with a forage cap.

Sept. 9th.—Troops paraded, and a Review took place for the benefit of Moshesh, who was much amused with the movements, and particularly astonished at the Artillery, these being the first regular troops that had been so far into the interior.

Sept. 10th, Sunday.—Halt. Divine Service.

Sept. 11th.—Review of Moshesh's army. Mounted men armed with old 'roers." Infantry with native weapons (assagais, etc.). About 700 paraded and performed a war dance. A fine body of men for savages and undisciplined as they were. Preparations made for leaving Winburg and returning to the Colony, Mr. Southey, secretary to the High Commissioner, remaining to collect fines, with an escort of C.M. Rifles.

Sept. 12th.—Leaving the troops to follow by ordinary marches, the Governor and Staff left Winburg in mule-waggons.

13*th.*—Reached Bloemfontein at noon.

15*th.*—Troops arrived from Winburg. Three guns R.A., two companies 45th, and a company C.M.R. detailed to garrison the "Queen's Fort" [now to be built]; the remainder to march back to their respective localities under Col. Buller.

18*th.*—Arrived at Smithfield on the Caledon River.

Great gathering of Dutch and English farmers. Sir H. Smith laid the foundation-stone of a Dutch church [which was never built, the village being afterwards removed—E. A. H.].

26th.—Crossed the Orange River. Arrived at Ruffles Vlet, a beautiful site for a town.*

On the 28th Sir Harry received an ovation at Graaf Reinet, and on 6th Oct. reached King William's Town. It had now grown into a pretty town, and it gratified him to see between 200 and 300 Kafirs hard at work in building houses and aiding in the cultivation of the gardens. Next day he held a meeting of chiefs, including Sandilli, Macomo, Umhala, and Pato. The superior chief, Kreili (the son of Hintza), overtook Sir Harry after he had left King William's Town, and showed every sign of affection, calling him "father" and "Inkosi Inkulu" ("Great Chief"). The whole meeting was considered of very good omen for the success of the system established in British Kaffraria.

After visiting Grahamstown, the Governor proceeded to Port Elizabeth. In reply to an address praying for the formation of the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony into a separate government, he asked "What is Germany with her 33,000,000 struggling after but union? These German states have sunk through their disunion, while Great Britain is

* Here, or near here, on 12th May, 1849, the town of Aliwal North was founded by Mr. Chase, the Civil Commissioner.—Wilmot and Chase, p. 417.

acknowledged to owe her strength and her greatness to the union of her people. Nor at the present time must we have separation here. When I was asked whether I would have a Lieutenant-Governor, I replied, 'Certainly not.' The office fulfilled no other part than that of giving rise to very unprofitable correspondence." * On the 21st October the Governor returned to Cape Town, and, as elsewhere, was received with enthusiasm and an address of congratulation. It stated that the vigour and rapidity with which the rebellion had been repressed, and the moderation shown afterwards, were characteristic of Sir Harry's genius as a soldier and of the generous sympathies of his nature, and concluded with a prayer that he might long preside over the Colony, and exercise that "justice and mercy" which had marked his career.

* Under Sir Henry Pottinger's rule the Eastern Province had had an able Lieutenant-Governor in Sir Henry Young, and there was a strong feeling during Sir Harry's governorship that the interests of the Eastern Province could not be ensured by a government at Cape Town. Sir Harry himself finally gave in to this view, and on 14th June, 1851, recommended "a separate and distinct government for the Eastern Province."

CHAPTER XLIX.

(Supplementary.)

THE QUESTION OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY IN THE CAPE COLONY—THE CONVICT QUESTION—KAFIR WAR—RECALL OF SIR HARRY SMITH—HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE CAPE.

As early as 1841 the inhabitants of Cape Town had petitioned that their present system of government by a Governor and a Legislative Council consisting of officials and persons nominated by the Governor should give place to a constitution resembling that of the mother-country, to consist, that is to say, of a Governor and an Executive Council, both appointed by the Crown, and a Legislative Assembly composed of representatives freely elected by the people. Lord Stanley, in reply, expressed a general concurrence with the prayer of the petitioners, but desired further information. To this request no answer had been received, when on the appointment of Sir Henry Pottinger to the government of the Cape, Lord Grey instructed him (2nd Nov. 1846) that Her Majesty's Government entertained the strongest prepossessions in favour of a representative

system, and desired the Governor's assistance and advice. "Some difficulties," he added, "may be wisely encountered, and some apparent risks well incurred, in reliance on the resources which every civilized society, and especially every society of British birth and origin, will always discover within themselves for obviating the dangers incident to measures resting on any broad and solid principle of truth and justice."

Sir Henry Pottinger, during his year of office, was too much occupied with the Kafir War to carry out the instructions given him in regard to the establishment of representative government, but the instructions he had received were repeated on the appointment of Sir Harry Smith. He lost no time in acting on them, and on the 29th July, 1848, the very day on which he started to put down the rising beyond the Orange, he transmitted to Lord Grey the opinions of a number of colonial authorities on the questions at issue, and stated that they all, and he with them, agreed on the main point that a representative form of government was desirable. Lord Grey then put the matter in the hands of a Committee of the Board of Trade and Plantations, who drew up the main lines of a constitution, which received Her Majesty's approval. On 31st January, 1850, Lord Grey transmitted this Report to Sir Harry. It laid down that all subordinate arrangements should be made by Ordinance in the Colony, and Sir Harry was instructed to collect information and make all other arrangements for this purpose.

Meanwhile the Colony had been thrown into a state of hysterical agitation by an unfortunate arrangement made by Lord Grey to send thither some convicts from Bermuda in H.M.S. *Neptune.* These convicts were Irish peasants who had been driven into crime during the time of the famine, and Lord Grey seems to have thought that on this account less objection would be taken to receiving them. But the name "convict" was enough. The colonists of the Cape believed that this was only a beginning and that their country was to be made a convict settlement and flooded with criminals. An Anti-convict Association was formed, and the Governor was petitioned to dismiss the *Neptune* as soon as she arrived to some other station.

Sir Harry Smith, who from the beginning shared the colonists' objection to Lord Grey's proposal, wrote to that minister on 24th May, 1849, begging him to revoke his decision, in accordance with the petitions which he had been forwarding to him since 1st January. On the 29th May he reported a combination of the people headed by the Anti-convict Association "to hold in abhorrence any person who may aid the exiles in landing, and may have any communication with them whatever," and to stop the supply of stores to Government. Government officials all over the country were resigning, but he was still making preparations to land the exiles and provide for their support on shore.* On July 24th

* In May and June, 1849, Sir Harry was seriously ill from a carbuncle on his neck. On 20th June he gave a ball at Government

he reported that all but one of the unofficial members of the Legislative Council had resigned, and that on the 17th he had promised by proclamation that the convicts should not be landed but detained on ship-board till Her Majesty's pleasure were known, while declaring he had no legal power to send them to any other destination.*

No reply had been received from Lord Grey to the many appeals which had been made to him, when on 19th September the *Neptune* arrived. A fresh storm of public passion arose, and for the first time since his accession to office the Governor assembled the Executive Council. They approved of all his measures, and agreed that it would not be legal for him to dismiss the vessel. He offered a pledge, however, that he would resign his office rather than assist in carrying out any measure for landing the convicts. This declaration allayed the feelings of more moderate men, but the extremists extended their operations, and included the navy and the whole body of executive and judicial agents

House, which many refused to attend owing to the agitation against the Government. Sir Harry, with soldierly punctiliousness, appeared among his guests for half an hour, but his appearance was so ghastly, and made the more so by his dark green Rifle uniform, that it was said "one might have imagined that he had just stepped out of his coffin."

* Mr. W. A. Newman (*Memoir of J. Montagu*) quotes a reply made by Sir Harry to the Anti-Convict Association on 18th June: "This is the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. For four and forty years have I served my sovereign—I say it with pride—and I would rather that God Almighty should strike me dead than disobey the orders of Her Majesty's Government and thereby commit an act of open rebellion."

of the Government under an interdict so long as the *Neptune* should remain in Simon's Bay.

Sir Harry, while curbing the military from any act of retaliation against the insults heaped on them,* was not to be daunted from the line he had taken up, and with his usual energy devised arrangements for supplying Government servants with meat and bread. He was thus able to maintain his position until 13th February, 1850, when, in answer to a dispatch of 30th September, he received one from Lord Grey dated 5th December, which authorized him to send the unfortunate convicts to Van Diemen's Land.

To return to the question of the new constitution. On the receipt of Lord Grey's dispatch of 31st January, 1850, the Governor found himself at a deadlock owing to the resignation of the five unofficial members of the Legislative Council in the preceding July. The convict agitation had spread such a spirit of dissatisfaction in the Colony that the Governor thought that a Legislative Council filled up by men who were merely his nominees, would not command public confidence. He therefore arranged that the Municipalities and District Road Boards should furnish him with the

* Chase writes (Wilmot and Chase, p. 458), "Sir Harry, perfect soldier as he was, had an instinctive horror of shedding blood, which was never more strongly developed than when he curbed the military from retaliating the insults offered to Her Majesty and to themselves by the mobs of the western metropolis during the anti-convict *émeute*." We may remember that he had shown the same spirit during the Radical disturbances at Glasgow (see vol. i. pp. 326–328, 335).

names of gentlemen whom they would desire to be appointed, and from these he would fill up the vacancies. He did not, however, commit himself to nominating the five highest on the list. As a matter of fact, he chose the four highest, although he believed their election had been largely procured by electoral devices emanating from Cape Town, and with them the gentleman who was eleventh, chosen as having the special confidence of the Eastern Province. No sooner was the Council thus constituted and assembled than the four gentlemen above mentioned resigned their seats (20th September), as a protest against the Governor's departure from the electoral results and against the fact that the Legislative Council was called on to vote the estimates and transact ordinary business instead of merely preparing the way for a Representative Assembly. These gentlemen were treated in the Colony as popular heroes, and two of them, Sir A. Stockenstrom and Mr. Fairbairn, were deputed to proceed to England to carry on an agitation against the Governor. Their position was, however, an untenable one, and received no support from Her Majesty's Government.*

* In connexion, however, with the delays encountered in receiving the new constitution, Lord Grey was much reviled both in the Colony and in England. Sir W. Napier (*Life of C. Napier*, iv. p. 327) quotes the following epigram :—

> "This point was long disputed at the Cape,
> What was the devil's colour and his shape.
> The Hottentots, of course, declared him white,
> The Englishmen pronounced him black as night;
> But now they split the difference and say
> Beyond all question that Old Nick is Grey."

The Governor in his difficulty had taken a step which was not well received. He had constituted the remaining seven members of the Council a Commission to draft the ordinances of the proposed constitution, and on 19th Feb. 1851 suggested to Lord Grey that, there being no chance of forming a Legislative Council which would have the confidence of the Colony, the draft ordinances should be ratified in England. This suggestion was accepted. However, in obedience to Lord Grey's further instructions, he set himself in September to fill up the Council, and found four gentlemen willing to accept the vacant seats. On 10th October the Council met again. On 16th December the draft ordinances which had received Her Majesty's approval in England were read for the first time, and the second reading was fixed for February, 1852. In spite of the great eagerness of the Colony to receive representative government, it was then proposed that the further consideration of the question should be deferred till the Kafir War was over, and this view had the support of all the four unofficial members and of two out of the five official members of the Legislative Council. When, however, it was represented to the Governor, he promptly replied from his camp at King William's Town, in words full of political courage and sagacious confidence—

"I desire the Legislative Council to proceed to the discussion of these ordinances as a Government measure, leaving each clause an open question. I apprehend far

greater embarrassments to the Government by delay than by procedure. I am ordered by Her Majesty's Government to proceed, and my own opinion concurs in the expediency of that order. I see no cause whatever for apprehension as to any public disturbance. Under any circumstances, however, I do not view a war upon the borders as affording cause for deferring the grant of a representative government."

Thanks, then, to Sir Harry's firmness the business proceeded, although it was not till the time of his successor that the long-desired boon of Representative Government was actually received by the colonists.

Till the end of 1850, in spite of the Anti-convict agitation and the political unrest caused by the desire for a Representative Assembly, Sir Harry's administration had been apparently a highly successful one. He had felt himself able to send home the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade in May, 1850, and so meet the demands for economy pressed on him by the Home Government. The Orange River Sovereignty had been at peace, and in British Kaffraria, under the rule of an able officer, Colonel Mackinnon, the Kafirs seemed, as in 1836, to be making rapid progress towards becoming orderly and civilized British subjects. But this happy prospect was now suddenly over-clouded.

However contented the Kafirs at large might be with the new system, the chiefs suffered a loss of wealth by being no longer able to "eat up" whomsoever they liked, and with the loss of wealth

a loss of dignity. They felt that their followers were encouraged to appeal for justice to the British Commissioner and that the feudal power of the chief was being quietly undermined. Accordingly the Gaika chiefs of British Kaffraria, Sandilli and his half-brother Macomo, became intriguing agitators, and found in the terrible drought and distress of 1850 an opportunity ready to hand for disturbing the peace.

In September of that year, Colonel Mackinnon, instead of his usual satisfactory reports, wrote that the white colonists were alarmed, as a new prophet, Umlanjeni, thought to be a creature of Sandilli's, was preaching war against the white, while the Kafirs had been on their side alarmed by a report that the Governor wished to seize all the chiefs. In consequence of this information, Sir Harry on the 15th October left Cape Town for the frontier.

Having arrived at King William's Town on the 20th, he called a meeting of Kafir chiefs for the 26th. At this meeting great demonstrations of loyalty were made, and the Governor was greeted with a shout of "Inkosi Inkulu!" ("Great Chief!"); but Sandilli was absent. On the 29th Sir Harry threatened him that unless he came and renewed his allegiance, he would "throw him away" and confiscate his property—and when this threat produced no effect, formally deposed him and appointed Mr. Brownlee, the Civil Commissioner, chief of the Gaikas in his place.* The act showed perhaps an over-sanguine

* On the 20th December, Sutu, Sandilli's mother, was made chief.

estimate of the readiness of the Kafir mind to recognize British authority as paramount to that of their feudal chiefs; but at the moment it was approved by Colonel Mackinnon and other men specially acquainted with the Kafir disposition, as it was later by the Home Government.

At another meeting held on 5th November, the chiefs of the Gaikas and other tribes acknowledged one and all that Sandilli by his contumacy had deserved his fate, and the Governor wrote to Lord Grey, "The crisis has passed, and, I believe, most happily." He at once started on his return journey, and after receiving various congratulatory addresses on his way, reached Cape Town on the 24th November.

But news of fresh turbulent acts followed him, and (to quote the words of Mr. Chase *) "Sir Harry Smith was to be pitied by all who loved him—and who that knew him did not?—when he had to write in bitter disappointment to the Secretary of State on the 5th December, 'The quiet I had reported in Kafirland, which I had so much and so just ground to anticipate, is not realized, and I start this evening.'" He left with the 73rd Regiment on the *Hermes* for the frontier, destined not to quit it again for sixteen months, and then as a man superseded in his office.

Having landed at the Buffalo mouth on 9th December, he reached King William's Town the same night, and next day by proclamation called

* Wilmot and Chase, *Annals of the Cape Colony* (1869), p. 437.

on all loyal citizens to enrol themselves as volunteers. The Kafirs were arming, and the farmers with their flocks and herds had fled in panic from the frontier. After a meeting with the chiefs (14th), which was again considered satisfactory, Sir Harry moved his troops to positions round the Amatola Mountains to prevent any combined movement between Kreili and the Gaikas. He proceeded himself to Fort Cox. Here on the 19th he held another meeting, at which, except Anta and Sandilli (who had now been outlawed), all the chiefs were present with their councillors and 3000 of their people. When Sir Harry vigorously denounced Sandilli's conduct they apparently acquiesced, but asked the Governor why he had brought the troops?

From Fort Cox Sir Harry sent Colonel Mackinnon on 24th December with a patrol up the gorge of the Keiskamma in the direction in which Sandilli was supposed to be hiding, it being thought that when the troops approached he would either surrender or flee the country. Mackinnon was, however, attacked in a defile, and twelve of his men were killed. And so broke out a new Kafir War, a "fitting legacy," says Chase, "of the retrocessive policy of 1836," and, we may add, unfortunately not the last disastrous war to which those words could be applied.

Next day (Christmas Day) three of the four military villages which had been established in British Kaffraria not quite three years before, Woburn, Auckland, and Juanasburg, were treacherously

attacked by Kafirs, many of whom had just shared the Christmas dinner of their victims, and the settlers murdered. The Gaikas sprang to arms; every chief but Pato joined in the rising; and of a body of 400 Kafir police 365 rushed to their tribes with their arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief was shut up in Fort Cox in the Amatola basin, with hordes of wild Kafirs filling the bush and heights on every side, and the prospect before him of speedy starvation if he remained, or death from a bullet or an assagai if he issued forth. Colonel Somerset from Fort Hare made two unsuccessful attempts at relief. In the second, on 29th December, after fighting for four hours, he was forced to retire. After this he wrote to Sir Harry, begging him not to move with infantry, or they would be cut to pieces, but to sally out with 250 men of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

"This Sir Harry, in the daring, dashing way so characteristic of him, gallantly did, wearing the forage cap and uniform of one of the Cape Rifles, and by this timely incognito he rode twelve hazardous miles through the desultory fire of the Kafirs on the way to King William's Town. At the Debe Nek, about halfway, a strong attempt was made to intercept the Corps, but Sir Harry Smith and his escort vigorously spurred through their opponents, and after a smart ride reached the town, having eluded six bodies of Kafirs, who little suspected how great a prize was then in their power." *

* W. A. Newman's *Memoir of J. Montagu*, 1855.

[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 262.

On the day of his arrival in King William's Town, 31st December, Sir Harry issued a Government notice of the most vigorous kind. "He hopes colonists will rise *en masse* to destroy and exterminate these most barbarous and treacherous savages, who for the moment are formidable. Every post in British Kaffraria is necessarily maintained." *

Meanwhile, on the news reaching Cape Town that the Governor was shut up in Fort Cox, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Montagu, himself a Waterloo man, showed the greatest energy in raising troops and despatching them to the frontier. He sent in all 3000 men, chiefly Hottentots. On the arrival of the first levies (1600 men), Sir Harry wrote to him, "Your exertions are incredible, and they will enable me to take the field."

Accordingly, at the end of January he ordered Mackinnon to throw supplies into Forts White and Cox. This was accomplished, but he could do little at the moment beyond maintaining the military posts, and meanwhile difficulties were accumulating upon him. The Dutch farmers did not come forward as they had done in 1835, to assist in repelling an invasion from the colony;

* A good deal might have been excused in a document issued under such circumstances, but the word "exterminate" was not a happy one, and was frequently seized on afterwards by opponents of Sir Harry in England. How little it represented the writer's real feeling is shown by a sentence in a letter to his wife of 24th May, 1851: "I hope yet to see all the ringleaders hung, while I would willingly *forgive* the poor wretches who have been led astray by the wickedness of others."

Kreili, the Great Chief beyond the Kei, was wavering; and, worse than all, by the beginning of February Sir Harry learnt that the Hottentots of the Kat River Settlement, people nominally Christians, though of late suspected of disaffection, had one and all revolted and joined the Kafirs, their hereditary enemies.

On the 3rd February, in once more appealing to the inhabitants of the colony to rally in their own defence, he said, "I regard this almost general disaffection of the coloured classes within the Colony as of far greater moment than the outbreak of the Kafirs."

At this time the British troops at Sir Harry's disposal amounted only to 1700,* of whom 900 were employed in holding a dozen posts. Accordingly he had only 800 "available to control 4000 Hottentot auxiliaries of doubtful loyalty, and to meet the hordes of well-armed athletic and intrepid barbarians in the field."† Both Colonel (now Major-General) Somerset and Colonel Mackinnon had obtained successes; the rebel chief Hermanus had been killed in attacking Fort Beaufort on 7th January; yet the enemy was still powerful and in the occupation of a mountainous country next to impenetrable.

Sir Harry was compelled to act on two bases, the one from King William's Town to the mouth of the Buffalo, so communicating by the port of

* Consisting of the 6th, 73rd, 91st, and 45th Regiments.

† Dispatch to Lord Grey, 17th March, 1852.

East London with the Western Province and with the sea; the other from Fort Hare *viâ* Fort Beaufort and Grahamstown to Port Elizabeth, Fort Hare being connected with King William's Town by the garrisons of Fort White and Fort Cox. The troops operating on the first line in British Kaffraria were under the command of Colonel Mackinnon, and had their headquarters at King William's Town under the eye of the Commander-in-Chief. In April, after the arrival of the new levies, they amounted to 4700 men, of whom 1000 were occupying a line of seven posts. The troops on the second line were under the command of Major-General Somerset, whose headquarters were at Fort Hare. They amounted to 2900, of whom 900 were garrisoning six posts. The general plan of the campaign was to confine the war to neutral territory, to detain the Kafirs in Kaffraria, and eventually to drive them out of their fastnesses in the Amatola Mountains. The Kafir revolt would in this way, Sir Harry writes, have been crushed at once, but for the hopes raised by the defection of the Hottentots. That defection had indeed gone far. Although Somerset on the 23rd February had crushed the Kat River rebellion by the capture of the rebels' stronghold, Fort Armstrong, only a fortnight later 335 men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, including the very men who had so gallantly escorted the Governor from Fort Cox, deserted from King William's Town in a body. This was another crushing blow. "My horror cannot be described," Sir Harry wrote on the 17th

March. "I assure your Lordship that no event of my military career ever caused me so much pain as the defection of so large a portion of a corps to which I am as much attached as I am to that wearing the green jacket of my own regiment." This detachment of the Rifles had been drawn principally from the Hottentots of the Kat River Settlement and had been much excited by rumours of the punishment which was to be meted out to the Kat River rebels.

Having felt it necessary to disarm nearly all the Riflemen who had not deserted, Sir Harry now found himself practically without any mounted force at all, and wrote to ask for 400 young Englishmen to be sent out as recruits, with the promise of receiving ten acres of land after ten years' service. This request, however, was not granted. In order to anticipate any attempt at rescuing the Kat River prisoners at Fort Hare, Sir Harry moved out himself on March 19th, and by a masterly movement defeated the enemy at the Keiskamma, spent the 20th at Fort Hare, obtained another success on the Tab' Indoda Range on the 21st, and returning by Fort White with 1000 captured cattle, reached King William's Town on the 25th.

A Cape newspaper, politically opposed to him, wrote of Sir Harry's conduct in these few days—

"It is not a little gratifying to find the mingled fire and prudence of the veteran commander as conspicuous now as in former days. We see the value of such a leader more

distinctly in comparing him with other officers of good standing and abilities."

And it quotes from the *Frontier Times*—

"Sir Harry Smith showed his usual energy, riding backwards and forwards to where the different parties were engaged and cheering them on. A new spirit has been infused among the troops and levies, and all speak of the bravery and activity of his Excellency." *

Fresh signs of disaffection in the Cape Corps made it necessary to disarm still more men, and the Kafirs were so much emboldened that but for the loyalty of the one chief Pato, who held the country between King William's Town and the sea, the Governor's position would have been barely defensible. He continued to send out patrols, which were invariably successful. Mackinnon scoured the Poorts of the Buffalo in the middle of April and at the end of the month penetrated the Amatolas; and Captain Tylden, in command of the position of Whittlesea, which was twelve times assaulted, saved the Colony for the time from the enemy. But larger operations were out of the question. "Had the Kat River Rebellion and the defection of the Cape Corps not presented themselves, Sandilli's reign would have been a transient one. I have been obliged to steer a most cautious course, one contrary to my natural desire in predatory warfare, but imperatively imposed on me by the dictates of prudence and discretion, my force being composed

* *Cape Town Mail*, April 5th and 8th, 1851.

generally of a race excitable in the extreme." So Sir Harry wrote on the 5th April. Ten days later he again complains of the little assistance given him by the farmers. "A few spirited farmers have performed good service, but where are the men who so gallantly fought with me in 1835—Van Wyks, Greylings, Nels, Rademeyers, Ryneveldts, etc.? Once more, my advice to the frontier inhabitants is to rush to the front."

Early in May Sir Harry received reinforcements from home, consisting of drafts for the regiments already under his command (11 officers and 296 men) and the 74th Regiment. This he sent to Fort Hare to Major-General Somerset, ordering him at the same time to be prepared to concentrate for a move into the great Kafir stronghold, the Amatolas. Two more regiments were still to come, and Sir Harry believed that the force he would then have would be ample. In acknowledging the reinforcements, he wrote on 6th May, "I had most zealously clung to the desire of civilizing these savages. As regards the Gaikas generally, my attempt has been an awful failure, while I congratulate myself on having maintained at peace the T'Slambie tribes, comprising the half nearly of the population of British Kaffraria. I am deeply indebted to the chief Pato."

On the 10th May he was gratified by receiving the following letter from the Duke of Wellington :—

"London, 8th March, 1851.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

"We heard on the day before yesterday of the renewal of your troubles at the Cape.

"The 74th Regiment and all the drafts from Depôts that can be sent for the Regiments at the Cape will be sent off as soon as possible.

"I have told the Government that I think that another Regiment ought to be sent.

"I enclose the copy of a memorandum which I sent yesterday to Lord Grey.*

"Not knowing the latest or the exact state of the insurrection, I cannot say in what stations it would be necessary for you to carry on your operations, or whether with more than one Corps.

"If with only one so much the better, but it will increase the security, confidence, and tranquillity of the

* "Horse Guards, 7th March, 1851.

"It appears to me that this insurrection of the Caffres is general and quite unjustifiable, sudden, and treacherous.

"In my opinion Sir Henry Smith ought to have the means in Regular Troops and Light Equipments of ordnance to form two bodies of troops, each capable of acting independently in the field, each of which should give countenance and support to the detachments of Boers, Hottentots, and loyal Caffres, by which the rebel and insurgent Caffres should be attacked and driven out of the country.

"The occupation of the numerous posts in the country marked Adelaide in the map was very proper and necessary when the frontier was the Buffalo River, but it would be much better to carry it to the Key and there fix it permanently, and to form a place d'armes or fortified Barrack for Troops somewhere about King William's Town, between that and Fort Wellington, or possibly a little to the westward near the sources of the river.

"In such place d'armes there might be the means of giving cover to more than the small body which might be required for the permanent garrison."

Colony if you should be able to keep an efficient Corps in reserve in a second line.

"Wishing you every success,

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

"(Signed) WELLINGTON.

"Lieut.-General Sir Harry Smith, Bt., G.C.B."

It must have been satisfactory to Sir Harry to feel that in establishing his two lines of defence he had anticipated the advice of his great master.

While Somerset made a successful patrol against the combined Kafirs and Hottentots of the sources of the Kat River, and Mackinnon another in the Amatolas, there were still no signs of the submission of the enemy. Meanwhile news came of trouble with Moshesh in the Orange River Sovereignty, and the prospect of a new war there, and this was followed by a revolt of the Hottentots of the missionary station of Theopolis, 25 miles from Grahamstown. The period of six months for which the Hottentot levies in the army had been enlisted was now expiring, and there was no disposition among them to enlist again, and in this way the force would be reduced to 1800 men. Nothing could be done till further reinforcements arrived from England. "The almost general rebellion among the eastern Hottentots," wrote Sir Harry on the 17th June, "paralyzes my movements in British Kaffraria and compels me to hold a force ready for the protection of Grahamstown." Owing to the cutting off of the mails, his letters to his wife at Cape Town were now written almost entirely in Spanish.

The following letter to his sister Mrs. Sargant shows the feeling excited in him by Sir William Molesworth's attack on him in the House of Commons on April 10th, in which he was accused of burdening the empire by the annexation of 105,000 square miles of new territory and provoking his local troubles by high-handed and despotic government.

"King William's Town, 18th June, 1851.
"*Waterloo.*

"MY DEAREST ALICE,

"I wish I was half the active fellow now I was then, for I have need of it, seeing I am Her Majesty's 'Despotic Bashaw' from Cape Point to Delagoa Bay to the east, and to the great newly discovered lake to the north-west—without a legislature, and in the midst of a war with cruel and treacherous and ungrateful savages and renegade and revolted Hottentots. These Hottentots have been treated as the most favoured people, enjoying all the rights, civil and religious, of the inhabitants at large of the Colony—fed as a population when starving,—yet have these ungrateful wretches in great numbers (not all) revolted and joined their hereditary and oppressive enemy the Kafir, who drove them from the Kye over the Fish River, and who have destroyed them as a nation.

"I have had so much to do and some little anxiety of mind, although I sleep like a dormouse, that I have not written lately to one so dear to me, but Juana has. The war-making Kafirs are cowed by the continued exertions among them of my numerous and vigorous patrols, but they are in that state of doggedness they will neither come in nor fight. By every communication I have open to me, I offer peace to *the people*, but the chiefs must await my decision, their conduct has been so treacherous, cunning,

and deceitful. I have succeeded in maintaining in peace and tranquillity nearly one-half of the population of British Kaffraria, those fortunately next to the sea, while the Gaika Kafirs, natives of the mountains adjoining the Hottentot great location of the Kat Province, are all at war. This shows my system cannot be oppressive, or I should have had no friendly Kafirs, whereas the latter escort my waggons with supplies, slaughter cattle, carry my mails, assist me in every way in their power, which affords better argument in refutation of the Radical and garbled untruths, though founded on facts, of Sir W. Molesworth. I will give you an example [of one] among other accusations of my despotism. The Kafir Hermanus, who by birth is a negro slave, was ever heretofore with his people an enemy to the Kafir, because it was his interest to be friendly to us. After the war of 1835–6, Sir B. D'Urban gave him a grant of a beautiful tract of country within the Colony upon the ever-supplying-water, the Blinkwater, stream. His title was disputed by some of the colonists, and it was complained that *he* paid no quit-rent as they all did. It was just, and only just, that if he was protected by the government, he should contribute, equally with others, his quota for its maintenance. I therefore, as a part of a general system, exacted a quit-rent, a mere trifle, which was the best possible title and deed of occupation, yet does this throating Sir W. M. bring forward this as an act of despotism. It is really ludicrous.

"But for this inexplicable Hottentot revolution, I would have put down the Kafirs in six weeks. These Hottentots are the most favoured race on earth, yet have a set of Radical London Society missionaries been preaching to them like evil spirits that they were an oppressed and ill-used race, until, encouraged by violent meetings all over the Colony upon the convict question, they have

met with arms in their hands, arms given to them by us, for the purpose of joining the Kafirs to drive the English over the Zwartkop River beyond Uitenhage.

"I have endeavoured to administer this government so as to allow the all-powerful sun to shine forth its glory upon all its inhabitants, whether black or white, equally, and I have no other object than the welfare of the people generally. I have said, 'Lay before me your wants; they shall be considered and your wishes met if practicable.' This was appreciated until the d—— convict question arose. The emancipated blacks in Cape Town, the Hottentots in the Kat River, held anti-convict meetings got up by white Radicals, who have thus induced the coloured classes upon this frontier and in many other parts of the Colony to believe that separate interests exist for white and black.

"The Kafir has been fostered by the most benevolent acts of kindness by me as a Governor. My study has been to ameliorate their condition from brutes to Christians, from savages to civilized men. They progressed in three years beyond all belief until some white-faced devils (the sable king often wears a white face) got in among them, persuaded the chiefs my object was their extermination, and while the *people* clung with avidity to my protection from the former tyranny they groaned under, the chiefs asserted their feudal authority, and such is man in a wild state of nature, he cleaves to the hereditary rule of oppressors of his forefathers—with tears in his eyes. I have seen many weep when they came to say to me farewell; 'Our country will be lost.' Let Sir W. M. and his myrmidons deny this; he cannot, but he can assert that just measures are foul, despotic, and arbitrary acts.

"Juana is in better spirits now since the reinforcements have arrived, I hope. Since I have received the dear

Duke's kind letter, Juana regards me as supported by old friends and present master.* The latter gentleman and I understand each other. I will be *censured* by no man, but I will endeavour to obey where I can. He affronted me by finding fault with an 'abortive attempt to reform the Legislative Council,' which made my blood boil, although my remonstrance was as mild as milk. I think the recent attempt he and his colleagues have made to form a government has been fully as *abortive* as mine, and they have discovered the impossibility of making legislators of men who will not undertake office. Since the outbreak all his communications have been most complimentary.

"Your brother

"HARRY.

"P.S.—I have been urged by many friends to send home some one to support the cause of my government. I won't. It is a weak line of conduct to appeal to friendship when conduct is in intention free from imputation of evil. Let Miss Coutts peruse this if she can. You had better copy it in your legible hand, for the enormous quantity I write has as much impaired my autograph as hard roads the fore-legs of a trotting horse, if England still produces one. That she does asses, I know."

One of Sir Harry's nephews, writing home on the 21st, says—

"My uncle's health, thank God, considering all things, is far from bad, but he is obliged to be very careful, and cannot stand exposure to damp or cold. The Hottentots are mostly in the colony in small bands, plundering the poor defenceless farmers; constant outrages are committed by these rascals. . . . Sir Harry confidently expects that

* Lord Grey.

two or three regiments will be speedily sent out, and sincerely do I hope they may, for to end the war with his present force is impossible."

On the last four days of June a combined movement to clear the Amatolas which had long been preparing was at last accomplished, the 1st Division under the command of Somerset co-operating with the 2nd under Michel (Colonel Mackinnon being ill), assisted by Tylden with 300 men from Whittlesea. The operations were conducted by four columns converging to a centre. They were completely successful, but Sir Harry saw no signs that they had hastened the end of the war, and warned the inhabitants of the colony that the beaten Kafirs were likely to go about in small marauding parties as "wolves"—an anticipation too sadly realized by the rush which was now made into the Colony, and the terrible depredations which accompanied it.

The trial of the Kat River rebels resulted in 47 of them being sentenced to death—a sentence which Sir Harry commuted to penal servitude for life; so bringing on himself in some quarters the charge of excessive leniency. Chase, who considers the commutation a "grave mistake," excuses it on the ground that Sir Harry "pitied the poor creatures, knowing that they had been deluded into the belief that they are taught by the precept of the Bible to fight for independence with the sword of Gideon." * It is better to accept the explanation given by Sir Harry himself in his dispatch of the 7th April, 1852.

* Wilmot and Chase, p. 458.

"Surrounded as I and Major-General Somerset were by these people drawn from the eastern and western districts, one false step or untimely exercise of power and martial law would have plunged the whole into the chaos of revolution. Her Majesty's troops must have abandoned their advanced positions and fallen back on Grahamstown, and the T'Slambie tribes would have risen as well as every curly-headed black from Cape Town to Natal." *

During July and August bands of the enemy filled the country between Fort Beaufort and the Fish River, penetrating later into Lower Albany itself, and burning and marauding wherever they appeared. It was natural that the colonists should appeal to the Commander-in-Chief to assist them. Feeling, however, that if he fell back from King William's Town, his retreat would be the signal for tribes on the east, hitherto passive, to join the Gaikas, he expressed his wish to continue operations in the Amatolas, and ordered Somerset to establish posts of burghers, if they would turn out, at every eligible point. Somerset replied that the burghers could not now withstand the attacks, and he had established a camp at Haddon on the Koonap; and a month later Sir Harry sent Colonel Eyre with the 73rd Regiment from King William's Town to Bathurst to protect Grahamstown and Lower Albany.

And so the war went on, the Commander ever sending out fresh patrols to harass the foe in his

* Cp. pp. 409 *bot.*, 410. The *Cape Town Mail* (some indication of colonial feeling) protested both on the 25th January and on 5th April against the military execution of rebels.

fastnesses,—on the 8th August he says that the 73rd regiment has now marched 2838 miles since the outbreak of hostilities,—maintaining every single post, yet still, for want of an adequate force, unable to effect any decisive action. Meanwhile there were fresh defections among the Hottentots in the Cape Corps, and news came from Warden in the Orange River Sovereignty that many of the Boers there would not assist him against Moshesh, and their fellow-countrymen over the Vaal were disposed to back them in their hostility to the British Government. He was bidden to act only on the defensive till troops could be sent to him.

In August the 2nd (Queen's) Regiment arrived from England, and soon after part of the 12th Regt. from the Mauritius. But there were a mass of hostile Kafirs and Hottentots in the Colony estimated at more than 6000, one body being in the Fish River Bush 30 miles to the north-east of Grahamstown, the other under Macomo in the Waterkloof 50 miles to the north-west, and in a patrol made by Colonel Mackinnon in the Fish River Bush on the 8th September, Captain Oldham and 25 men were killed and 41 wounded, and the bush was re-occupied by the Kafirs immediately. Meanwhile Somerset had failed in expelling Macomo, and Kreili and Fakoo seemed on the brink of openly throwing in their lot with Sandilli.

Under these circumstances, although now reinforced by the 60th Rifles and the 12th Lancers, Sir Harry asks on the 15th October for 400 English

recruits for the Cape Corps and two additional regiments of infantry. Meanwhile there were fresh operations of the most arduous kind in the Waterkloof, and Somerset at the end of October succeeded in dislodging Macomo from his fastness. In consequence of that success, Sir Harry was able to write on the 1st November that he was now able to undertake tasks of a more extensive character, and proposed, after sweeping the Amatolas and driving the enemy from the Fish River Bush, if he concentrated there, to march across the Kei with three columns to invade Kreili, whose country was the great refuge of the beaten Gaikas, after which it might be necessary to send a force over the Orange River against Moshesh.

On November 12th, having received a despatch from Lord Grey suggesting that, failing the support of the Boers in the Orange River Sovereignty, the territory should be relinquished, Sir Harry forwarded it to his Assistant-Commissioners, Major Hogg and Mr. Owen, with a strong expression of his own views of such a proposal.

"If Her Majesty's sovereignty over this territory were now rescinded, the step would be regarded by every man of colour in South Africa as an unprecedented and unlooked-for victory to his race, and be the signal of revolt or continued resistance to British authority from Cape Town to the territory of Panda, and thence to the Great Lake. No measure during my administration of this Government has caused me so much consideration as that relating to the affairs of the Sovereignty. Property there, even during the late disturbances, has increased in value, and although

the funds are not now flourishing, I am confident that locally they will speedily improve to a great extent. I am equally confident that if any change were made in the present state of things in the theoretical hope of gaining over a discontented party by yielding to their demands, such a precedence would evince weakness on our part, fraught with every evil, and perpetuate the belief that persevering resistance to Her Majesty's authority would ultimately ensure success. It would, at the same time, be not only disastrous to the parties now dissatisfied, but would sacrifice to the vengeance of the disaffected those who have remained loyal and faithful."

In this Sir Harry saw more clearly than most of his contemporaries. When, contrary to the strong opinion of the Colony,* the Sovereignty was abandoned in 1854, and a Republic hostile to England was allowed to take its place, only one man, the present Lord Norton, opposed the change in the House of Commons, and he on very narrow grounds, and Sir Harry Smith's successor in the Governorship of the Cape wrote in blind satisfaction, "The foolish Sovereignty farce is at length over, and we have done with it." †

* The *Cape Town Mail* of 9th Dec. 1851 wrote prophetically, "This abandonment of a really flourishing and promising British colony would be an Imperial calamity; but the full extent of the mischief would not be understood until it became necessary, as in a few years it certainly would be found, to reconquer the territory so dishonourably and foolishly deserted;" and Chase in 1869 speaks of the "abandonment of that splendid country, the Orange River Sovereignty, through a gross ignorance and a disgraceful misstatement of its capabilities, and permitting in its place the formation of the Free State Republic—one of the most imprudent acts ever committed, involving the Colony in entanglements, troubles, and cost, the end and consequence of which cannot be predicted."

† *Correspondence of Gen. Sir G. Cathcart*, p. 358.

In November, in the course of Somerset's continued operations to clear the Waterkloof, Lieut.-Col. Fordyce of the 74th and four other officers fell by an ambuscade, an incident the more unfortunate as the English public, unable to realize the enormous difficulties of the situation, was already much excited by the slow progress made in the war. Those difficulties were enumerated by Sir Harry Smith on 18th Dec. in reply to a querulous dispatch of Lord Grey. He reminded him that he had had to carry on a desultory war over an extent of country twice the size of Great Britain and Ireland, overrun by a most enterprising horde of savages, and to maintain twelve forts. Had one retrograde step been made, the *whole* population of British Kaffraria would have been in a blaze. What soldiers could do, his had done.

"So long as the insurgents held together and acted in large bodies, they were defeated on forty-five different occasions between the 24th Dec. and 21st Oct. . . . I have maintained throughout my positions and forts—no convoy has been cut off, and no rencontre, however sanguinary, has been unattended with success." Now that the reinforcements have arrived, they "will rescue the Colony from its misery . . . and relieve the Governor of the Cape from difficulties, obstacles, opposition, and rebellion, such as it has been the fortune of few men to encounter."

The worst was already past. In the middle of January Sir Harry reports that the operations beyond the Kei have met with signal success, that 30,000 head of cattle have been captured, 7000 Fingoes

rescued from thraldom, and that a meeting of all the Gaika chiefs and their councillors has deputed emissaries to sue for peace, and that he has insisted on an unconditional surrender. At the same time he has seven columns of troops ready to move, if his terms are not agreed to.

Accordingly, when he received on 5th February a rather sarcastic dispatch from Lord Grey written on the 15th December, he was in a good position to reply to it. Lord Grey wrote—

"It is some relief . . . to find that you are so highly satisfied with the conduct of the officers and men under your orders, and that you regard the operations under Major-General Somerset on the 14th and 16th October as having been attended with important success. I confess that from that officer's own report, . . . that is not the light in which I should have regarded these affairs. The very serious amount of our losses, and the fact that at the conclusion of the operations of the last day to which your intelligence reaches, it was the rear, and not the van, of the British force which was engaged with the enemy, and that the latter must therefore have been the assailants, would appear to me scarcely to justify the tone of satisfaction with which you relate these occurrences."

In reply to this piece of civilian criticism, Sir Harry writes—

"Those, my Lord, who have witnessed military operations, and are best acquainted with their varying character, success attending them in one part of the field, while in others partial bodies may be held in check, will not consider the affair of a rearguard as the criterion by which to judge

of their general result. Neither in ancient nor in modern war has a rencontre of the kind been so regarded. And the peculiarity of the present contest must be borne in mind; it must be remembered that this Kafir warfare is of the most completely guerrilla and desultory nature, in which neither front, flank, nor rear is acknowledged, and where the disciplined few have to contend with the undisciplined but most daring and intrepid many, in the midst of the holds and fastnesses of the latter. . . . The country in which the operations were carried on is far more difficult to ascend and penetrate than even the Amatolas; hence the gallant and enterprising exertions of the troops became the more conspicuous, and called forth that expression of my satisfaction dictated by experience in war, which enables a Commander to estimate justly the success he has obtained, and to commend as it deserves the conduct of his officers and soldiers.

"In my dispatch of the 19th November I have reported the ultimate success of Major-General Somerset's operations. Although the loss of Lieut.-Col. Fordyce and of the other officers who unfortunately fell by an ambuscade of not more . . . than 20 rebels, was deeply to be regretted, the success which I anticipated and have reported, but which your Lordship does not regard in the same light, founding your opinion on the affair of a rearguard, enabled me immediately to so organize the troops as effectually to watch and guard the frontier line to prevent inroads, and at the same time to invade the territory of the paramount chief, Kreili. The uninterrupted successes of the troops beyond the Kei . . . established their superiority far and near. Meanwhile I was enabled to collect a depôt of provisions for 1000 infantry and 500 horse at Bloemfontein, in case necessity should arise for a movement in that direction. . . . Thus, my Lord, viewing matters as a whole, you will, I think, consider me borne out by general results in having

expressed my satisfaction at the conduct of the officers and troops, whose exertions and success I foresaw would lead to the result which has been attained, a general entreaty for peace by the enemy beyond the Kei, as well as by the rebels of British Kaffraria."

Peace was in prospect, but it was not yet attained, and after a week's suspension of hostilities, seven columns were again operating in the Amatolas. Little or no resistance was met with. A fresh operation in the Waterkloof was now determined on. Accompanying the troops himself, Sir Harry established his headquarters on 5th March at Fort Beaufort, and on the 9th at Blinkwater Post. On the 11th Eyre, after enormous difficulties in a precipitous country, captured "Macomo's Den"—a success of such magical effect that resistance seemed to vanish after it.

On the 17th March Sir Harry pronounced that the difficult and till then well-maintained positions of the enemy, the Waterkloof, Blinkwater, and Fuller's Hoek, were completely cleared, and he was at once moving with Michel's and Eyre's columns with fifteen days' provisions to dislodge Tyalie and penetrate into the heart of the Amatolas, while Somerset pursued the retreating enemy, and the Tambookies were assailed from Whittlesea. "Every part of the rebel enemy's country will then be assailed."

But in the same dispatch in which he announced that the enemy was being at last driven to bay, he had to acknowledge the receipt of Lord Grey's

dispatch of 14th January, informing him that for a want of "energy and judgment" in conducting the war he was recalled, and that General the Hon. George Cathcart would shortly arrive in South Africa to supersede him. It is needless to picture the bitter mortification of the veteran Commander, who, after gallantly facing unexampled difficulties, saw the sweets of victory snatched from his grasp and the military qualities which had brought him fame condemned by a civilian of half his years. Lord Grey's dispatch—universally condemned in England and in the Colony*—and Harry Smith's vindication may be read in full in Appendix V. to this volume, their length precluding them from finding a place here.

It was a consolation to the recalled General to learn that the Duke of Wellington, speaking in the House of Lords on 5th February, had entirely repudiated Lord Grey's censure.

"I wish to express my sense of the services of General Sir Harry Smith, now in the command of the troops in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Harry Smith is an officer who, from the high reputation which he has already attained in the service, does not require any commendation from me. But having filled a high command in several important military operations carried on under his direction, and having been recalled by Her Majesty's Government, it is but just to him to say that I,

* Lord John Russell stated that the dispatch had never been seen by the Queen, and Lord Ellenborough, in a kind letter dated "Feb. 7," says, "What I am told is that Lord Grey recalled you, not without asking the Duke's opinion, but against it, after he had asked it."

who am his commanding officer, though at a great distance, entirely approve of all his operations—of all the orders he has given to the troops, and of all the arrangements he made for their success. I approve entirely of the conduct of the troops in all their operations. I am fully sensible of the difficulties under which they laboured, and of the gallantry with which they overcame all those difficulties, and of the great success which attended their exertions. (Cheers.) My firm belief is that everything has been done by the commanding General, by the forces, and by his officers, in order to carry into execution the instructions of Her Majesty's Government. . . . I am proud to say that I have observed no serious error in the conduct of these late operations. . . . The only fault I find with Sir Harry Smith is" [that after storming a native fastness he did not destroy it by opening roads into it for the movement of regular troops with the utmost rapidity].

The Duke, however, acknowledged that to do what he suggested was not the work of a moment.*

But the bitterness of his recall did not cool the energy with which Sir Harry maintained the war against the flagging enemy. The Amatolas were

* Sir George Napier, himself an ex-Governor of the Cape, wrote in April, 1852 :—"Had the Duke of Wellington ever seen the 'Cape bush,' he would not have said what he did about making roads through it; the thing is quite out of the question. . . . You may rely upon it that Sir Harry Smith would never have delayed one day in making roads had it been feasible . . . As for Harry Smith, I am glad to see Lord Grey is abused by everybody for the harsh unjust manner of his recall. In my opinion the great mistake Smith made was in ever giving in to Lord Grey's folly of withdrawing a single soldier; and when the war did break out, he should have at once acknowledged his error, and boldly demanded reinforcements to the extent of 5000 troops at once. I still hope he may be able to finish the war before his successor arrives, for till lately he had not force to do more than he did."—*Life of Sir W. Napier*, ii. pp. 310–312.

scoured again, and the satisfactory report brought in by Colonel Michel: "The Gaika tribes generally have migrated from these strongholds. Two companies may traverse with safety where heretofore a large column was required. I deem the war in this quarter virtually concluded." With such news the Governor returned to King William's Town on 26th March. On 7th April he wrote his last dispatch as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. He was able to say—

"I transfer the civil government without a single particle of business in arrear, and with a treasury without a debt, while all the civil officers have worked under me with energy and zeal. The war impending over the Orange River territory has been averted, while had its prosecution become imperative, I had collected an ample depôt of commissariat supplies at Bloemfontein. Amicable relationship has been established with the Transvaal emigrant Boers.* The turbulent Boers within the Sovereignty, when convicted of overt acts of disloyalty, have had heavy pecuniary fines inflicted on them, many of which to the amount of £1075 have already been promptly paid, which I have caused to be placed in the imperial chest and to its credit. Property rises considerably in

* By the Sand River Convention signed on 17th January, 1852, by the Assistant-Commissioners Major Hogg and Mr. Owen, and subsequently ratified by General Cathcart, the Transvaal emigrant farmers had their independence recognized, and being thus reconciled to us were detached from the Boers within the Orange River Sovereignty, who now had no one to look to but the British Government. The Convention was no doubt politic on the assumption that the Sovereignty was to be resolutely kept. When the Sovereignty was abandoned, it took a different character. But for this Sir Harry Smith was not responsible.

value, and the revenue of the Sovereignty exceeds its expenditure.

"The flourishing condition of Natal is deeply indebted to the able and judicious government of Mr. Pine, who, in a letter to me of the 20th March, thus expresses himself: 'The only service I have really rendered your Excellency was the sending the contingent into the Sovereignty; and the greater part of any merit there may be attached to that service belongs fairly to you. It is an easy thing for a subordinate officer to do his duty when he feels that he has a chief above him, who, provided he acts honestly and straightforwardly will support him whether he succeeds or fails. Such a chief I have had in your Excellency.'

"I relinquish the command of the troops . . ; at a period when, according to the reports I have received, . . . the mass of the Gaikas have been expelled from the Amatolas—when the Kafirs, Cis- as well as Trans-Keian, have repeatedly sued for peace, and when the war is virtually terminated." *

On the same day Sir Harry issued the following farewell to his troops, dated "Headquarters, King William's Town":—

"His Excellency Lieut.-General the Hon. George Cathcart having been appointed by the Queen to relieve me, I this day relinquish the command.

"Brother officers and soldiers! Nothing is more painful than to bid farewell to old and faithful friends. I have served my Queen and country many years; and attached as I have ever been to gallant soldiers, none were

* The supersession of the Governor at this crisis was no doubt a main cause of the war's being protracted, though in a less severe form, for some months longer. See Mr. Brownlee's report dated "Fort Cox, 4th March, 1852."

ever more endeared to me than those serving in the arduous campaign of 1851–2 in South Africa. The unceasing labours, the night-marches, the burning sun, the torrents of rain have been encountered with a cheerfulness as conspicuous as the intrepidity with which you have met the enemy in so many enterprising fights and skirmishes in his own mountain fastnesses and strongholds, and from which you have ever driven him victoriously.

"I leave you, my comrades, in the fervent hope of laying before your Queen, your country, and His Grace the Duke of Wellington these services as they deserve, which reflect so much honour upon you.

"Farewell, my comrades! your honour and interests will be ever more dear to me than my own.

"H. G. SMITH."

In a reply (also dated "7th April") to an address from the inhabitants of King William's Town, in which they assured him, "We could have well wished that Her Majesty's Government had thought fit to have left the final settlement of this war in the hands of your Excellency," Sir Harry chivalrously put in a plea for those who had inflicted upon him so bitter a humiliation. "You on the spot must have observed how slow the progress of the war occasionally appeared. It may therefore be readily conceived how much Her Majesty's Government must have been disappointed, who could alone judge of events by reports, and had not the various circumstances before them which were apparent to you."

General Cathcart reached King William's Town late on the 9th April, having taken the oaths as Governor at Cape Town on 31st March. Sir

Harry received him on the 10th with the same generosity with which in 1836 he had received Capt. Stockenstrom under similar circumstances, and, as General Cathcart writes,* devoted the whole of the day "to the purpose of giving me every insight into the affairs of the colony generally, and more particularly of the eastern frontier."

Next morning at 3, Sir Harry left King William's Town with his staff. In the darkness of night the inhabitants and troops turned out voluntarily, cheered him enthusiastically, and in considerable numbers escorted him to Fort Murray. Here, though it was still dark, he was met by a body of Kafirs under Pato, who greeted him with shouts of "Inkosi Inkulu!" and, refusing all other escort, he committed himself to their hands. He was much affected, we are told, at parting with his officers, and his voice was scarcely audible when he uttered his last words, "Gentlemen, take care of the soldiers. God bless you!" He then continued his journey with the friendly Kafirs, who were joined on the way by other parties of Kafirs, horse and foot. It was a strange and romantic spectacle.†

A few days later, on board the *Styx* he reached Cape Town. He was received by an immense concourse, cheering enthusiastically, and carried to his carriage under a triumphal arch. Though extremely unwell, he bore himself with his usual

* *Correspondence of General Sir George Cathcart* (1856), p. 36.

† *Cape Town Mail*, 20th April, 1852. Sir Harry's departure from King William's Town in 1836 was strangely similar. See pp. 100, 101.

energy, and from his carriage rose and briefly thanked the multitude, adding emphatically, "I have done my duty to the Cape of Good Hope." A public dinner was offered him, but in his situation he felt it right to decline it, upon which the conveners opened a subscription for a "more lasting tribute of respect and esteem." It took the form of a gift of plate.

During his three days' stay at Cape Town, addresses were presented to him by the inhabitants, by the tradesmen and mechanics, and by the inhabitants of Rondebosch, where he had resided both as Colonel Smith and as Governor. In his reply to the first, he said—

"In the service of this colony I have spent some of the best years of my life, and, excepting those during which I have been Governor, some of the happiest. At such a moment as this, nothing can be remembered by me, and I am equally certain nothing can be remembered by the citizens of Cape Town and the colonists at large, excepting what would serve to keep alive old kindness and good feeling, and to bury all past differences and temporary estrangements in oblivion."

To the tradesmen and mechanics, he said, "I am myself a working man. Whatever reputation I may have at any time possessed, I gained simply and solely by being a working man who put his heart into his work."

To the inhabitants of Rondebosch, after referring to the difficulties he had had to contend with and the failure of his efforts for the good of the Kafirs,

he added, "Let us all hope that the distinguished officer who has succeeded me in the government will be able to settle permanently the elements which are already subsiding into peace, and let us all be ready to aid him, heart and hand, in his arduous undertaking." Those words were the expression of a noble nature incapable of jealousy.

On Saturday, 17th April, at 2 o'clock, Sir Harry and Lady Smith embarked on H.M.S. *Gladiator*. The multitude of people that turned out to bid them good-bye exceeded anything ever seen in the Colony before; triumphal arches had been erected, the horses were taken out of the carriage, and cheer after cheer arose, to which Sir Harry, in spite of illness, responded with almost juvenile animation, while Lady Smith sat by his side in tears.*

Cape Town honoured itself in honouring the veteran who, whatever his faults of judgment, had served the Colony single-heartedly to the utmost of his strength, who by his military genius and promptitude in action had conferred upon it in the past enormous benefits, and whose warmth of heart and loyalty of character had endeared him to all who had known him.

As a Governor he had not been indeed beyond criticism. In his relations with Hintza in 1835 he had shown an excessive confidence in the protestations of a savage, and he had seen that confidence abused. The same fault committed in the closing months of 1850 had preceded events still more

* See *Cape Town Mail*, April 17th and 20th, 1852.

deplorable. In questions of imperial policy his views were large and far-sighted. In regard to his civil government, one may say that he had to face a series of situations which might well have puzzled the most practised statesman. Standing alone with an unpopular Colonial Secretary and a Legislative Council utterly discredited, he had the task of smoothing the way for the introduction of representative government, unaided by the support of the people at large, who on their part, when a grievance presented itself, being without any constitutional means of enforcing their views, were driven to make a sort of civil war on their own executive. Sir Harry was himself a believer in the advantages of popular government, but he was also a soldier who felt himself bound to render implicit obedience to his superior officer. If in this situation he temporarily lost popularity and encountered obloquy and misrepresentation of the grossest kind, it can only be set to his credit. As to his management of the Kafir War, for which he was recalled, one may safely leave his reputation in the hands of the Duke of Wellington.

The general judgment of the Colony upon him is perhaps expressed by Chase, who calls him "the eagle-eyed and ubiquitous, a better general than statesman," and adds—

"All men sympathized with the Governor on his recall. With some share of bluster (in the best acceptation of that term), he was in private life most warm-hearted, generous, and amiable, unforgetful of services done to him when

plain Colonel Smith. Those who had the honour of being admitted to his confidence, and therefore best knew him, can bear testimony to his ardent desire to benefit the Colony and to his personal regard for its inhabitants. It is true, when under excitement, he employed somewhat strong expletives, which, like sheet lightning, are terrifying yet harmless; but the writer can add from personal and intimate knowledge that, notwithstanding this blemish, he was, perhaps strange to say, a devout and religious man." *

Besides Whittlesea and Aliwal North, two towns in South Africa keep alive the memory of Sir Harry Smith's administration — Harrismith, over the Orange River, founded early in 1849, and Ladysmith, in Natal, founded in 1851. I may add that Sir Harry's autobiography now sees the light, only on account of the reawakening of interest in him and in his wife during those long weeks of the beginning of 1900 in which the fate of Ladysmith held the whole British race in suspense.

* Wilmot and Chase, pp. 417, 459. With regard to Mr. Chase's last assertion, it is perhaps worth remarking that Sir Harry Smith reflected the spirit of the Romantic School in his religious feelings as well as in much else.

CHAPTER L.

(*Supplementary.*)

AGAIN IN ENGLAND—LAST YEARS, 1852–1860.

BEFORE Sir Harry Smith reached England, Lord John Russell's Government had fallen, one main cause of its fall being a general and perhaps excessive dissatisfaction with Lord Grey's administration of the colonies. It was widely felt that Sir Harry had been made the scapegoat of the Whig Government, and there was every disposition to give him a warm welcome.

The *Gladiator* reached Portsmouth on the afternoon of Sunday, 1st June, and at seven that evening Sir Harry and Lady Smith disembarked and proceeded to the George. Next day he was visited by a great number of persons, both official and private, and at four the Corporation hastily came together to vote him an address. In sharp contrast to the terms of Lord Grey's dispatch, it expressed admiration for his "capacity and fitness for command" shown amid almost unparalleled difficulties. Sir Harry was brought to the Council Chamber to receive it. In his reply he tersely

described the situation in which he had been placed. "I became a Governor without a Legislative Council, a Commander-in-Chief without a British army." Meanwhile the Mayor had been requisitioned to call a public meeting of the inhabitants. It was held to suit Sir Harry's convenience at a quarter to ten next morning, "military time." At this meeting, which was enthusiastically sympathetic, Sir Harry recalled an incident of his youth.

"Many years ago I embarked on my first campaign from your shores, unknown to the world, nay, I may say, *unknown to myself*, for no youth is aware of the latent qualities which may hereafter be brought forth. At the storming of Monte Video, an event which is not known to many of you, because it occurred before many of you were born, I was Adjutant of three Companies, and was fast asleep when they fell in. A brother officer came and shook me by the shoulder and awoke me, saying, 'The troops are falling in; come, wake up.' I arose and exclaimed, 'Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded,' and with many others came out unscathed from a dreadful storm. These words have guided me during my life."

In each of the two speeches Sir Harry showed the most magnanimous spirit towards the Government which had recalled him.*

The feeling displayed at Portsmouth was typical of that which prevailed throughout the country, and as he acted at Portsmouth so he acted throughout. He wrote in 1857, "All England upon my arrival again received me with open arms. I was requested

* *Portsmouth Times*, 5th June, 1852.

to stand as a member for Cambridge, for Westminster, for Edinburgh, for Glasgow. I declined to interfere with politics or to embarrass Her Majesty's Government, which I say my position enabled me to do, had not my desire been ever to serve it faithfully and fearlessly." Perhaps his determination not to pose as a man with a grievance was manifested most strikingly when, after his arrival in London, while declining an invitation of the United Service Club, he accepted one even from Lord Grey. A writer in *Colburn's Magazine* for November, 1860, is very indignant at this, and calls it "the most lowering act" of Sir Harry's life. But Sir Harry was only maintaining the generous position he had taken up—that Lord Grey, even if he had acted wrongly, had acted from a sense of duty.*

But with whatever mixture of feelings Sir Harry visited Lord Grey, he received another invitation, we may be sure, with the most unadulterated pleasure. On the 18th June he was the guest of his beloved master and faithful defender, the Duke of Wellington, at the Waterloo Banquet at Apsley

* Lord Grey fully appreciated Sir Harry's chivalry. He writes, "On a question of this kind we were not at liberty to consult our private feelings. This was fully understood by Sir Harry Smith himself, of whose most handsome and honourable conduct I cannot too strongly express my sense. He has shown no resentment against us for what we did, but has fairly given us credit for having been guided only by considerations of public duty. I feel individually very deeply indebted to him for the kindness with which he has acted towards me since his return."—*The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration* (1853), vol. ii. p. 247. Men will decide according to their dispositions whether such conduct was "lowering" to Sir Harry or not. It was at least part and parcel of his nature.

House—the last Waterloo Banquet ever held. Around the Duke's table, with Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge, sat between thirty and forty generals who had played their part in the struggle of giants thirty-seven years before. They included Lord Anglesey, Lord Hardinge, and Sir De Lacy Evans. At this gathering of glorious soldiers and old comrades, Sir Harry Smith's health was proposed by the Great Duke himself and drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

Early in August Sir Harry and Lady Smith settled themselves at Belmont House near Havant, where they were near neighbours of another famous Peninsular and Indian soldier, Sir Charles Napier. A month later they crossed to Guernsey to visit their old friends Sir John and Lady Catherine Bell. Sir John as Lieutenant-Governor held a review of the Guernsey Militia in his friend's honour, and induced Sir Harry to address them. He spoke on a favourite topic—the power of an armed peasantry to resist an invader.

"In the mountains of the Tyrol, under Hofer, the militia peasantry of the country repelled the attacks of the well-trained battalions of Napoleon. In Algeria for nearly thirty years have the peasantry defended their country, which even now is not conquered, although 450,000 French soldiers have been sent there. In the Caucasian Mountains the peasantry have resisted for thirty years the efforts of 800,000 Russian soldiers to subjugate them, and the Russians have made to this hour no progress. In South Africa I have experienced what the determined efforts of an armed peasantry can do, for after having beaten the

Kafirs in one place, they immediately appeared in another. I state this to you to show what a brave and loyal people as you are, are capable of doing." *

After returning from Guernsey, Sir Harry visited Sir Charles Napier, and here met, for the first time for many years, his old friend and comrade of the Light Division, the historian, Sir William Napier. It was while the three brilliant soldiers were thus together that they heard, with an emotion easy to imagine, that their great chieftain, the Duke, had passed away (14th Sept.).† At the Duke's funeral on the 18th November Sir Harry rode as Standard-bearer, attended by Col. Garvock.

On 21st January, 1853, Sir Harry was appointed to the command of the Western District, and to be Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth. His feelings on again obtaining employment were no doubt those expressed in General Beckwith's letter to him on the occasion: "We should all die in our boots, with our spurs on, if possible; at any rate, the grand affair is to keep the game alive to the last." Accordingly, he and his wife took up their abode at Government House, Devonport, where they remained till the autumn of 1854. It was a busy time when troops were constantly departing for the Crimea, and a great deal of hospitality was dispensed at Government House.

Mr. W. F. Collier of Woodtown, Horrabridge,

* *Portsmouth Times*, 11th Sept. 1852.
† *Life of Sir W. Napier*, vol. ii. p. 327.

sends me the following reminiscences of Sir Harry at this time :—

"He was an active General, to be seen everywhere. When inspecting or reviewing infantry, he usually rode his little Arab, Aliwal, and always, when the troops were in line, he would suddenly put his horse into a gallop and ride at the line as if he were going to charge through them (the men were, of course, well up to this trick and stood perfectly steady) ; the little Arab always suddenly halted within about a foot of the line. I have seen him perform this show for the benefit of the public often.

"He went to the public balls in his tight Rifle uniform of the time—a tight 'invisible-green' jacket, with tight trousers to match. It was very trying to the figure, and *his* then was rather spare and dilapidated, rather of the Don Quixote order.

"Lady Smith was a dear old lady, very kind, and very popular."

Sir Harry had distinguished himself from the beginning of his career by his zeal for the common soldier, and in his last years no old soldier appealed to him in vain. Through the kindness of Colonel L. G. Fawkes, R.A., I am enabled to give the following charming letter addressed by Sir Harry at this time to Sergeant T. Himbury, an old soldier of the 95th :—

"Government House, Devonport, May 20th, 1853.

"OLD COMRADE HIMBURY,

"I well recollect you. Upon the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst., I recommend your memorial to 'The Lords and other Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital' to have your pension increased to two shillings

a day. There are few men now remaining in the British Army who have seen *so much* service and been in so many actions as yourself; and the fact alone, of your having been wounded when one of the Forlorn Hope at the important storm of San Sebastian, where we, the Light, Third, and Fourth Divisions sent our gallant volunteers, is enough. The Lords Commissioners are very kind to such gallant old soldiers as yourself, and, if they can increase your pension, I am sure they will. Let this certificate accompany your memorial, and let me hear that another, though not a forlorn, hope has succeeded. My wife well remembers your picking her up when her horse fell upon her, and again thanks you.

"Your old friend and comrade,

"H. G. SMITH, Major-General,

"Colonel 2nd Battn. Rifle Brigade."

Sir Harry's interest was not confined to the rank and file, and early in June, finding on the appearance of the *Gazette* that various officers whom he had recommended for promotion for their services in South Africa had had their claims overlooked, he wrote some vigorous letters to Lord Hardinge, the new Commander-in-Chief, and in some cases obtained what he desired. In one of these letters (12th June) he adds, "I had a great sham fight yesterday on Roborough Downs, horsed four guns myself, and taught the troops a *forward* fight."

Early in 1854, we see the shadow of the Crimean War coming over the land. It was a new experience for Harry Smith to be at home when there was fighting to be done. But now Charles

Jenny Lind

Beckwith wrote to him from Turin, "I suppose, old boy, that our share in coming events will be reading the *Gazette* at breakfast, shutting the garden-gate, and turning the siege of Dendermond into a blockade." That was what it had now come to.

In March, 1854, Sir Harry had permission to appoint as his aide-de-camp Lieut.-Colonel Holdich of the 80th Foot, who had held the same position during the Sutlej campaign and in South Africa, and had since greatly distinguished himself in Burmah. Although Colonel Holdich resigned this position in 1856 in order to proceed with his regiment to South Africa (Major Hugh Smith replacing him), he remained closely bound to Sir Harry and Lady Smith to the end of their lives.

On the 20th June Sir Harry became Lieutenant-General (in South Africa he had had the local rank of Lieutenant-General, but no more), and on the 29th September he was transferred from Devonport to Manchester, being appointed to the command of the Northern and Midland Military Districts. Soon after he and his wife took up their residence at Rusholme House, which was their home till 1857, when they removed to Somerville, Victoria Park.

One of Sir Harry's first duties, after taking up his command at Manchester, was to proceed to Hull to supervise the military arrangements for the reception of the Queen, who was to pay a visit there on her way from Scotland. After being present at Her Majesty's arrival on the evening

of 13th October, he dined by command with the royal party at the Station Hotel. Next morning he was on the *Fairy* when the Queen made a tour of the docks, but immediately afterwards left Hull on another mission of great interest. At the request of Lord Hardinge, now Commander-in-Chief, he proceeded on the 15th October to Paris to represent the British Army at the funeral of Marshal St. Arnaud, who had died in the Crimea. He was accompanied by his own aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel Holdich, Colonel Brook Taylor, A.G. of the Manchester District, and Lord Arthur Hay, aide-de-camp to Lord Hardinge (representing the Commander-in-Chief). On the 16th Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador, entertained the military deputation at breakfast, and then conveyed them to the Invalides, the place of interment. Sir Harry was subsequently admitted to an audience of the Emperor at St. Cloud, of which he has left the following note :—

"After a very long conversation, the Emperor said, 'You will see the Queen, and I pray you to assure Her Majesty how sensible I, the French Army and Nation are of the mark of respect paid to us by sending to attend the melancholy funeral of Marshal St. Arnaud, an officer of your rank and reputation with a Deputation of British Officers. The amicable relationship which existed between the Marshal and Lord Raglan renders his loss still more to be deplored.'"

Sir Harry was back in London on the 21st.

Christmas, 1854, brought Sir Harry a double

sorrow. His "third Waterloo brother," Charles, died at Whittlesey on Christmas Eve, and four days earlier his old friend Sir James Kempt passed away at the age of ninety. On 17th January, 1855, Sir Andrew Barnard followed. On Sir Andrew's death, Sir Harry, who had been since 1847 Colonel of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, was appointed to the command of the 1st Battalion. In one of his strangely beautiful letters written on 27th January, Charles Beckwith grieves over the sufferings of the men in the Crimea, gives his friend some of his thoughts on the great mystery of death, and then refers in particular to the recent deaths of their old friends.

"What a good old fellow Sir James was! I did not feel Sir Andrew's loss so much, as they told me that his intellect had failed. I had a good letter the other day from Lord Seaton. All these men I regard as the patriarchs of all that is solid in England. These men and their fellows, the men of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, of the *Birkenhead*, and the Arctic Regions, I hold to be the foundation-stones of England. In them is incarnate the sense of duty and obedience as a fixed habit, not a sentiment or conviction, as the people say, but a true witness of the Omnipotent who wills it thus. . . . Adieu. Love to Juana. We must expect to be rather ricketty at the best, but we may toddle on. It is highly desirable that we may all go together as nearly as may be. Bring Bright to a garrison Court Martial, take care of your old bones, remember me kindly to any old fellow that may write to you, and believe me,

"Your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES BECKWITH."

It might atone for many faults in Harry Smith that he loved and was loved by Charles Beckwith.

The following letter to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke's reply are self-explanatory :—

"Manchester, March 9, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot avoid expressing to Your Royal Highness my *delight* on reading the opinion so nobly given by you, when in the Chair, as to the Patriotic Fund, of the *value*, *worth*, and *zeal* of our Regimental Officers. In a service of fifty years I have ever found them the same, and ever looked up to and beloved by their soldiers. Your Royal Highness's expressions in the Chair are calculated to do vast good in these twaddling and criminating times, and to uphold that class of men, alone qualified to command British soldiers, who feel themselves that gentlemen best command them.

"H. G. SMITH,

"Lieut.-General.

"To H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, etc."

"St. James's Palace, March 10th, 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR HARRY,

"Many thanks for your most kind letter just received. I really am delighted to find that all my friends *approve* of my speech the other day. I felt it was a duty I owed to the Officers of the Army to state what I did in their favour, they having been most unjustly assailed from all quarters, and not a soul to take their part, which I felt was too bad. Never are there a set of men who have worked harder, and their trials have been great. You know my devotion for the service. I could

not allow such imputations to go by unanswered. The Departments have been very bad, though I admit their great difficulties, but the Army, as far as troops are concerned, cannot be improved.

"I remain, my dear Sir Harry,

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE."

In May Sir Harry received with great pleasure from Prince Adalbert of Prussia the beautifully illustrated volume on the First Sikh War written by the lately deceased Prince Waldemar, who had fought in those battles as a volunteer, and had gained the esteem and affection of his comrades.

On the 25th July Sir Harry wrote to Major George Simmons—

"I have not been myself since the 18th June last. I went to Preston to inspect some militia and a Depôt Battalion of the line, and I was wet for six hours. George, on *one* 18th June, I did not much mind a wetting. Age is a bore. Ah, poor dear Lord Raglan! He died, I fear, *of a broken heart.* I desire you write 'Dear Harry S——,' and not 'Dear General,' you old humbug. Juana sends you and yours her love, as does your old comrade,

"HARRY SMITH."

As General in command of the Midland District, Sir Harry was present at Birmingham on 22nd November, when Prince Albert laid the foundation stone of the "Midland Institute." On rising to reply for the "Army and Navy," he called forth vociferous cheering by the words, "I pray my

country not precipitately to make peace. Let peace be based upon the surest foundations."

A letter of Lady Smith's dated "31st March, 1857," reminds us of the regulation ordering all officers to leave the upper lip unshaven, of which the effect is seen in portraits of Sir Harry after this date. "Your uncle is, thank God, quite well. His moustaches are growing very nicely, and I do think they become his dear old face." A week later he wrote to his nephew, Mr. George Moore Smith, of Whittlesey, his native place, to express his delight at "the pluck" he had shown during some riots, when the rioters had cheered him for going in among them.

On 5th May the Manchester "Art Treasures" Exhibition was opened by Prince Albert, who wrote the same night to the Queen: "After luncheon [at Abney Hall] we donned our uniform, and drove with an escort, etc., etc., to Manchester, some six miles, and through the town—Sir Harry Smith upon his Arab 'charging the multitude.'" * On 29th June the Queen and various members of the Royal Family, including Prince Frederick William of Prussia, newly betrothed to the Princess Royal, visited the Exhibition. It was Sir Harry Smith's duty to make all the military arrangements, and he rode on the right of Her Majesty's carriage in the procession. When the Queen was about to knight the Mayor, she turned to Sir Harry for his sword, telling the Mayor at the same time that

* Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iv. p. 37.

it had been "in four general actions." On receiving it back he respectfully bowed, and, stooping over it, pressed the hilt to his lips. Her Majesty afterwards expressed a wish for the sword, saying, "Do you value it very much, Sir Harry?" and, needless to say, it was at once presented to her. Sir Harry had worn it from 1835.*

Sir Harry and Lady Smith having invited General and Mrs. Beckwith to come over from Paris and stay with them during the time of the Exhibition, the General replied, "You must understand that if I should come to England, I shall certainly present my wife to Juana. As to the Exhibition, it will be a thing to be seen and *felt*, but your house will be little better than a hotel for a part of the time, and I think much more of your blessed faces than of all other possible sights. I had rather see John Bell's 'old divine countenance' than that of Raphael himself."

That summer of 1857—the summer of the Indian Mutiny—filled the letters of Harry Smith and Charles Beckwith with gloomy forebodings. It is interesting to see the reminiscence of the old Light Division contained in the last words of Beckwith's letter of the 18th September: "Do you think 'Young Varmint'† can get to Lucknow? I

* Sir Harry felt a strong personal devotion to the Queen, and would speak of her as "the most gracious lady in the whole world."

† Henry Havelock's elder brother, Will, as before stated, was called in the Peninsula "Young Varmint," for "his keenness and daring in the saddle and in every manly sport." See account of W. H. by H. H. in Buist's *Annals of India for* 1848.

have some doubts. God protect him and bless him."

General Beckwith did not achieve the visit to Manchester in 1857, but wrote on 15th January, 1858, that he would like to come in the following July. He says—

"I am glad to hear from you, because you really know something of what is going on in the world, and, above all, something of the men who take an active part in directing its affairs. I have nothing but my own theories and the newspapers to direct me, two fallacious guides. It is impossible not to shed a tear on H. Havelock's grave. I wish he could have once more embraced his wife and daughters. There is another thing, Harry, that hangs on my mind, and that is Punjaub Lawrence. As far as I can see, nothing was foreseen and nothing was prevented from Calcutta. Everything — wisdom, counsel, action, foresight—came from Lahore. 'There was a little city and few men within it, and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now, there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.' . . . My wife, the most simple-minded creature living, sends her duty to Juana, and I send my love. Is John Bell on the staff of your district? My kind regards to him. I think with reverence and affection of his 'old divine face.'"

In May Sir Harry Smith, Lord Burghersh and the Garter King at Arms were commissioned to go to Lisbon in attendance on the Marquis of Bath, who was to invest Don Pedro V., on the occasion

of his marriage, with the Order of the Garter. The young queen, Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern, visited the English Court on her way to Portugal, and Sir Harry and Lady Smith were bidden to a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace on 7th May, and to a State Ball on the 10th, given in connexion with her visit.

Lord Bath and his suite reached Lisbon on the 17th, a day before the Queen. They were present at various festivities held in honour of the royal wedding, and after the investiture at Belem Palace on the 27th were the guests of the King at a State Dinner. Sir Harry received from the King at this time the Order of St. Bento d'Aviz. It must have been very interesting to the Peninsular veteran thus to revisit under such different circumstances the place where he and George Simmons had bathed together forty-eight years before when convalescent from their wounds received at the Coa.*

Alas! the first letter he received from Charles Beckwith after his return told him, in sentences worthy of Thackeray, that Simmons, with his simple hero-worship of them both, had passed away.

"Todas son muertas! and amongst the rest old George Simmons, who went out of the world in a few moments with a smile on his countenance. The first thing George would ask was, 'Where's the *r*égiment? My word, the General and Sir Harry will soon be here.'"

* See vol. i. p. 33 *n.* It is characteristic of Sir Harry's kindness of nature that he now brought home from Lisbon some little presents for the children of his aide-de-camp, Major Payne.

He adds—

"I shall be ready to move on Manchester on the 14th July with my young wife. I hope to find you during an interregnum of giving dinners and dining out, as I want to comfort my head and heart during my stay in England, and have no reverence for cotton lords. Your blessed faces and those of the old stock that I may be lucky enough to meet, will mend up and comfort my soul which has passed through a dreary desert for the last thirty years. I had much rather see old Sousa e Silva * than Milner Gibson. In fact, it is not safe for me to get into a colloquy with this sort of chap, as I should certainly rap out something disagreeable. . . . Love to Juana. Corramba, how I shall enjoy myself at Manchester!"

In July the anticipated visit duly took place.

On the 9th October, at Newcastle, Sir Harry inspected for the last time his own Regiment, the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade. When he had inspected them and put them through some rapid manœuvres, he formed the men into square, and addressed them in words full of his lifelong affection for the corps. That was the only Regiment or Battalion, he said, in which he had taken his place in the ranks, and their services, their "everything, in fact," would never be forgotten. He then desired the men to let him get out of the square, observing that he well knew he never could get into it if they wished to prevent him.†

Early in 1859 Sir Harry had a bad fall and cut

* See vol. i. p. 184 *n*.

† Cope, p. 451.

his knee. He went to London unwisely, inflammation came on, and he nearly lost his leg. Beckwith writes to him—

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,

"What a spoony of a Manchester doctor to let you set off! Why didn't you turn back? However, when you've got your nose in a given direction, you *never* turn back. . . . You see how a man may be 'severely wounded' being at ease and in his own house, after riding through showers of lead and iron unscathed. I am certain that you will have greatly profited by this occasional martyrdom, and that you are now much fitter to 'fall in' in the ranks of the celestial army."

For eight weeks the patient was confined to his room, and almost constantly to his bed. He reports his return to Manchester on 12th April and adds—

"In a few days I hope to mount Alice's * pony. I have suffered very much occasionally, but my pluck never forsook me. My greatest distress was to see my dear old faithful wife suffer so—her anxiety was intense."

Sir Harry's five-years' command of the Northern District was to expire on the 30th September. He hated the idea of being out of harness, and wrote in May to the Duke of Cambridge, begging that he might be reappointed, but the Duke replied that, though his feelings were strongly in favour of continuing Sir Harry in the command he so

* Miss Alice E. Smith (daughter of Major Thomas Smith), now Mrs. Lambert, was a great deal with her uncle and aunt from 1852 onwards.

worthily filled, he could not, in justice to other officers, make an exception in his case. Accordingly Sir Harry saw his time at Manchester drawing to an end.

There, as in all his previous employments, he had gained the love and esteem of all who came in contact with him, by his high spirit, his generosity, and his kindness of heart, while they smiled at his soldierly inflexibility in little things. A lady who visited him at this time tells me how severe he would be on bad riders, or men who used a spoon to their pudding or left a wine-glass unfinished; how proud he was of his little beautifully-formed foot, and how when in bad health he would scrupulously dress for dinner, perhaps to imitate the Duke of Wellington, whom he made his pattern in all things; how he would ride a very strong and spirited horse, although it exhausted him; how he would take men into his employment from pure charity, because they needed assistance; how in society he would devote himself still to the prettiest woman present; how rigidly punctual he was in his house; how charming with children and young people; how he would go through whatever he felt to be his duty at any cost.

Sir Harry's departure from Manchester was therefore a time of severance from many friends. The Council of the City, in a formal resolution, requested the Mayor to assure him of their regret at his removal, and their thanks for the great courtesy and kindness with which he had discharged

his duties. In his reply to the Mayor, Sir Harry wrote—

"After the approbation of his Sovereign, the greatest compliment which can be conferred on the soldier is to live in the affections of his countrymen. Thus to learn that the Council of the wealthy and populous City of Manchester appreciates any services it has been my duty to perform is, I assure you, most gratifying to my feelings. During the five happy years I have commanded the Northern District and resided in Manchester, I have received the greatest kindness and hospitality both in the City and in the neighbourhood, and joyfully do I record that during that period no single instance of any collision between the citizens and the soldiers throughout these extensive districts was ever brought before me. . . . The kindly feelings evinced by you, Sir, in your letter of transmission, are most forcibly impressed upon my mind, the more so as you include Lady Smith, the faithful partner of my joys, sorrows, and military career for so many years in every quarter of the globe."

Lord De Tabley wrote—

"I do assure you that, amongst the many neighbours who have had an opportunity of forming your acquaintance and cultivating your friendship during the period of your command here, there is no one who regrets the termination of the command more sincerely than I and my family. Most exceedingly also will the Regiment, which you have so kindly, more than once, inspected, miss the cheering and encouraging glance and word of the General they were always so glad and proud to see. As you say, time passes, but I trust that friendship and kindly feeling will remain."

Similarly, Lord Derby, "the Rupert of debate," wrote from Knowsley—

"Your retirement will, I am sure, be a subject of very general regret. I hope that Lady Derby and I may have the pleasure of again seeing you and Lady Smith at this place. I beg of you to place me at the feet of the Doña Juana, and to believe me, my dear Sir Harry,

"Yours sincerely,

"DERBY."

To Major C. W. Meadows Payne, his second aide-de-camp, whom he had first met in South Africa in the thirties, Sir Harry wrote a warmly affectionate letter of farewell.

"Manchester, 30th Sept. 1859.

"MY DEAR OLD AND VALUED FRIEND PAYNE,

"This day closes for the present our Military Career—but no change in our circumstances can effect any change in that Fraternal Love which has endeared us to each other for so many years. During the last five years, while my A.D.C., you have been of the greatest possible service to me in both your official and private capacity, my interests have been yours, and the frank confidence I have ever reposed in you has been observed with every regard for my honour.

"It may happen, even at my advanced age, I may be again employed—if so, I hope you would again join your General who so valued your services.

"Meanwhile, Payne, may every blessing attend you and yours, and may every Veteran General have such a Friend as yourself to confide in.

"Your old friend,

"H. G. SMITH.

"Major Payne, A.D.C."

There was one other loved friend from whom Sir Harry had now to part. His little Arab "Aliwal" had been ridden by him at Maharajpore and at all the battles of the Sutlej Campaign; it had come home with him to England in 1847, accompanied him to the Cape, returned with him in 1852, and had since served him faithfully in his commands at Devonport and Manchester. A lady, the daughter of Sir Harry's aide-de-camp, Major Payne, writes—

"My sister and I have a vivid recollection of the lovely horse, and how, when we used to meet Sir Harry when we were out walking and he was riding, he would call out, 'Stand still, children,' and then come galloping up at full speed, and Aliwal would stop at our very feet;* and my mother used to tell us that on the anniversary of the Battle of Aliwal, when there was always a full-dress dinner at the General's house, some one would propose Aliwal's health, and Sir Harry would order him to be sent for. The groom would lead the beautiful creature all round the dinner-table, glittering with plate, lights, uniforms, and brilliant dresses, and he would be quite quiet, only giving a snort now and then, though, when his health had been drunk and the groom had led him out, you could hear him on the gravel outside, prancing and capering. The horse was now old, and Sir Harry, in his new house in London, would not be able to keep him; and though Sir Robert Gerard (now Lord Gerard) kindly offered him a home, Sir Harry feared that his old age would perhaps be an unhappy one, and he resolved to shoot him. My father and the faithful groom were with Sir Harry when he did so, and I believe they all shed tears."

* Cp. p. 299.

That night Sir Harry's place was vacant at dinner, and he was seen no more till the following morning. The following epitaph on his horse in Sir Harry's handwriting is still preserved :—

> "Near this Stone is buried Sir Harry Smith's celebrated Arab charger of the Purest Blood,
>
> 'ALIWAL.'
>
> Sir Harry rode him in the battles of Maharajpore, Moodkee, Ferozeshahur, Aliwal, and Sobraon. He was the only horse of the General Staff that was not killed or wounded. He came from Arabia to Calcutta, thence to Lahore ; he has marched nearly all over India; came by ship to England, thence to the Cape of Good Hope and back to England. He was twenty-two years old ; never was sick during the eighteen years in Sir Harry's possession. As a charger, he was incomparable, gallant, and docile ; as a friend, he was affectionate and faithful."

On leaving Manchester Sir Harry and Lady Smith visited Sir John Bell at 55, Cadogan Place, London, and took a house for themselves a few doors off (No. 15), which they entered at the end of November.

The letters of General Charles Beckwith show him to have been vexing himself for years with the question, "How is England to defend herself against invasion?" Although Harry Smith's letters to him are not in my hands, I do not doubt that he had also deeply pondered the same momentous problem. Neither of the friends forgot the famous letter which Wellington, in their eyes the wisest of all Englishmen, had addressed in 1847 to Sir John Burgoyne, and in which, after saying that he had studied our Southern Coast piece by piece and did not doubt that a foreign army could be landed at many points, he added—

"I know no mode of resistance excepting by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortification which experience in war can suggest.

"I shall be deemed foolhardy in engaging for the defence of the empire with an army composed of . . . a force of militia. I may be so, I confess it. I should infinitely prefer an army of regular troops. But I *know* that I shall not have these. I may have others.

"I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age passed in honour. I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert." *

These solemn words of warning were present to the minds of Beckwith and Harry Smith when, in 1859, they saw the public mind seriously alarmed by the fear of invasion, and an army of citizen soldiers springing up in its defence. They would have been untrue to their master if they had not gladly hailed the Volunteer Movement, and seized the opportunity of aiding their country to put its defences in order. Harry Smith, as we have seen, had told the Guernseymen of the immense value of a citizen army. On 17th May, 1859, he wrote at Manchester the following memorandum :—

"1. I am one who thinks that the most formidable enemies are the armed population of a country—take Switzerland, America, Spain, etc., and I have never seen more formidable opposition than by armed savages even.

"2. I would therefore *gradually* enroll every man in

* Sir H. E. Maxwell's *Life of Wellington*, vol. ii. pp. 361–364.

England who has a vote, and teach them to *shoot.* That is all we require at present; plenty of time to talk of a little drill and embodiment. And as we may become threatened by war, I would enroll all gamekeepers and their helpers as Light Infantry, or rather *Riflemen.* I would enroll all the navvies, give them arms, but call them 'Pioneers.' I would enroll all the Railroad men, not to take them from the rail, but teach them to *shoot.*

"3. I would never talk of war, but thus show such a set of Bulldog teeth as no sensible enemy would like the grip of. All this in aid of the Regular Army, the Militia, etc.

"4. I would erect such works at Plymouth as I have long ago pointed out: no *great* fortifications; *outworks* of strength, on points which would render it unassailable. So at all our ports, etc.

"5. Why, when *the* Napoleon threatened us with invasion, Mr. Pitt had 800,000 men with arms in their hands; 200,000 more enrolled. Every waggon, boat, etc., was numbered, and alarm-posts established everywhere throughout England. By heavens, if any enemy, or *enemies,* thought of invading us, England would 'chevaux-de-frises' like a porcupine's back, with lots of men everywhere. These are our resources if our Navy let them land. And we should have *swarms* of little steamers with Armstrong's guns on our coasts.

"6. I should like some 'Places d'armes' on the Reigate Hills range—small, but capable to resist all but a siege. These points being occupied add to the defensive, and are capital Points of Rendezvous.

"7. If the war * is protracted and our neutrality shaken, we must go back to the old constitutional plan of Ballot for the Militia.

"8. All I have here written about would be easy,

* *I.e.* the war then being waged in Italy.

feasible, and requisite if a large French Camp was forming in Boulogne, Cherbourg & Co., but, as yet, John Bull's steam is hardly up. Government measures of defence upon the basis of *strict neutrality* would be acceptable to the People, and, by Government being energetic, the People would think there is more necessity than they see, and would rally round it in defence of Queen, Country, 'pro aris et focis.' And if they did not get their steam up, give them a touch of 'The blessings of Tortona'* and various other interesting anecdotes of war and contributions, etc., etc.

"H. G. S."

Sir Harry's interest in the question was still shown after his removal to London. The *Times* of 19th December having discussed in a leader whether the country would be wise in following Lord Palmerston's advice and spending £10,000,000 on fortifications, or in trusting its defence merely to its fleet, army, and volunteers, Sir Harry again put his views on paper in a letter to the editor (which, however, seems not to have been published). I give a few extracts :—

"3. What you state as to Fortifications is truly correct. They must ever be regarded as auxiliaries, and no mode of defence would be more objectionable than 'large fortifications,' absorbing, as you observe, the men required in the field.

"4. 'Should we not take our stand upon the ocean and the coast rather than assume that an enemy will make good his advance into the country?' On this allow me to observe that, in war, one of its first principles is to

* Tortona was laid waste in 1155 and 1163 by Frederick Barbarossa.

ensure a 'reserve.' This, if we were defeated at sea (which I by no means anticipate), your *small* fortifications around your arsenals, docks, etc., and upon a few points on the most vulnerable side of the capital, would secure.

"7. A movable Column or Columns of Riflemen and Armstrong's guns might not arrive at the point in time. Defences must be permanent and leave nothing to chance.

"8. The assertion that 'No force would ever attempt a landing on a hostile shore in the face of 2000 Riflemen supported by good artillery,' is very correct, but it must be observed that this small force would cover but an atom of the coast, and the enemy would land on either flank, leaving a force in front of the 'atom of defence.'

"11. Arm the People, who have demonstrated their readiness. Place such an armament under a system of organization which would ensure obedience. That authority to emanate and be exercised direct from the Crown, and to descend by a continuous chain of responsibility from the Crown to the private. Thus would England be so armed as to prevent the melancholy exhibition of a Panic, as injurious to her trade throughout the world as it is degrading to her position as a State. Nothing so well ensures the friendship of nations as irresistible power.

"12. I conclude by asserting that the Navy, some small fortifications, the Army and Militia, and the 'Rifle Volunteers' (in other words, 'the Armed People of invincible England') will ensure her defence as effectually as they will re-establish her 'prestige' throughout Europe and the world."

At Glasgow, when the survivors of the "Sharpshooters" of 1819 met to consider the question of re-embodying the old force, they wrote to their

old commander, and received a letter from him full of reminiscences of his Glasgow days, and full of encouragement to them to do what they were proposing—

"London, Feb. 7, 1860.

"My war cry for England has ever been, *Arm the people!* . . . Some of my gallant and experienced comrades who write upon the subject of the defence of England take as extreme and one-sided a view as some of our leading journals do on the other—the one declaring the inutility of Volunteers, the other that they are omnipotent. I ask either of these extremities—If you saw a large French army in battle array, which must occupy a large tract of country, with artillery, cavalry, and *their* sharpshooters, how do you propose to check their advance? I cannot conjecture the reply of either. But this I will assert and maintain, with my last breath—It is alone to be done by a combination of regular troops, as a barrier and a reserve, with swarms of riflemen everywhere as powerful — most powerful— auxiliaries. We must bear in mind that the distance from our coast to London is barely three days' march, hence the object of the enemy is to advance by a *coup de main* to seize London. Could I say loose troops would stop them? No. But a combination would ensure their defeat, and then let loose the sons of Britain, with this command—'*Forward* and shoot; you shall all be supported at the requisite points.' Should any enemy have the audacity to attempt our shores, could he avoid our ever invincible Navy, I as a General of some experience in war, would be proud to command a combined force as I have described, and 'Let deeds show.' . . .

"One word more. *Tease* not our youths as Volunteers with the minutiæ of drill—a few things are alone necessary.

To march in quick time, to march in column, form line, gain ground to the right and left, to advance again in line, to extend and occupy bridges or walls; a rallying square may be practised. Soldiers require these alone in the field. Then, to be *good shots.* Pluck enough they have, and, with prompt obedience, England's regular army, so nobly supported and its numbers so increased, can, may, and *will* defy the ——.

"Let our watchword be,

"'Arm the People.'

"Ever faithfully yours,

"H. G. SMITH.

"To Peter Mackenzie, Esq., *Gazette* Office, Glasgow." *

When others were timorous of the Volunteer Movement as a danger to public order, Harry Smith saw in it the possible salvation of the country which he had served valiantly with the sword and could serve now only by words.

His spirit was still high, and it chafed him to live in London without horses and on a diminished income. He had never had the art of saving money, and he now writes (7th March) to Major Payne—

"You would laugh to see me poring over twopences. Hang me if I know how people in England live. I hate London, and I love you, Tom.

"Your friend,

"HARRY SMITH."

He says in the same letter that he had taken a cold at the funeral of his old friend Sir William Napier, but when he writes again on 12th June he gives a better report of himself.

* *Glasgow Gazette*, 11th Feb. 1860.

"Everybody tells me I look well. I am thin, but as active as ever. I want horses and that stirring exercise. I *say nothing*, Tom, but I do feel the loss, for the last fifty years having ever had a right good stud. But you can't eat your cake and have it. London full of *the world*, a most heartless reunion; it is for the *girls* a regular Constantinople. Tom, do write often. I don't care what the subject of your letter may be, so that it is not melancholy. Say it rains or don't rain; yesterday 'twas fine, to-day pouring with rain again."

Two months later the old man has had a warning that his sands are nearly run. He asks his "dear old Tom Payne" to copy a paper which he has drawn up.

"You won't d—— me, won't you? I have not been well lately with violent palpitation of the heart, and I should not like to slip my wind without an attempt to secure for Juana the pension of my rank which must be an especial [one?]. I have consulted Yorke and Bell, who agree in my course; but, Tom, I am no nearer dropping off the hooks for doing this.

"Yours,

"HARRY SMITH.

"I write *on my back* to-day, but *much better*. Say nothing of all this."

The following letter, addressed to Major Payne by Colonel Shadwell (Q.M.G. at Manchester), though of the nature of a false alarm, shows the coming of the end, and how it struck home to those who loved him.

"Manchester, 15th Sept. 1860.

"MY DEAR TOM,

"You will probably have heard from London direct of our dear old friend Sir Harry's alarming state. From Alice's account this morning, he was yesterday morning *in extremis*, and ere this has most likely breathed his last.

"It has come like a thunderbolt on us, as only five days ago Lady Smith wrote to us in such good spirits about the dear old man.

"We saw him, I am now thankful to say, when in town for a few days the middle of last month.

"I presume, from the intense agony he has endured, that he has succumbed to an attack of angina pectoris.

"What a friend we have lost! so true, so constant, so generous, so kind, and then to think of dear Lady Smith! I shudder to think of what her state will be when she comes to realize it.

"My wife is quite upset by it, and so am I.

"Always, my dear Payne,

"Yours very truly,

"LAWRENCE SHADWELL."

On the 12th October, at 1, Eaton Place West, which had been his home for the last six months, the end came. Sir Harry had reached the age of 73 on the 28th June preceding.

A year before, in sending his nephew George Moore Smith a subscription towards the restoration of St. Mary's, Whittlesey, he had written, "I enclose a cheque for *our* subscription to the repairs of the Dear Old Church, which I do most willingly, and should do more willingly if *our* bones could

repose with our fathers." But though the church where his father and mother lay was closed for interments, he could still be taken to Whittlesey, and there in a corner of the new cemetery he was laid to rest on the 19th. All business in the little town was suspended for the day, and some thousands of the inhabitants of the town and district lined the route of the procession. The Rifle Corps of Ely, Wisbeach, March, Ramsey, and Whittlesey were represented at their own request, and with arms reversed preceded the hearse from the station to St. Mary's Church, and thence to the cemetery. The coffin was borne by eight old soldiers who had all served under Sir Harry, and had all won medals; the pall-bearers were six Whittlesey gentlemen, most of them his schoolfellows. Among the mourners were his surviving "Waterloo brother," Major Thomas Smith, his nephew Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Smith, Colonel Garvock, his Military Secretary at the Cape, and Colonel Shadwell, whose letter has been printed above. Three volleys were fired over the grave by the volunteers of Whittlesey, March, and Wisbeach.

A sum of £700 was subscribed to found a memorial to Sir Harry Smith's memory, and was spent on the restoration of that part of St. Mary's Church, Whittlesey—the chapel at the end of the south aisle—in which, when it was used as a schoolroom, he had received his early education.* It is now known as "Sir Harry's Chapel." On the

* See vol. i. p. 1 *n*.

south wall was erected a monument of white marble surmounted by a bust of Sir Harry, executed by Mr. G. G. Adams, A.R.A.* It bears the inscription :—

"This monument was erected and this chapel restored in 1862 by public subscription to the memory of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry G. W. Smith, Baronet of Aliwal, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Colonel of the 1st Battalion, Rifle Brigade. He entered the 95th Regiment in 1805, served in South America, Spain, Portugal, France, North America, the Netherlands, India, and at the Cape of Good Hope, of which he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief from 1847 to 1852, and on the Home Staff to 1859, when he completed a most gallant and eventful career of fifty-four years' constant employment. He was born at Whittlesey, 28th June, 1788,† and died in London 12th October, 1860. Within these walls he received his earliest education, and in the cemetery of his native place his tomb bears ample record of the high estimation in which his military talents were held by his friend and chief, the great Duke of Wellington.

"Coruna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthez, Toulouse, Waterloo, Maharajpore, Ferozeshuhur, Aliwal, Sobraon, South Africa.‡

"O Lord, in Thee have I trusted ; let me never be confounded." §

* Called by Lady Smith, "not *quite*, yet like my own Henrique!"

† The date should be 1787.

‡ The first twelve names represent the 12 clasps attached to Sir Harry's Peninsular medal; for Waterloo, Maharajpore, and South Africa (1853) he had separate medals; the remaining three names are those of his clasps for the Sutlej Campaign. He wore, besides, the Grand Cross of the Bath and the Portuguese Order of St. Bento d'Aviz.

§ See p. 295.

SIR HARRY'S CHAPEL.

(His monument is on the left.)

From a watercolour by Mrs. B. S. Ward.

[*Opposite Vol. ii. p.* 326.

On Sir Harry's tomb in the cemetery, Lady Smith caused to be inscribed the last sentences of the extract from the Duke of Wellington's speech of 2nd April, 1846, given above (pp. 200–202), though in a slightly different version.

After her husband's death, Lady Smith resided for some years at 19, Robertson Terrace, Hastings, and later at 79, Cadogan Place, S.W. Passionately cherishing her husband's memory, she was the beloved friend of all members of his family, and the goodness of heart and active sympathy which she showed to some who were heavy-laden will never be forgotten by their descendants. The editor of this book recalls from his boyhood the proud and animated tones in which she would speak of "Your uncle Harry"—pronouncing the name with the full Continental *a* and a strongly trilled *r*. Her noble heart ceased to beat on the 10th October, 1872, and she was laid with her hero in his last resting-place at Whittlesey.

Of the other close friends and companions of Sir Harry Smith, Charles Beckwith died in July, 1862, among the Piedmontese whom he had served so truly; Sir John Bell in 1876, having lived to the age of ninety-four.* Sir Harry's sister, Mrs. Sargant (of whom it has been humorously said that she was "the only person in the world of whom he was afraid"), died in 1869; his youngest sister,

* In his last years the gallant old General would say that "he did not care any longer to go to the club and meet *a lot of old fogies whom he didn't know*."

Miss Anna Maria Smith, in 1875; his brother, Colonel Thomas Smith, C.B.—the last survivor of the family of eleven—in 1877. Colonel Smith's widow still lives at the age of ninety-three, fresh in body and mind, though it is ninety-three years since her husband sailed to the Peninsula under Sir John Moore.

Few words are necessary in bringing this book to a close. If it has been a long one, the Editor can only plead that Harry Smith put more into his seventy odd years than would make the lives of half a dozen other men.

The autobiography shows us the strong family affections of his boyhood, his abiding reverence for his father, who had made him a *man* and a bold horseman, his love of brave soldiers like Colborne and Barnard and Pakenham, his supreme worship of his great master and example, Wellington. Such were the influences under which he was trained for the service of his Sovereign and of his country. In the hour of responsibility it was seen that he possessed in rare harmony qualities on which that training had not been thrown away—"an ardent spirit, which inflamed a whole army with kindred ardour, combined with a power of self-control which kept the mind clear and calm in the most difficult emergencies—the union of fiery passion with temperate reason." * A born leader, he never lost the confidence of the officers and men who were under his command—he had it as clearly amid the

* *Cape Town Mail*, 5th April, 1851.

anxieties and disappointments of the Kafir War of 1851–2 as after his marvellous campaign of Aliwal. His soldiers literally loved him, both for his bonhomie and for his lifelong zeal for their welfare.*

Sir Harry Smith was above all things a great soldier. In his civil administration of the Cape, undertaken at a time of enormous difficulty, his success was less brilliant than elsewhere, but even here he justified Havelock's opinion of him: "There is no species of business which Harry Smith's mental tact will not enable him to grasp." History will approve of the firm stand he made against mob-rule in the time of the Anti-convict agitation, and, seeing events in true perspective, will forget little errors of judgment (magnified at the moment by party-feeling) when set side by side with his zeal for the good of the Colony and his far-sighted perception of England's true policy in South Africa.

Such practical mistakes as Harry Smith made, both within the Colony and in his dealings with Kafir chiefs, were due to a generous, chivalrous disposition, which was ready to put the best construction on other people's conduct and to attribute to them a goodness of heart resembling his own.

* I visited last year at Ely, Mr. B. Genn, late of the 15th Hussars, who had served under him in India in 1846, and who had fired over his grave. As soon as I had opened the door, a fine engraving of Sir Harry greeted me. It had been bought at a sale. The old veteran spoke of his commander always as the "dear old man." When I asked him if he thought him a good General, he fired up quickly, "Why, think of the battle of Aliwal! Not a mistake anywhere."

With an open foe, in warfare, he was caution itself, but he was too little of a Macchiavelli to read treachery in the smile of a seeming friend. A generous open nature was similarly responsible for such flaws in his character as his hastiness and warmth of language under provocation,* as his extravagance in money matters (strangely contrasting with the severity in many respects of his own life), and a little vanity in regard to his own achievements, a vanity perhaps not more real than other men's, but occasionally less carefully concealed. If he sometimes seemed to his subordinates an exacting master, we may remember that during his whole career as a soldier he had never spared himself.

If any one were disposed to take an unfavourable view of this or that trait in Harry Smith's character, I hope the picture given of him in these pages would be a sufficient corrective. Praised by Wellington for his generalship as hardly any man else was praised, acknowledged by Havelock as the man who had made him a soldier, he had through life the warm respect and love of a score or two of brave and worthy men, such as D'Urban, and John Bell, and Kempt, and Barnard, and Kincaid, and George Simmons, and Charles Beckwith. They recognized his rare military genius: they respected

* The following characteristic story has been sent me by Major J. F. Anderson, of Coxwell Lodge, Faringdon: "Sir Harry was very quick-tempered, and on one occasion (during the Kafir War of 1835 ?), when my father remonstrated with him as to an order he gave, he said, 'Learn to obey, sir,' and ordered him into his tent under arrest. In the evening he sent to ask my father to dine with him!"

him because, in his own words, he had always been "a working man who put his heart into his work:" they loved him for what Lord Raglan called "the chivalrous and gallant spirit" which had been his guide in his military career; because he was fearless of danger, indomitable in energy, overflowing in kindness, magnanimous and placable towards those who seemed his foes, loving his friends, even to his old age, with the ardour of a boy. Little wonder that one of the noblest and largest-hearted of women also pardoned his faults and adored him as only few men have been adored.

Historians may perhaps find some matter of instruction in the autobiography now presented to them. But is it too much to hope that it may have a still happier fortune, and that young Englishmen and Englishwomen yet unborn may be kindled to a noble emulation by the brave and glowing hearts of Harry and Juana Smith?

APPENDIX I.

Memorandum addressed to Sir B. D'Urban on the Diet and Treatment of Soldiers in Confinement.*

D.Q.M. General's Office,
Cape Castle, [2 June ?] 1834.

Your Excellency having been pleased to submit for my perusal various documents relative to a scale of diet fixed by a Board of Officers, of which the Hon. Colonel Wade, now Commandant of the Garrison of Cape Town, was President, directing me to return them with any remarks which my experience of five years as Commandant of that garrison may enable me to afford, I beg to observe.

* * * * * *

There are several officers under whom I have served whose example I have ever endeavoured to imitate. The most conspicuous of them are Sir Sydney Beckwith, Sir A. Barnard, and Sir J. Colborne. The leading principle by which these officers of distinction were actuated was that of kindness to their soldiers, and an endeavour to maintain discipline by seeking out the meritorious to reward and commend rather than the guilty to punish.

For the attainment of discipline and good order two modes are to be adopted, encouragement and punishment. Towards well-disposed men, the first is always preferable; the latter, however, must be appealed to, but I have ever found great severity in punishment less calculated to maintain discipline than a mild

* I possess this document only in the form of rough drafts. The document as here printed is therefore to some extent a compilation. It is clear that the Board of Officers were proposing a more stringent treatment of prisoners than that which Harry Smith had adopted and which they maintained was more lenient than was permitted by the Royal Warrant.

administration of the great power Military Law vests in the hands of those in command.

In the study of my profession, to no branch of it have I paid greater attention than to the prevention of crime and to the reform of the ill-conducted, and the results of some years' experience enable me to affirm that it ought to be the duty of all officers, in the first place, to endeavour by wise and salutary regulations to render every one under their command happy. Cheerfulness is the mainspring of discipline, and the desire to reward merit while crime is held in execration, ought ever to be the delight of the officer. And although for acts of disobedience and insubordination, or neglect of duty, I would, *as I have done in this garrison*, inflict corporal punishment to the utmost of my power, not only to punish the offender, but to strike terror into the hearts of the spectators in the ranks, for more moderate crimes, to see a fellow-creature, a comrade, dragging on a miserable existence from week to week, nay, month to month, in a solitary cell, or expected to be capable of daily labour and occasionally to attend drills *on bread, rice, and water*, his bed a watchcoat, *affording no public example*, is a species of protracted cruelty I am as yet not prepared to inflict.

Confinement or the loss of liberty for a long period is in my mind, under the most modified circumstances, a punishment severe indeed. During the period I was Commandant, I made it a point to visit the prisoners (whenever there were any) every Sunday, and the surgeon of the week did the same during the week. I had written me a report to that effect. My object was to see that they were in every respect as clean as the meritorious soldier at duty, to ascertain that their rations had been according to the scale hung up with my signature in their cells, duly furnished them, and of a good quality, and by conversation with them and pointing out the impropriety of their conduct to ascertain their character. Many sentenced for a long period I have taught to read and write; in the case of others, what little knowledge they possessed I have improved by lending them books, etc., and in the proportion of ninety-nine in a hundred has my kindness been attended by the most beneficial results. Some whose conduct in prison was particularly good, and whose previous character was not heinous, I have remitted several weeks' confinement, ordering them to report to me every Sunday, "My conduct has been good." In no individual instance, to the

best of my recollection, has this leniency been abused, and I will mention that in no garrison in His Majesty's dominions was heinous crime less frequent than in the garrison of Cape Town whilst under my command.

No man is so degraded as not to be susceptible of kindness, and no man so much requires a friend as he who has none even in himself. Many is the vicious character I have reformed as captain of a company by conduct of this sort, re-establishing a man in his own good opinion and in that of his comrades. The want of a *point d'appui* in distress has been the ruin of many an individual, both civil and military, and in my estimation the *morale* amongst the soldiers tends far more to attain discipline and happiness than the severe administration of rigid justice. There are many of my brother officers, I am aware, who differ very materially with me in this opinion, but, as practise makes [perfect], I maintain that my system is the best, which, when combined with a vigour of action in all military points, excites emulation in both officers and soldiers and induces them to look up to their commander as their friend.

* * * * * *

The Royal Warrant now provides the sum of sixpence per diem for the maintenance of prisoners without any reference to "bread and water," to ensure them being furnished with wholesome and sufficient food. I cannot, therefore, for a moment conceive that reflection would put a construction upon my prison-regulations as positively contrary to the Royal Warrant.

Not only by inclination and predilection am I in all military acts guided by the practice in the Light Division of the Duke's army, but [in this case] by Lord Hill's circular letter bearing date 24th June, 1830.

My reasons, therefore, for submitting the scale of provisions I drew up to the approval of Sir Lowry were—

(1) The practice in the Duke of Wellington's army.

(2) The practice of the Light Division, ever construing all orders and regulations to the benefit of the soldier.

(3) The Royal Warrant.

Although I very much differ in opinion from the Board as to the scale they have fixed, I approve very highly of a distinction being made between the diet of prisoners sentenced for long and short periods.

H. G. Smith.

APPENDIX II.

Extracts from Harry Smith's Letters to his Wife during the Kafir War, 1835.

Grahamstown, 30th Jan. 1835.

The Kafirs, from the manner in which I occupied all the passes in their rear, had been beautifully harassed, and now fly from the sight of *one* of our people as rapidly as they flew towards him until I stirred them up a little in their own country. So you recommend shrapnel, grape, howitzers, shells! Well done! We will take your advice: for old Johnstone * says true, you are the best general he knows. I am sadly off for officers and assistants in my office. Selkirk Stewart would be to me worth all the clerks in my office, and old Johnstone all the officers I have in the field, Cox excepted. The quantity I have to write and to do is really incredible, and you know how quick I can get through my work. The people here are astonished. But I have eased my labours very much by establishing boards of gentlemen of the place and officers, one of clergymen for the destitute families, one to receive the claims of all persons whose property has been seized for military purposes, one to inquire into the burgher force, a clothing board for the burghers, a labour heretofore beyond even me. All these boards submit their proceedings to me. I approve or disapprove, and act as supreme. Even thus, much of my time is occupied; but it has reduced my labours much.

* Col. W. Johnstone was then living at Cape Town. See vol. i. p. 58.

Bivouac between Fish and Keiskamma rivers,
close to Mount Somerset, 13th Feb.

Viva Enrique!

MI QUERIDISSIMA MUGER,*

I have been in the field since Saturday last, sleeping in the bush, *never better*. Was on horseback yesterday 28 hours, attacked the Kafirs in five points like fun, gave them a good licking with a trifling loss on our parts; seventy-three killed, counted on the field, lots of wounded. Took 2500 head of cattle, goats, sheep, etc.; gave them some of your shrapnel shells, but want a few of my old Riflemen, although all my fellows are willing enough and full of fight. Do not be afraid of Enrique. He takes good care of himself, and never moves without 30 Cape Rifles as an escort.

A shocking accident occurred the night before last. The 72nd and other troops lay in position waiting for daylight to attack; though every precaution was taken and there was no fault, some one cried out, "The Kafirs!" and the men jumped up and fired on each other before the officers could speak. Three men were killed, and more desperately wounded. This rather hindered my operations, because it alarmed the enemy. However, thank God, I have done as much as I expected.

You cannot think how well I am. Nothing fatigues me, and although my force is only 1200 men and 800 horses with four guns, yet my operations are over an extent of 4000 square miles of country. We were marching from 7 o'clock the 11th till 8 o'clock the 12th. No one tired. This morning we want nothing but some grog, which I momentarily expect. God bless you, old woman, and do not be afraid. Our God will take care of us both. *Adios, alma mia.*

ENRIQUE.

Grahamstown, 26th and 27th Feb. 1835.

My Fish River trip was a very lucky one, and has had a great effect on all the Kafirs. It is reported and believed that they are all flying into Hintza's country. He is a very powerful chief who has been wavering in his policy towards us. He is, I believe, at the bottom friendly, although he wishes to keep as

* "My dearest wife!"

much of the stolen cattle as he possibly can. It is decided that the 75th Regt. remain on the usual frontier line, and that the 72nd all go into Kafirland. The former are as much mortified as the latter are delighted. To-day I go to Hermanus Kraal, next day near to Fort Willshire to select a camp for our invading force to assemble on. We are to select the most effective men of the Burgher force, and send the remainder to the second line. The Chief is now all for invasion. Paddy Balfour will be my A.D.C.

I should like you to see me with my escort, a trumpeter, a sergeant, two corporals, and six fine fellows of the Cape Corps, five led horses, Guides (a corps all well mounted), etc., and generally five or six smart young fellows of volunteers; but I would give all the pomp and glory of war for one quiet evening with *mi vida* at Charlie's Hope,* though I am now writing by a nice little wood fire, as comfortable as can be when away from my beautiful wife. You are in no danger, *alma mia*, of being supplanted here. This is the most dull, stupid, and horrid place on earth, celebrated for the most ugly of the *fair sex.*

I have just been to inspect three detachments of Burghers. I will give you a detail. One consists of 62 fighting men and horses, 50 non-combatants, 28 waggons. Another of 118 fighting men and horses, 80 non-combatants, 36 waggons. Only conceive what an army, and every individual wants something, either shoes, shirts, bridle, saddle. It is perfectly ridiculous, but yet when the poor fellows thus dragged from their homes are in the field, they are good-humoured and willing and shoot well enough. Oh! my old woman, glory is a fine thing, domestic quiet is better. It was well enough when I was at the head, but now second fiddle is slow. I am lazy and forget when things do not fly like lightning.

All our own country is free from Kafirs, much more so than in times of actual peace; still every post the postmaster comes to me for escorts. To-day I blew him up and called him an ass. The panic with which the people were seized here will not wear off for years. Had twenty Kafirs shown themselves in the neighbourhood of Grahamstown a day or two before my arrival, all would have either run away or shot one another.

* His house at Rondebosch, near Cape Town.

What amuses me much just now, is that those who funked the most formerly are the most valiant now that the danger is dispelled.

In two months I will, with God's blessing, be with my dear old wife to talk over my labours, which Heaven knows have been heavy enough. I have gained credit for two things—one, licking the Kafirs; another, blowing up the lazy idle rascals who will neither work, fight, nor do anything but draw rations.

So you are a schoolmistress? Mind teach the young ones to sew and work. It will do them more good than to read and write.

Love to all, and the sum total of all my love, affection, regard, esteem, everything that is dear, to you, *alma mia.*

ENRIQUE.

5 o'clock, 27 Feb.

When once I am in the field, I will work in my own way. *Master* is always floundering in the midst of information, whilst I like to take a look at the ground, march, and take possession. Thank God, I have been heretofore very lucky indeed. Do you recollect poor Thompson saying, when the ants were swarming in the house, "Oh, sir, it is great luck, great promotion for you somewhere"? It is very ridiculous, but I often think of it.

I long to march, although I well see I shall have all the trouble of war and marches without the all-stirring spirit of War. Ah, Venus and Mars! Enough of the latter. I begin to think a quiet life of Darby and Joan very agreeable. The fact is, it is better fun to be *together* as heretofore: only this is such a *naked* country. At Genadendal there was one pair of breeks between three boys, but here neither boys nor girls nor women have breeks or sarks either.

I have been writing all day, still it is with much delight I keep on writing to you, *alma mia* . . .

God bless my dearest virtuous wife.

ENRIQUE.

Grahamstown, 6th March, 1835.

Thank God, my dearest old woman, you are well. . . . To-morrow the troops commence their march upon the base of our future operations between Fort Willshire and the Block Drift or

the line of the Chumie, which runs into the Keiskamma near the Fort. I went up there last Saturday and had a beautiful ride of three days, doing everything I had to do and returning a day and a half sooner than I was expected. It is really wonderful how I bear work. I spread my karosse and lie down with my saddle-bags under my head, and after thanking my God and blessing my dear old woman, am asleep *in a moment.* The bivouac we are going to is really one of the most beautiful things I ever saw, and, thanks to the late rains, the grass everywhere is up to the horses' fetlocks. To-morrow I start with my escort—my corps of Guides, my led horses, my interpreters, my secretaries. How you would laugh to see such a motley group!

So I am to take care they do not shoot at me from the Bush? That story about old Jem * and me was founded on very little truth. In the middle of my Fish River fight, just as Jem was cooking some coffee and I was writing, when we were surrounded by soldiers, three shots were fired *at the whole.* I certainly jumped up and rattled the impudent rascals "out of that" pretty quick; but, old girl, I am too much of a Rifleman to be caught napping without every precaution of war. But they do put such trash in the papers occasionally, it is quite amusing.

Camp near Fort Willshire, 12th March.

I wish you could see me, because then, you know, I could see you. It is very delightful to unbend and not act always the great man, although I assure you we laugh in camp sometimes famously. I almost kill Hallifax at some of my roar-outs to the soldiers. Yesterday morning, just before daylight in Fort Willshire, I desired his bugler to blow the "rouse," which you well remember. He said he did not know it. "D—— you, sir, blow something." So he blew up a *quadrille*, and I began to dance. I thought Hallifax would have laughed till he died. What a burlesque upon our school of war!

Grahamstown, 16th March, 1835.

When I came flying down from Fort Willshire the other day it was, as you may suppose, for the purpose of inducing my master to get under weigh and not to mind a Kafir and a half, which

* Major William Cox.

Col. Somerset's *arrangements* with nearly 3000 men were going to catch. Master and I very nearly fell out. In his string of operations in last week's paper, signed by Kitty Dutton, my attack on the enemy's position was left out. After some little jaw, he said he thought it too bold a thing to attempt with the force under my command, so I bristled up and said, "Rely upon it, whenever I hear of a Kafir, so soon will I be at him with whatever force I can collect. This is the way to treat so contemptible an enemy, although too much caution cannot be adopted to prevent a surprise, or too much activity used in following up any advantage obtained. This, sir, is my maxim, and one which shall guide me throughout the campaign." "Oh, it is a very proper feeling, but *discretion* is also to be observed."

I have at last spurred him into a move, and I hope we shall get on and bring things to a close, for I am really tired of this slow work. I want to be at Charlie's Hope again.

17th March.

The 72nd Regiment marched yesterday for the camp at Fort Willshire, and the whole of the troops will be in motion, I hope, to-morrow to concentrate. Sir Benjamin has given out a General Order appointing me to command the 1st Division.

1st Division: 100 of the Cape Corps, 40 Corps of Guides, two 6-pounders, 300 Swellendam Burghers, the whole of the 72nd Regiment, the 1st Provisional Battalion of Hottentots, 430 strong. Officered by H. Peddie.

2nd Division, 2 guns, 750 Burghers, 200 Cape Corps, Lieut.-Col. Somerset.

3rd Division: 250 Burghers, 50 Cape Corps, two 3-pounders, 2nd Provisional Battalion, 374 strong (an excellent body of men), Major Cox.

4th Division: 500 Burghers, Field Commandant Van Wyk.

The troops will thus advance—

Left.	Left-Centre.	Centre.	Right.
Van Wyk.	Major Cox.	Me myself and Sir Slow as far as he goes.	Col. Somerset.

Lieut.-Col. England is to command the ordinary Frontier Posts and Grahamstown and has 1800 men, just 100 more than

I had when I took the command here, re-established villages and posts which had been so shamefully abandoned, and invaded Kafirland with 450 men, so that I think the 2nd line may be considered safe and no necessity for any panic. But really it is astonishing to see how they funk.

His Excellency has just sent for me, good old man, to say he is not pleased with his General Order of yesterday appointing me to the command of the Division. He says it cramps my power, so he has put in orders that I am to be second in command, continuing my duties as Chief of the Staff, by which means I can order everybody about like himself. It also gives old Peddie a command, which I am very glad of.

18th March.

In this stupid little room in which I am writing, I think rather too much of an old faithful woman at Charlie's Hope, but as I hope soon to lick Tyalie, I hope soon to be with her. But my hair has grown grey. I think, if it progresses as heretofore, I shall have a white top altogether. Not quite so bad as that either! But it is grey. Oh, I should like at this moment to ride into the dear little square! I can hear your voice when I left you on the 1st January, as plainly as possible. Do you recollect the glove in the hackney coach in London? * And so it will be again, *alma mia!*

20th March, 8 o'clock.

Don't be jealous, but my landlady has just sent me a present of half a dozen of champagne and two stone bottles of curaçoa, rather a treat to me the latter. The former I will astonish somebody or other with in the bivouac. Fine campaigning this, is it not?

I have just packed my leave-behind box and remaining papers, got a canteen of brandy for Paddy Balfour and myself, and ten pounds of tobacco for my escort, filled the two bags *you* made with tea and sugar, put up my knife, fork, and spoon, and thirteen plates into a leather letter-bag. The tea-kettle is tied to my saddle-bags. We make *carbonada* on a forked stick, oh, so good it is! quite different to what it is when done in a frying-pan: you then stick the one end of the stick in the ground, whilst the hot

* See vol. i. p. 212.

meat hisses in your face as you recline on your karosse *à la Turque*. Very fine. But the old round table at Charlie's Hope would do as well!

I really am capitally equipped, and if you were like me, *young*, I should like to have you with me. God knows but it will be cold before we get back. This Grahamstown itself is the coldest place in Africa. The moment you are five miles from it, the climate is much milder. Not a tree near it, scarcely a bush, and such bleak cold-looking hills you cannot conceive, as cold as the Pyrenees—where you rather roughed it than otherwise in the old paved tent. Do you remember when old Billy Mein, 52nd, used to come and drink with me grog made of very bad rum? We were not so nice then as to have brandy.

I have desired you have a Grahamstown journal sent you, and I beg you not to believe more than one-half of the alarming lies that will be published in it. This place ought to be called "Necessity," for it is the mother of invention.

Adios, alma mia di mi corazon. You have a good long letter this time.

ENRIQUE.

Camp near Willshire, 25th March.

Up at four; sing out to cook for coffee; "Minni" (sergeant of the escort), "feed horses"; "Japps, rouse up the escort"; "Up saddle, camp." Marched as soon as light into a nice bivouac. I have a most beautiful bush, and a still better one for His Excellency, and one between us both for Kittie. Capital breakfast; cows give lots of milk. Secretaries all at work building me a hut. Twenty men on fatigue building one for His Excellency, who has not yet arrived.

Nine o'clock. "Escort, up saddle"; "Japps, order Pompey for me and Minni's horse for Captain Jervis. We are going to look for a new line of road." Return to camp at one, having chalked out my road and sent a hundred men with Jervis to repair it. Report of five Kafirs prowling about the camp. Their spoor discovered back over the Keiskamma. Learn that His Excellency is not to leave Grahamstown for a day or two. Much mortified; I have built him a noble hut. Have a most capital hut myself, just completed, and wish *una vieja muger que se llama Juana* was within it.

Just received a report that some cattle are seen on the other side of the river. "Japps! a horse and my escort." "Ah, ah, sir!" Up saddle and off.

Just come back. I fancy I see some, and send out a patrol of 50 men under Field-Commandant Lindé, Swellendam Burghers. The finest old fellow upwards of 70 I ever saw, except my poor old Padre. Just such a game old fellow as *he* is. Order dinner. Bruintjes (you must be acquainted with him); Painter and Minni you know; all these are occasionally called in my delicate voice. Our conversation is now beginning. "Well, Bruintjes, what's for dinner?" "Some skin beef I can for soup mak." ("Don't make such a jaw, men; I can't hear what my cook says.") "Some pampoose too, sar, what master bring from Kafirland. Leetle onion, sar; a leg mutton for rost, sar; some bock what left yesterday, sar, what the Boers send master for hash; dat plenty, sar." "Yes, by G—d, plenty, Bruintjes. Well, good fellow, mind, coffee ready directly after dinner, then you shall have your grog. Keep me waiting, no grog. Japps, what the devil are those loose horses doing here about my hut?" Japps, in a voice something between thunder and the croak of a frog, roars out, "Heigh, you d—d Boers! You take way your horse from Coronel." The prospect of a good dinner makes me think I am dirty. "Painter, lay out my dressing things, lots of water, and a clean shirt." A glorious splash, the water as cool as possible, the day not being so hot as yesterday. I think in a day or so it may rain. All the better for our grass. The cow-boy, "Black Jim." "Well, Jim, what do you want?" "Kraal to be made for master's cows." "Very well, Jim; but make a kraal for the calves too." "Yah, Mynheer." "Or no grog." "Yah, Mynheer." "Now, be off."

"Field-Commandant Dreyer wishes to speak with you, sir," says the orderly sergeant. "Well, Dreyer, why the devil won't you come in? What a ceremonious humbug!" "Coronel was busy write." "Oh, you be d—d, and come in sit. Well, vaar is the Kafir?" "I canno say, meinheer. Coronel must loup into Kafirland." "How can I, Dreyer? I must wait for the Governor." "Well, where is the Governor? He must come; my mans is tired for 'nix mak.'" * "Can't help it, Dreyer."

* *I.e.* tired of doing nothing.

"Well, Sandford, what do you want? Paddie Balfour, and be whipped to you, don't make such a noise. Japps, send this order to Commandants Lindé and Dreyer." "Yas, sar."

Sandford. "Colonel, I want an escort for empty waggons to Grahamstown." "How many?" "Twenty-two." "By Heavens, we shall eat up all our stores, lying idling here: I will order an escort. Let them make haste back, and lots of rice and spirits, mind." "We are getting very short of beef too, sir." "Damnation, I hear nothing but bad news. Orderly, tell Greyling and Nel" (two capital Boers) "to come to me *immediately*. I will get meat, Sandford. Any more bad news?" "No, sir, plenty of stores as yet." "Well, Ford, did you bleed them?" "No, the camp is very healthy, and the wounded at Fort Willshire are all doing well." "Send for Adair. Order an escort for Sandford's waggons. Ford, come and dine with me, and be off now, I am busy. Well, Greyling and Nel, where are the bullocks and sheep?" "I know no tings, sar." "The devil you don't. Be off both of you immediately beyond Fort Beaufort. Bring me 40,000 sheep." "Nay, Mynheer." "Well, go and bring me as many bullocks and sheep as I shall give you an order for, when I and the commissary have made our calculations. Here, Andrews" (the Dutch secretary), "make out passports and authorities for all persons to aid and assist Greyling and Nel to go to Beaufort for sheep. Well, sir, what do you want?" (A great fat stupid-looking Boer standing at the hut door.) "Mynheer, mi vrouw——" "Andrews, what the devil does he want?" "To go home, sir, or to have his gun mended." "No, sir" (in a very low voice); "I want to go to my vrouw, but by G—d I can't." "No more shall you. Go to your camp, and be ready to shoot Kafirs. Here, bugler, sound the grog-horn." Then such a hurrah! "Almost dinner-time, Painter?" "No, sir, only five." "You are wrong." "No, sir, I am right." "You, sir, why do you contradict me? It is six by my appetite. Well, Hallifax, what is going on in Fort Willshire?" "Fort Harry, sir, will be finished in a day or two." (A little post he has established as a look-out, and named after me.*) "Wounded doing well." "Are you going to stay and dine?" "With great pleasure." 'Southey" captain of Guides), "let this way-post be sent to Captain Jervis,

* See p 355.

who knows where to place it at the turn-off of the new road." "Well, Bagot, what is it?" (He commands a battalion of Hottentots.) "Shall I post any additional sentries to-night?" "*Why?*" "Five Kafirs were about the camp." "I care not a —— if 5000 were around my camp. I will post my own picquets, ah! and sentries too—or vedettes, as I call them; ah! and take good care of our camp too. Five Kafirs shan't take us, be assured."

Well, old woman, this is a little specimen of one of my days in camp; so that you may readily conceive what a holiday a ride is. But all this is good fun enough, compared to the quill-driving in Grahamstown.

* * * * * *

What shall I do to-morrow? Think of old Juana. Yes, because I do nothing else, I believe; although all the fellows wonder what the devil I am made of. I am here, there, and everywhere. No party do I ever send out but in two seconds I am amongst them; when they look grave I sing (*beautifully*, as you know), and the Boers laugh at my gaiety beyond everything. A young, big, fat Dutchman has just come to my tent door, saying that he has no blanket, and that it is very wet. What is he to do? "Go to the devil, and warm yourself, you spoony. Make a fire, sir, and sing over it. I have given you grog. Why, I never had a blanket campaigning for ten years. You want pluck, sir. Be off." This is the way I go on almost day and night.

Night scene. "Hallo, sentry." "Sir." "What the devil are the dogs making such a noise about?" "Don't know, sir; they always make a noise." "Are the horses right?" "Yes, sir." "What horse is that, biting himself so?" "That horse is master's old horse, what carries the canteen." Then sleep. In an hour, "What horses are those I hear moving?" "Some escort with letters for Coronel." Out with a lucifer: light candles. Sometimes the letters are worthy a candle, oftener cock-and-bull stories. Lie down and sleep again. "Sentry, near daylight?" "No, sir, moon." "I wish the dogs were at the devil." "Make too plenty noise, sir." Sleep. Soon after, awake, look at my watch. "Hallo, bugler, blow the rouse; Japps, feed; Bruintjes, coffee. Painter!" "Coming, sir!" "Where are the straps to my trousers?" "Under your 'ead, sir." "Why, what an ass you are! Leave them in my boots. You, Jim,

where's the milk?" "Here, Mynheer." "Balfour, where are you?" "Coming, sir." "Why, the shadow in your tent makes you look like the knave of clubs." . . .

Adios, hija. Tu fiel, fiel,

ENRIQUE.

Camp on the Debe Flats,
8 o'clock on the night of the 1st April, Tom Fool's Day.

We are now pretty well collected, and Master is quite ready for anything. He is really a perfect soldier in the field, and to hear him laugh when I blow up the fellows in Dutch (that is, *my* Dutch)! But his delight is to dine and breakfast with me, particularly the latter. Our breakfast to-day was really perfection.

I have some excellent guides to all the passes in the ridge of hills which we are going to stir up to look for cattle. This Kafir war is nothing else than that. Read of Walter Scott's Borderers, and you will learn what Kafir warfare is:

"He would ride
A foray on the Scottish side."

It is just that. You gallop in, and half by force, half by stratagem, pounce upon them wherever you can find them; frighten their wives, burn their homes, lift their cattle, and return home quite *triumphant.*

4th April.

Last night at eight o'clock, on our return from a march of twenty-two hours, I received your dear letter. Yesterday I roared myself into one of my Vittoria lost voices,* and to-day I am whispering and swearing exclusively for my own amusement, for no one hears me. Old Doyle says I am still in advance in the talking way, and could afford a year's silence at least. Murray is sitting with me; he is my great friend. Your description of your robbery and the "cuchillo"† is highly amusing. I ought to publish it in this army, and show what a Spanish woman dare, for, by heavens! here I have some arrant cowards. The Boers of the old Commandos talk of the glories of former times, when the Kafirs had only assagais. But now that they have a few guns, which they use very badly, Mynheer funks. There are, however, some very fine fellows amongst them.

* See vol. i. p. 100. † "Knife."

Quite delighted to hear of the "Green Jacket" getting on the windows. We want very much some "Green Jackets" * here, for this warfare has all—nay! more than all—the fatigue of any other without the real excitement of war. Oh! the noise of the devils of captured cattle. Above a thousand head of cows and calves are now roaring in our ears.

Headquarters, Camp on the Debe, 5th April, 1835.

Our Hottentots are the most willing fellows possible. I call them my children, and all their little complaints, wants, and grievances they lay before me, which I listen to most patiently, for I exact a deal of work from them. . . . I will send off a warning order to the troops to march to-morrow at daylight. I always like to give the fellows all the warning I can. *Arrangements*, as His old Excellency calls them, are leather and prunella; for though he writes them beautifully, and in the most military and technical terms, there is not a soul in this camp who understands what he means; so that the pith of the matter is contained in the words, "March at daylight to-morrow, Monday, the 6th instant, commissariat and other waggons following column." There it is, and all hands understand that it takes just two hours for our commissariat train to arrive, from the moving off of the first waggon to the arrival of the last, when the road is good. You may, therefore, General Juana, conceive what it must be when there is any serious obstacle to pass. It is really quite ridiculous to see the proportion of soldiers to the waggons; for when stretched out on the road, each with eight bullocks, it looks as if each soldier had one waggon at least. You, General Juana, accustomed only to regular armies (except a few guerrillas or so), would laugh to see our motley group, with every costume of a mean kind which can be imagined,—the Boer with his old white slouch hat, his long gun, his miserable saddle and bridle; the Hottentots with a little low-crowned hat, black jacket and trousers; the 72nd's men with crackers,† their pipe-clayed belts left behind, and a little ordinary pouch substituted for the large one, wearing a forage cap with a large red leather peak, which makes every man look exactly as if he had sore eyes; old Dutton strutting about the camp in the paraphernalia of a Kafir chieftain's wife.

* *I.e.* soldiers of the Rifle Brigade.

† *I.e.* brown, buckskin trousers (Munro, *Records of Service*, i. 205).

Camp on the Buffalo, daylight or nearly so,
Friday, 10th April, 1835.

The Third Division, under Jem Cox, and the Fourth Division are going to remain here to hunt the rebel chiefs, while the First and Second and Headquarters go on to Hintza to bring back the captured cattle. I hope twelve days may see us back here again.

Bivouac on the Gunga Rivulet, six miles from the
Gonoube River, 4 p.m., 11th April, 1835.

I am writing on my knees, the table not having arrived in the waggon just yet, in a most beautiful bivouac on the banks of a woody streamlet with beautiful water, and grass up to the knees. We have marched twenty miles from the Buffalo upon the main road into Kafirland over very open country without seeing anything but some Kafir cranes, two khorans, and three partridges. Lots of kraals, but all have been deserted for some time.

I am half afraid Master is only to go to the Gonoube to-morrow—six miles—and halt the next day. Such slow work is quite dreadful. Last night I had a regular fight with him. He funked dividing the army—nay, actually gave it up for all I could say or do. I was perfectly mortified. However, in the middle of the night he changed his mind, and I had it all my own way. He is far too scientific for this guerrilla warfare, always full of combinations and reserves, and rears, and fronts, and cautions and dangers, and false movements, and doubts and fears. The greatest fault one can be guilty of is dash. Yet it is *the thing*, and there is nothing to fear.

I wish you were with me just now. The tent is all pitched, my table up, the rushes laid down, all my clothes put inside (as it looks as if a heavy dew were going to fall), a large heap of beautiful dry wood laid ready to light at daylight. The soup has been on at least two hours. Our dinner, I hope, will be good, for *me* most certainly, for all I care about is soup with rice, and I eat such a lot, about five times as much as when with my dear old woman. We get also a lot of beautiful pumpkins from the Kafirs' gardens, which help the soup, and we boil it with our rice. To-day, had there been time, we should have had a hare, which one of the men brought me yesterday; which I ordered to be stewed with rice and a piece of ham (Viva España!). But then we ought to have

had *un poco de aceyte y una cabeza de ajos*.* . . . I wonder how I write Spanish. Do you understand it or not? I get on just as fast with it as English, anyhow; and if you do not understand, 'tis you who have forgot your own language, and not I how to write it.

6 o'clock, evening. 12th.

No ladies or any cattle brought in to-day, but I think we are running the whole population to earth on the Kei. There are great marks or spoors of innumerable cattle having been driven towards it. This should be our *boundary*. It is as bare of wood as the fens in my country, or even your country, scarcely covert for a hare, much less for the wily Kafir, whom I look upon just as a wild beast and try to hunt him as such. I little thought that the pains I took to make a huntsman of myself would hereafter befit me for a general of renown in Kafir warfare. But so it is. "Right ahead" and a "forward cast" will soon ensure you "Woo-hoop," or as you call it "Oo-oop." (Don't "queeze" me, it is very "estraordinary," you always do so.)

I hope that you may hear from me every week. I do my best to ensure it, and as yet I trust you have not been disappointed. If you are, be assured it cannot be helped. The distance is so enormous, and the odd devils we have to send as escorts with the mails do not, like regular soldiers, enable one to say that it will arrive on such an hour on such a day. The Hottentots are to be trusted, poor fellows; but the Boers are too fond of sleeping. Although I get on famously with them, I have no *particular* opinion of their pluck, and always have about me my twelve men with double-barrelled guns, my escort, with old Japps, whose very holloa! would frighten a Kafir if his shot did not. Twelve more plucky fellows I never saw, and they watch me like hawks. If I move, they are after me and all round me, and every night mount sentry over me. If I whisper, Japps hears me. My bugler is no great hand as a musician, but the gamest fellow I ever saw (I am my own trumpeter, *n'est-ce pas, ma femme?*); but all our fighting is now over. It is quite an affair of Smithfield Market now, or will be in a few days.

* "A little oil and a clove of garlic."

Daylight on the 13th April.

We were all ready to march, when Master sent for me, and because Somerset's division is not up yet, has ordered a halt. I remonstrated, but it was of no use. He became touchy, talked of principal combination, military errors, etc. So I dropped the matter, as I always find it best to do at the moment, and renew it hereafter. Upon the whole, we are doing very well, but I fear he does not think so. He has been disappointed in not fighting a general action; which is a thing as likely to occur as that, *if* such were the case, the Kafirs would beat us.

They are in terrible dismay. Last night (for always two or three of them creep near us), the wind being favourable and the night very still, my Kafir guide sitting by the fire distinctly heard one call to another, "Ah, ah, the troops are come, and we shall be all killed." In my tent I heard their howl. I will indulge in another wash, although it cannot wash away the stain of this day's delay.

A nice cool morning, and I hope the day may be so too, for we have no shade. Not that I care about it; my hands are as black as my face, and that is the colour of dear little Moira's nozzle, and my head about as gray as her nose. A big Dutchman just put me in half a rage. He came for a bullock skin. I gave him the order on the commissary, and the brute said he did not know where or who the commissary was. Now surely it was right to blow up such a fellow? I have improved in my Dutch wonderfully, almost as much as your dear Spanish figure has progressed towards the Dutch.

This lost day is a bore. I shall be tired of it *all* soon. Indeed, the little excitement there was in the warfare has subsided, now that we have no enemy and I cannot make my little patrols. I have no ambition to be a Smithfield Market drover. We will make Hintza's Kafirs drive our cattle back, and guard it too. As I have before told you, it is wonderful how these devils can make the cattle go, when they are ever so tired. I feel delay more than ever, but a light heart (which thank God I possess) keeps me the most lively fellow in the camp. All the fellows in camp rejoice in me, thank God, and the soldiers would go to the devil for me. I feed them well. Two of the wounded fellows passed me yesterday, those with assagai wounds who had been with Murray. "Well, my boys, how are

you?" "Oh, quite well, sir." "Ah, it is me who gets you into such scrapes." "We will soon be ready to fight under your honour again with all our hearts and souls."

Halting-day, 13th April (continued).

We are just going to take a ride—Master, me, and escort—upon the road to the Kei, with some of our guides. And then such questions as he will ask these fellows, who are as ignorant of what he wants to come at as possible—the name of this hill, and the other, the source of this river, and that t'yaron, sometimes with impatience. But the dear old gentleman sets down all this to the credit of science and information, and thinks my guerrilla ideas are far too wild. To-day he said, "In your view of the case there is no combination. All is trusted to a blind succession of chances." So I bristled up and said, "General, war in itself is a succession of chances, like all other games. But science must be its basis, and the great science of war is to adapt its principles to the enemy you have to contend with and the nature of the country. If you do not, you give *him* so many chances of the game." This rather posed him. "Oh, certainly, I do not deny that. On the contrary, I agree with it." I did not like to push him any further, for the great danger I have to avoid is that of assuming towards him a dictatorial manner; and God knows my manner is *brusque* enough, soften it down as I will. I am obliged sometimes to speak out; but I do so with every endeavour to avoid hurting his feelings.

14th April, 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Just arrived from a march. We have taken a Fingo, a Kafir of an inferior order, who has given us very important information. He states that Hintza has all the Colonial cattle collected and ready to restore to us, and that he is within two days' march of us at his residence near the missionary station of Butterworth. I ought to have told you where we are: which is, as the crow flies, within six miles of the Kei, but twelve miles by the waggon road. The bed of the river is very evident, and the country now most beautiful again, intersected with ravines on a minor scale like those of the Pyrenees, beautifully studded with gardens, and with pumpkins innumerable.

15 April, 4 o'clock in the morning.

Just received a beautiful letter from Master, which put me in great alarm—full of very military reasons why our march to-day should be delayed, and begging me to come to him that we might discuss it. So off I started from my barrack-sheets and karosse, and after a little preamble I found him much more easily turned into my path than I expected. So we start to-day at seven. The enemy is so disheartened now, that I think if you were here with your female attendants and that large knife, with a red cloak on, the sable foe would fly before you.

"Now, Paddy Balfour, you ugly beast with your moustaches, pour out the coffee, and be d——d to you."

"Battle over, sleep in clover;
Who so happy as we in camp?"

I am in great spirits this morning at having overcome the delay. "Up saddle."

6 o'clock, 15th April.

This day has turned out much more auspicious than my utmost desire anticipated. I told you in the morning I was in high spirits, because Master consented to march down to the Kei. So I took care to be long before my time on horseback at his tent, with the advanced guard and my escort. He said with his usual politeness, "Pray, do not wait for me, Smith. Go on." The hint was quite enough. It was all I wanted, and off I set in as fast a shuffle as I could keep the cavalry horses in, down to the river (about 11 miles). We could observe the tops of the hills (almost mountains) on the other side covered with Kafirs. The more there were, the more I pushed on. On my arrival at the ford, I was challenged from the opposite side by "Hallo, English, do you know what river this is? This is Hintza's country. What do you want here?" I halted my troops, and made my Kafir desire one of them to lay down his arms and to come down to the river to speak to me. They were dreadfully frightened, but at last one laid down his assagai and by degrees in about an hour approached my Kafir. I told him to say that we were come to make Hintza give an answer to our former demand; that we would enter their country for the present as friends. All depended upon themselves and Hintza whether or not we were afterwards enemies.

During our conference we were joined by His Excellency, who highly approved of what I was doing. I went close to our side of the river—my Kafir sitting in the middle, Hintza's Kafir on the opposite side—and had a long jaw,* which ended in our entering Hintza's country for the moment as friends, and sending off for him. But no Kafir was to come near us with an assagai. The Kafir was a clever fellow, and wanted me to name a place to meet Hintza. I told him Hintza should have been on the river to meet the Governor, and we should march on until Hintza came. His Excellency was satisfied, so I said, "Now, sir, let us cross immediately." He was full of two or three little doubts, fears, military precautions, when I could stand it no longer, and roared out, "Mount!" "Now, General," I said, "I will cross, and you will see every fellow fly before me. Then pray send the whole army on."

It was as I said. The fellow with whom I had the parley came up to me on my ascent from the river and told me he would desire the people to keep out of my way and would lead me wherever I might like to go. He is a most civil, athletic savage, 6 feet 3 inches high. He is now sitting with me, having eaten half a sheep, and his manner is really very fine. He liked my gingered tea exceedingly, but could not bear brandy. We have just had a visit from three of Hintza's councillors. He himself is in the upper country. We have told them what I have before stated, and they are to send off for their king immediately. They promised fairly, and seemed terribly frightened when we threatened them with Fakoo in their rear.

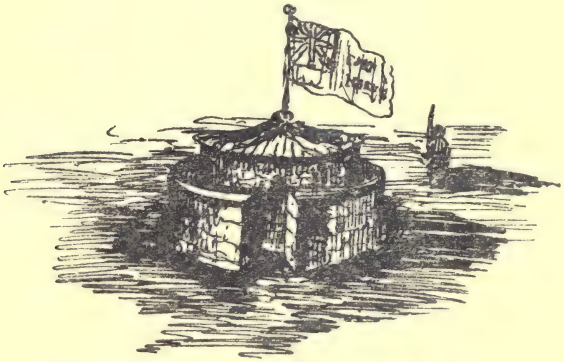
I can talk Kafir wonderfully—*Asapā*, "come here"; *A Bāmbā*, "good-bye"; *Ekwee*, "yes". Now that is a great deal to learn in one day, besides crossing a river and getting over a flock of *sheep* rather than *soldiers*, pleasing a master, writing nonsense to an "auld wife," and orders for the camp, blowing up fifty people at least, shaking hands with some fifty Kafirs, and giving them tobacco, and a breakfast to two of them, who were highly delighted. The graceful air and gentlemanlike manner in which they thank you is really astonishing. No French marquis of the *ancien régime* could exceed their bow and expression of countenance. The

* Alexander has a picture of this scene, with others of the war, drawn by Major Michell, Surveyor-General.

knowledge they have, too, of passing events is totally surprising. They are perfect politicians, and talk to me of the general policy of our countries.

4 o'clock, 16 April.
On the road to Butterworth, Hintza's residence.
Gona Camp, 7 miles over the Kei.

Hallifax, who literally loves me, has made a fort, which he and Bingham—the impudent rascals!—call Fort Harry, just above Fort Willshire; and last night they sent me a copy of a drawing they have made of it, and which I send to you. It is a very useful little work, I assure you, and must be admired by you because its name is Harry.



FORT-HARRY.
Hallifax et Bingham fecit

Old Pato has just arrived with the waggons and one of his chiefs, come, he said, to learn *the news*. He has sent a message to his cousin Hintza. Old Pato says Hintza is a *great chief*. We must wait patiently with him, and give him time. He is a *great chief*. So I told him, great or small, if he or a messenger from him were not in to-morrow, I would be at his people immediately. At this old Pato and his captain laughed fit to kill themselves. They are two monkey-faced rascals, but they are dressed like Dutchmen, and really very well-behaved fellows. *Adios por el momento.*

17th April, 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

After rather an uninteresting march, the country being very monotonous, here we are in the most beautiful and highly cultivated valley, close to Hintza's residence and immediately in front of the missionary institution of Butterworth, formerly occupied by Mr. Ayliff, but now abandoned. We breakfasted in a nice little ravine with good water and visits innumerable from the Fingoes, whose cattle are grazing all around us, giving the air of harmony, peace, and confidence. These Fingoes are a race of men formerly dispersed by Dingaan's tribe. They took refuge in Kafirland, and are but ill treated and little looked upon by the Kafirs. They are exceedingly inclined to befriend us, and if Mr. Hintza is not what I know he will be, we will arm all these Fingoes and use them as an instrument of vengeance against their oppressors. They are a fine athletic set of fellows.

Master is very communicative to me, and, I am vain enough to think, takes my advice, but it is difficult to advise. My mind is not enough awake to the subject. When the responsibility is mine, my versatile disposition turns the subject in a thousand ways, and at daylight a bright ray of intellect has heretofore been kind enough to say, "Enrique, do so-and-so." It is really astonishing when I reflect upon my late career; everything has occurred to me as if by inspiration. All my little successes have flashed across my mind in an instant, and have been to the utmost of my power as instantly put into execution.

Midday, Saturday 18th.

One of Hintza's principal councillors, who came to us the first day, has just come in with a long tail, and claims an audience. He is a little shrewd-looking old fellow with a tiger-skin karosse, and brings as a present and token of good faith and amity a bullock.

We have given him a saddle and bridle, and oh, the delight of the fellow! Thirty-five are sitting round me, having thrown off their karosses, as naked as they were born, one, a great orator, holding forth to the honour of the British nation—I dare say a great humbug; however, we can humbug too. I have just given all of the councillor's tail a piece of tobacco, and his orator a tinder-box; also to two a knife apiece, and oh, such kissing of hands! He says Hintza will be here to-night or to-morrow.

7 *o'clock.*—Oh, it has just begun to lighten tremendously, and the thunder rolls ten thousand cannon. Such vivid lightning I scarcely ever saw, like a blue light at sea, and lasting almost as long. Heavens, what a storm! I must shut up my desk. Good God, how it blows and rains and lightens! The candle is almost flapped out with the walls of the tent; I will finish this page though, if possible, rain or no rain. Viva Mr. Hintza's country! You are a changeable fellow, hot and cold, wet and dry, light and dark in a moment. Blow, rain, thunder, lighten, but pray let me write to my poor old wife, for I can't go to my bed yet, the rain so spatters through my tent.

Evening of the 19th, Sunday.

About 2000 Fingo captains have come in to say they must return into the colony with their wives and families, which will be granted them, so that I shall have a pretty increase of my cares. These are, as I have before told you, real game fellows, and, supported by my best of Hottentots, will drive more cattle out of the kloofs on the bed of the Kei in one day than we could in a week. It will be a measure of great policy, too, to bring with us a settlement of people so well disposed towards us and place them upon our new frontier. They appear to be of a much more docile nature than the wild Kafir, whose head is mischief and heart deceit.

I therefore hope to see them and their families comfortably located on a good ground and their huts built before winter, and hereafter they must be taught to build cottages. I feel convinced that nothing would tend to the civilization of these poor people more than domestic comfort in a nice cottage in place of lying all together like dogs in a kennel. . . . Good-night, my soul, my love, my wife.

ENRIQUE.

9 o'clock at night, 19th April.

I have just received a deputation of *royal blood.* The look-out officer reported to me that about one hundred Kafirs were coming towards the camp in a friendly manner and without assagais, so off I started with my orderlies to meet them, making sure they were from Hintza. On my approach I halted them, and

desired one to come out, when out came a tiger-karosse man. He said he was the captain, Kuba, come to pay his respects to the Governor, and asked the *news*, which is their mode of wishing to know whether we are friends or foes. I told him that four of his people might come with him, and I would then conduct him to the Governor. The Governor told them the news was with Hintza. This was all they could get from him, but he was very civil.

We encamp in a very curious way—not as in the Peninsula, the General some distance from the camp. We are all in a square, the troops outside, the General and staff and all the commissariat and oxen and waggons within. Sentries outside of the whole.

I have just returned from poor old Master, who now is *very kind* to me, and treats me with the most marked attention. He said, "Well, have you sent the sketch of yourself to Mrs. Smith?" "Oh yes." "Do you know what Michell says?" "No, sir." "Why, that if he could get you to stand still for one minute, he could make a perfect likeness of you." "By God, sir, I have not time to stand still." "I believe you," said the old boy; "you have not stood still;" and he shook my hand.

20th April.

I have just ordered Bruintjes to bring me a camp-kettle lid full of embers, and now am quite warm. Such a cold day as this would put me in a fever about you, were you here, lest you should get cold, lest you should not have all you want. For years now (that horrid thing, Time!) you have been accustomed to luxury. When I was first *troubled* with you, you were a little, wiry, violent, ill-tempered, loving, always faithful, little devil, and kept your word to a degree which at your age and for your sex was as remarkable as meritorious. How often have I admired you for it! Had it not been for your own good sense and faith to me, I should not have had my dearest love as a young woman, nor an old Boba to whom to pour out the feelings of an affectionate heart. But please Almighty God, I shall have this old woman with me, until we both dwindle to our mother earth. And when the awful time comes, grant we go together at the same moment!

It is time we changed our camp. This delightful valley, so beautiful in its crops of Indian and Kafir corn, the hills around,

so luxuriantly clothed with grass, are all now eaten off or trod down by the innumerable bullocks, horses, and animals we have with us, and bear the countenance of what you have so often seen —war and devastation. When we march to a fresh bivouac, all is again green and gay.

"Battle over, sleep in clover;
Who so happy as we in camp?"

Answer, "Enrique with his Juana at Charlie's Hope." Oh, I must tell you of the compliment the Kafirs paid me the other day by calling me a *beauty!* They yesterday, after looking at my feet in my brown boots, asked the interpreter where I put my toes, and then like great baboons they laughed at their own wit, so that we all turned to and laughed also.

The soldiers were very much amused yesterday with me, when cross-questioning one of the Hottentot deserters. I asked his name, which was—what do you think?—Henri Smith! By Jupiter, how the fellows laughed! However, I had my jaw too by saying, "All Smiths are sharp, active-looking fellows, and so is our deserter rascal."

I am glad to see those rogues leave the Kafirs. Nothing disheartens the brutes so much as the supposition that you know what they are doing. They will, on account of it—we are given to understand—change their plans even. It is just so with a wild beast (you were a sportswoman once, you know, dearest). Head a wolf, fox, hare, any *bête de chasse*, and it will change its whole plan of escape immediately. So it is with the Kafir.

10 o'clock, 20th April.

Somerset's division, or rather the *débris* of it, has just arrived in twos and threes, forty times worse than the army of Burgos was in the pig-shooting days which you witnessed. This is the way in which it has marched these three days. To-morrow His Excellency inspects this division (what a name for it!), and I will answer for it we will still muster a few horses fit to do something.

23rd April, daylight.

My fifty Fingoes just coming in like Trojans. I have ordered each 3 pounds of meat. Upon my word, I never saw

anything so fine as my fifty Fingoes, all with their assagais and their shields, and singing as they marched along, all aroused as if the blood of their forefathers was flowing through their veins, when their nation was independent and important amongst the other savages. They then gave me a war-whoop, and jumped, and then sang again most melodiously in a deep sonorous voice, with a most harmonious bass. Nothing villainous in their countenances, but full of heroism and fine feeling.

9 *at night.*—Oh, such a Johnny Raw as old John Bell sent up to us to-day, young——! The General did not know what the devil to do with him, and sent for me. I soon appointed him a Volunteer to the 1st Provisional Battalion, and as he had neither tea, sugar, coffee, nor brandy, he was a pleasant fellow to join a half-starved officers' mess. I set him up with 2 lbs. tea, 4 lbs. sugar, 4 lbs. coffee, and a canteen of brandy, with this good advice: "Be broad awake, sir, and learn to speak quick." I was very near telling him to get his hair cut. Tell dear old John to send us no more such trash.

Bivouac on the T'solo, a small stream running into the T'somo, which runs into the Kei, 30th April, 1835.

Viva Enrique!

Mi Queridissima Muger,

Since the 24th, I have not been able to talk with you, and in these six days your old man has worked wonders. *Hintza dined with me yesterday, and is my son.*

On the morning of the 24th instant, His Excellency having waited nine days for a communication from Hintza and none arriving, proclaimed hostilities to a chief named Kuba (Lynx-eyes), and fired a gun in great ceremony. Knowing pretty well that nothing but the most vigorous and indefatigable exertions would bring this fickle chief to terms, I had a little bit of an army of both divisions told off for me, with which I immediately commenced operations, the results of which are detailed in the accompanying two letters. With them I send my dear old woman a copy of the General Order on the subject.

On the afternoon of yesterday, on my return, His Excellency, who was most highly delighted at my success, informed me that on the 27th and the 28th, he had received communications from

Hintza, but he had refused to treat with any one but himself. "Right, sir," says I, "by G—d." He continued, "This afternoon you will see him himself, or I am the most deceived of men." (However, I held in readiness a detachment of fresh troops to march against Boku at two o'clock in the morning on a fresh venture.)

About four our picquets reported a body of horsemen coming in. We sent out Beresford to meet it, and in rode the *Great Chief*, a very good-looking fellow, and his face, though black, the very image of poor dear George IV. He seemed perfectly satisfied of his safety among us, and acted majesty with great dignity, though nearly naked like the rest. He said to the Governor that he was ready to proceed to business.

His Excellency, therefore, read sentence by sentence a long story of grievances, which our interpreter *spoke*. Hintza paid great attention, occasionally made a remark, and when it came to the terms on which we would make peace, he sighed two or three times; then gave a toss of his head and said he would consider of them.

I asked him to dine with me. He and one of his councillors came, and you would have laughed to have seen us all. He fed himself very well, ate enormously, drank only water, but lots of coffee, with pounds of sugar in each cup. After dinner he began politics. I soon saw he was for coming to terms. He said he looked upon me as his *Father*. I therefore soon cleared my tent of all but myself, the Interpreter, Hintza, and one of his councillors. In deep whispers he proceeded to talk over the present state of affairs, pointed out the insubordination of many of the chiefs under him, and, to make a long story short, we swore eternal amity and friendship and privately concluded peace on *our* terms. The whole was to be publicly ratified in the morning.

I stuck to my *son*, turned out all the troops, and assembled all the officers. The Governor appeared at their head, I and Hintza and his councillors opposite. I having pledged myself to be his patron and answer to the Governor for his fidelity (which highly pleased him), he then ratified all the conditions of our treaty and shook hands with the Governor and with me.

I then said, "Now let it be proclaimed far and near that the Great Chief Hintza has concluded a peace with the Great King of England, and let the cannon fire."

Three guns were loaded and fired in succession accordingly. Hintza was delighted. All our prisoners had been released. We had a capital breakfast together, and soon after gave him his presents. I never saw a creature so delighted. He swears by me. The main points of our treaty are these (there are several minor ones) —that he shall within five days give up 25,000 head of cattle and 500 horses, and that this day twelvemonth he shall pay 25,000 more and 500 more horses. He is to place two hostages in our hands for the fulfilment of his treaty, but as to hostages, he says, "Why, I will remain with you myself." He is to order the rebel chiefs to submit, and to consider our enemies his. I am quite amused with the fellow. Now, old woman, I give myself more credit for my negotiations than anything else, and God knows I have been the humble instrument for concluding this arduous and laborious war most satisfactorily. I have followed the enemy everywhere, driven him out of every den, captured 25,000 head of cattle in all, and concluded an honourable peace. The poor Excellency is most delighted. The labour I have encountered from the morning of the 24th to the afternoon of the 30th has astonished everybody, nay, even myself. It is nearly equal to my ride up from Cape Town.

Hintza's son is just come in, a very fine young man about nineteen or twenty. I am to have the honour of his company at dinner, with that of his papa, my son. . . . Oh, to-day my heart was full to overflowing! I had taken prisoner the brother of a chief called Chopo. I told him yesterday that he or his brother must pay 500 bullocks for his ransom. Then he said, "My liberty is a hopeless case"; and he sighed and looked so melancholy, I quite pitied him. He was a very handsome, nice youth. After peace was proclaimed, I sent for him and liberated him, and I declare he made such demonstrations of real gratitude, that the poor savage saw a tear steal down my cheek. I could not help it. Poor fellow, how delighted I was to have it in my power to confer the great boon of liberty on a poor fellow-creature! —almost a reward for my labour, I declare.

To-morrow we begin to turn our heads towards home, but we must wait for the cattle. Hintza has sent in all directions for it, and it is to be here in five days from to-morrow's sun.

How you would laugh to see me walking about the camp with Hintza leaning on my arm!

Four o'clock, 30th April.

What do you think has been my occupation for this last half-hour? One very much in my way. Stringing a large necklace of glass beads for young Hintza. I have just hung it round his neck in three rows.

1st May.

Just four months to-day since I left you, dearest. What a time it does appear! Good heavens! four years at least.

There never were such game fellows as these Hottentots. The other night in the Kei, after a terrific march, when we got up to the enemy, I halloed them on like a pack of hounds, and, upon my word, they flew past me through the bush like buffaloes, making everything crack before them.

Only fancy, my dear old woman, what must have been my five days' late campaign. I never shaved from the 24th to the evening of the 29th, nor did I ever comb my hair. My toothbrush my only luxury. I changed my pantaloons because in a cattle hunt the mimosa bushes literally tore them off. The difficulty of obtaining information where anything is going on occupies every moment one has off horseback. One of the days I was out, Paddy Balfour—meaning well, God knows—sent my led horses with the infantry, and at night I had the gratification to find myself 25 miles from them. We had lots of cattle, but killing and eating two hours after dark is rather a bore. Luckily, one of the men gave me a bit of tongue—no salt nor biscuit, but I was delighted with it. Next morning, on joining the infantry, having had no cup of coffee, I was so hungry, by heavens! I could have bit a piece out of my wife's shoulder, when one of the escort hauled out of a dirty haversack a bone of a goat, which he had already had a gnaw at. So I turned to at that, and gnawed it as greedily as little Moira seizes everything out of one's hand. However, after joining my horses, I had a real good breakfast, and we then marched 25 miles over mountains steeper than the Pyrenees, and the weather down in the Amava was exceedingly hot. However, we have overcome all difficulties.

8 o'clock in the evening, 1st May.

I have written a very long letter to dear old John Bell. I wish I could let him be behind the scenes in one of my councils

with the chief. Such rascals as they are, trying to overreach you. My delight is for a long time to keep playing with them, as though thoughtlessly about to concede their request, then suddenly to turn round when they least expect it, show them what they are aiming at, and then say, "No, decidedly not. A man never changes 'the word.' It is written—the cannons have fired." This figurative and metaphorical mode of speech they are very fond of. I carry on all our negotiations in this way, until it comes to the point. Then I disrobe the question and put it in plain matter-of-fact language. Altogether it is good fun for the moment, but I can see that as these rascals are bereft of their fears they will become troublesome and try every shift in their power.

We expect Thomson up daily. Master and he will have a long ride or two—I think to decide on eligible spots for a line of posts along the Kei. It is decided we take possession of all this country; but as yet we have not touched upon it to Hintza, to whom it matters but little, as we take possession of no territory belonging to him personally, but of a large portion of his brother Boku's. There does not appear to be any particular love between the two.

2nd May, 5 o'clock.

Just going to send His Majesty his coffee. I sent him one cup yesterday morning, and asked if he would have any more He said, "Oh yes; I have a large belly."

Later.—On the march to-day met Boku coming in with 20 cattle—all the Colonial cattle he has, the villain.

We had a great scene in camp to-night. There are about 150 followers of these chiefs in camp, and some of them have been murdering the poor wretches of Fingoes, who have placed themselves under our protection. So His Excellency got very naturally irate and blew them up considerably. After to-day's march I recommended that all their assagais should be given up. By way of intimidation Hintza said his people would throw them. So I said I was delighted. I went in amongst them and ordered them to lay down their assagais. They began to untie them and really get ready to throw. So I laughed like the devil, and in a voice like thunder ordered the picquet of thirty men standing with

their left flanks towards them about fifty yards off to wheel up to its left, which brought their front immediately opposite the group of Kafirs, at the same time ordering my corps of Guides to file round their rear. The cowards were electrified, and immediately roared out, "Oh, we will give them up! we will give them up!" and in two minutes they were collected. I then went in amongst them with tobacco, and oh, such fun as I had throwing it in amongst them and making them scramble for it!

Hintza, who is really gentlemanlike in his manner, his brother Boku, another brother, and Kreili—Hintza's son—dined with me. And I made them laugh too, although at first they pretended to be rather sulky at their men's arms being taken away. I allowed the chiefs to retain theirs.

Cox reports that Tyalie, etc., are in a state of the most miserable alarm. He cannot get near any of them. They are flying about in small parties, literally afraid for their lives.

3rd May, 10 at night.

My son Hintza and I have been at loggerheads very much this afternoon. I let him alone all day, although I could see he was doing nothing nor intending to do anything. At 4 o'clock I summoned him, Boku, and their great councillor Umtini to a talk, and demanded that the two messengers should go to Tyalie and Macomo. They struggled in every possible way. I stormed with the Articles of Treaty in my hand, marched down an additional picquet, doubled the sentries, and then said, "Hintza, my son, I am pledged to the Governor for your faith, and my head is likely to be cut off for your infidelity, so that if you do not fulfil every tittle of the Articles of Peace, we will carry you, Hintza, Boku, Vadana, and your son Kreili, with us into the Colony and keep you until the good faith we have expected from you be extracted by force."

You never saw fellows more astonished. I then made Hintza and his great councillor Umtini come and dine with me. Hintza and he at first were awfully dull, but ate a good dinner. I had six sentries around my tent. After dinner I cleared it of all but the Interpreter, and then said, "Now we will have a talk, and I will again 'give you the word.'" The sentries were told off, and when I said, "Are you there?" every man was to roar out, "Yes, sir."

We parted friends, he in a funk, his followers all disarmed. I marched him down to his tent with ten sentries. Ninety men of the 72nd Regiment are round him, and every minute I make them sing out "All right! All right!" from sentry to sentry. En la moda Española, "Sentre alerte? Alerte soy."

Poor devils! If Hintza had been educated and had lived among well-disposed Christians, he would have been a very fine fellow. I like him and Umtini, but I hate all the rest except young Kreili, his son, who is a very nice modest youth.

4th May. Monday morning, daylight.

Did I tell you that last night Hintza said he had rather at once pay the 50,000 head than half in a year? To this I agreed. I have therefore promised Hintza that if in five suns more he brings us the whole of our demand, I will return him 5000 bullocks and 100 horses. Probably this may act upon him, for he will certainly keep them for himself.

6 o'clock, 4th May.

My Royal Son has grown particularly modest or *cold*, for he asked me to give him a pair of pantaloons. I gave him two. His delight when you give him anything is quite "estraordinary."

Oh! to-day the uncle of Maquay came in to see me. He says (literally) his heart is full to me for my kindness when I might have taken his life. All his wives thank me, and he will never cease to love me. When he went away, he held my hand, kissed it, and bid me good-bye, wishing me all the cattle in the world! A fine manly-looking fellow. When he was quite out of sight, I sent for him back and made him several presents. His gratitude almost overflowed. I let him go first to see if he came in the hope of getting something, but no, it was pure gratitude. One can scarcely consider such a being a savage. If so, he had better remain in his present state.

Poor devils! these little opportunities of kindness make me very happy for the moment. It is hardly fair so to frighten them, but without it nothing can possibly be done with them.

I was perfectly satisfied with the message sent to-day to Tyalie and Macomo. I summoned Hintza and all the royal personages

into my presence and desired them to send their message to the rebels. Hintza told Boku to speak. He did so very slowly and impressively to the purport I wished.

5th May, an hour before daylight.

They trumped up a tale in the camp last night that the Kafirs were going to make an attempt that night to rescue their chiefs, by help of a body without. I laughed at it most heartily, but as Master placed much credit in it as a likely thing to occur (very likely!), why, to please him I took the necessary precautions, as he terms it. Amongst others, I desired Captain Murray of the 72nd, should the attempt be made, to go in very quietly to Hintza's and Boku's tent and put them to death, but not to do so until there was a probability of a rescue; so their escape was pretty well provided for, I think.

All is quiet, however, as I ventured to anticipate, contrary to the opinion of all other persons, or nearly so, in camp; but they none of them have been quite so often on outlying picquet as *you* have been, or accustomed to the little constant services of danger on which I have been for a number of years. (What a conceited old rascal you are, Mr. Enrique!)

This is the 5th sun; now for the faith of my son. I expect some of the 25,000 head, but not all, because I know he has not had time to fetch it since the Peace, so far off had he driven it.

Oh, how all that delay at Grahamstown has altered everything! It might have been all over a month ago, the farmers in their homes, the families who had suffered from the invasion in possession of cattle and roofing their houses or rebuilding them; land apportioned to those who wished for it in the new boundary; every Kafir tribe dreading the name of an Englishman from the rapidity as well as force with which he strikes; thousands of pounds saved to our country; and last, but by no means least, I at home with my dearest faithful wife.

2 *o'clock.*—I have just given out the order of march for the 1st and 2nd Divisions for to-morrow, the 6th; the latter to cross the Kei, and continue its march back to the Colony with the captured cattle, Fingoes, etc., and all the impedimenta; the first division to move into the camp just on this side of the

Kei, where we halted and bivouacked the first day after we crossed.

My tent just filled with Dutchmen come to bid me good-bye. They all march to-morrow, thank Heaven. I do pity them; but if ever Job had had to deal with them, I feel satisfied he would not have acquired his character for patience. I am liked by them, however, and, notwithstanding the many rowings I have given them, am glad to part friends with all that are good for anything.

Afternoon.—The poor Boers keep coming in to bid me good-bye, and with all their hearts. God knows, it is with all my heart I say good-bye. I would never attempt to learn Dutch now. Such is my horror of the language, a bevy of beautiful maidens could not tempt me into a Dutch parley.

9 *at night.*—The Clarksbury party have at last arrived—lots of parsons; and we march to-morrow towards the Kei.

Boku was to have brought 600 head of cattle in to-day for the murder of Purcell and Armstrong. His messengers came after dark, bringing in nineteen head. So I sent Paddy Balfour to kick them out of camp, and the Interpreter to Boku to say I had done so.

Later.—I have just given Kili, or Kreili, a necklace for his mother. The youth was quite delighted. You cannot conceive a more handsome half-black fellow. He has such a gentlemanlike figure. At first I thought he wanted intellect, but to-day I find it is nothing but modesty. We were talking of the Kei and the rivers which fall into it, when he became quite eloquent, and described the great river, its source, and tributary streams far better than his father or the prime minister. My Royal guests were in great spirits indeed. Hintza talked much about his fifteen queens. They have increased five lately. At first he acknowledged to only ten. He says he loves them much. He never ceases to think of them, when I do not bring out the long paper. He is always horrified at the long paper. I told him to-night we were going to cross the Kei to-morrow. He said, "Very well; I am doing all I can about the cattle, but I, like others, must have time. I cannot perform impossibilities. The cattle are so far off, they could not be here within the five suns."

Morning of the 6th.

The day has turned out so wet, I have been obliged to countermand the march of the two Divisions. The roads here are so steep and so slippery in descending and ascending to and from the Kei, they are totally impassable to the waggons. Therefore discretion says "halt," and patience says "the devil."

If you were to see how Paddy Balfour works for me now, how he tries to have all my things about me right and comfortable! And in the field he is a very useful and a proper plucky fellow, and *now* knows something about his business, as do a very few more of them—ignorant enough at first, but all, all, most ready and willing to learn. They fly to obey, nay, even anticipate my wishes. Thank God! I never wish to serve with a nicer set of fellows.

How it does rain! Well, a fine day to-morrow. How it used to rain in the Pyrenees, *ti acordas, mi pobrecita?** Oh, how I pitied you some days, although I never said so! But the most varmint thing you ever did was to get on your horse that cold day and ride to Mont de Marsan to return the poor kind woman her bridal basin.† No person on earth but you would have done that.

I do not think I told you that in one of his notes to me Master expressed a wish that I would move Cox's 3rd Division from the immediate vicinity of the enemy, that is, from the Amatola to Brownlee's missionary station on the Buffalo, at the point where the high-road crosses into Kafirland. I said, "What is the object, sir?" "Oh," he says, "then the army will be concentrated." "Sir," I said, "the sole object I have aimed at and studied is to send the troops in every direction in detachments strong enough to protect themselves, because such is the practice of the enemy. I have never yet sent out any detachment that they did not do something, either take some cattle or a horse or shoot a Kafir or two." So he said, "Very well, let the 3rd Division remain where it is." However, to please him, I have sent 300 of Van Wyk's 4th Division there, because it does not matter whether they are there or in any other place, they are so sick of the war, although they have done much and good service and are real game and plucky fellows. So by agreeing in trifles, as I told you, I succeed in getting the essentials as I like.

* "Do you remember, poor child?"

† See vol. i. p. 168.

Ah! all this is very fine, but I am naturally so lazy a fellow I long to be back again. I do not mind the fox-hunting part of it, but the dry official writing is awful.

Hija, I have just thought of a very nice amusement for you, and one which would be very probably hereafter useful to me. Copy in a book everything descriptive of what we have done, my scenes with my followers, my descriptions of the war, Kafir chiefs, policy, etc., in short, everything but my *touterias*.* The rest I will some day publish in the life and adventures of Harry and Jenny Smith.

7th May.

This wet weather does put me in mind of the Pyrenees—that cold camp we had on the very top of them, when our tent was floored with large cold stones, the only time I ever smoked a little, when you made me a little paper segar, and tea, too, to drink with it.

It is so cold, too; however, cold or no cold, in future, if I campaign again in a friend's country, my Juana must be of the party; I cannot again be separated. But in this savage warfare, it would have been folly, nay, the height of cruelty, to have brought you.

Half-past 12.—Hang the rain! it has begun again as hard as ever.

Oh, how I see you now, I think, at Government House in your fancy dress, your dearest shape so divulged, *aquella gracia Española*, the remembrance of our youthful days and what you have gone through for me, brought back by the costume; all the room admiring you and your dress, and in that room one heart in which the universal admiration is concentrated, because he knows that love of a woman is his own, and knows what others do not—the qualities of her mind, the generosity of her heart, the superiority of her character, void of all littleness, the strength of mind of a noble-hearted man, the soft feelings and affection of the most delicate of her sex!—

> "Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
> But framed for all the witching arts of love."

I see you sitting thus dressed at dinner. How I watch you

* "Nonsense."

sometimes when I see you animated, your dear full bosom heaving, your eyes flashing fire, whilst with a heart of innocence and joy you are recounting some of our old campaigning stories, and the listeners wonder that a creature so delicately framed could have endured such awful fatigue and for one unworthy of her! Oh, God bless her!

5 *o'clock.*—My master has just sent me a confidential communication which in the strictest confidence I impart to my own soul for *her*, *her* sacred ear alone. It is a copy of his ultimate treaty of peace with Hintza when the latter has fulfilled the engagements of his former treaty; a copy, that is to say, of his proclamation declaring the territory conquered up to the Kei to belong to his Britannic Majesty, including the territory beyond the T'somo. That is, the new boundary-line of this colony is to extend to the sea, up the Kei, following the course of the T'somo to the Stormberg. It will include a most magnificent track of country, I assure you.

The whole is framed upon various conversations which I have had with him.

I have just sent for Umtini, and have desired him to tell Hintza that as two days have passed beyond the time named in the Treaty and he has done next to nothing to fulfil it, he, his son, Boku and Vadana with their retinue, are our prisoners-of-war, and that we now demand the 50,000 cattle and the 1000 horses before he is liberated. Umtini began a parley, but as usual I took hold of the Treaty of Peace, thumped it and gave him "the word," then assumed the civil and asked him what he wanted. He said, a sheep, some biscuit, and some tobacco. We shook hands, and so we parted.

9 o'clock at night.

Just done dinner. We had Major White there, the Assistant Quartermaster-General, a very excellent fellow, very fond of me and argument. I never argue except with old Johnstone, but White, Murray, and Beresford had plenty to say, laying down the law about everything. These kind of conversations make one laugh sometimes, but oh! how I do hate man's society; the same monotonous ideas day after day. Give me strong exercise all day and lots of women to talk with at dinner, and then to my own

home with *my own*. But times alter, and so do I. Give me my own fireside, my own wife, my dogs, my horses, my domestic happiness, and let me alone.

Just finished a very long and laborious report for His Excellency, with comments upon his ideas of the new frontier line, its defence, and the force to be kept in the field for the purpose of driving the hostile tribes, even though they make peace with us, across the Kei. Near us they cannot stay. I differ very little in a general point of view from my Master, but he is for not occupying a post nearer than thirty miles to the Kei, I am for occupying a more advanced one, within ten or eleven miles of it, and patrolling frequently up to it. There is a degree of weakness which I am averse to avow in proclaiming an extensive territory as ours, and not placing a soldier upon it within thirty miles of the boundary. These posts will be all fortified so as to prevent any aggression on the part of the enemy, and a moderate time after the proclamation I would shoot every Kafir not authorized to remain in our territory.

Head Quarters, east of the Kei, 8th May, 1835.

Now, my dearest old companion, comes the tug of war!

As I expected, but dare not previously say so, I am to be kept upon the frontier, Heaven knows how long! My Head Quarters are to be on the Buffalo, where there was a nice house, a missionary station. It has been burned, but as the walls stand it may soon be made habitable. Come to the welcoming arms of your faithful husband!

9th May.

On the Kei, ready to cross to-morrow, when a great ceremony will be performed, in proclaiming our conquered territory. The new boundary is to be the Kei. This is better than the T'somo, as the T'somo runs far too much in Hintza's country.

How I long to get to the Buffalo, to see where and how I shall build our house! Williams of the Engineers is ordered up with Sappers, etc., and that is to be his first occupation. We are going to found a town there, to be called William's Town; but this is a secret.

I fear this cunning rogue, Hintza, will give us some trouble ere we get the cattle. He is a shuffling scoundrel. I am making

him go with me to-day on a bit of a tour. He says he can get the cattle if I can help.

God bless you, dearest woman; the pleasure I think on, dream on, is in some degree banished by a knowledge of the fatigue which you must undergo. God bless you! But when we meet we will forget all, and then, in light marching order, once more we will go together, together everywhere. As the old man campaigns so well, why should not the old woman?

ENRIQUE.

Fort Smith, 18th May, 1835.
On the right bank of the Kei, about seven miles from it.

Viva Enrique!

This is the 9th day, and I have not sent a word to my dear old wife. The hand of the Almighty God has been again upon me. Since I last wrote to you from the other bank of the Kei, I have made one of the most extraordinary marches ever made by troops, but I enclose a copy of my despatch.

One day (Mr. Hintza's, the scoundrel) was an awful one, I assure you. What with hunting him, and taking the cattle at night, I was rather done, I admit; but I had some mutton chops and coffee, and in an hour was fit again for a night's march. At three o'clock did I again set off on a venture. Though it was not successful as to bullocks, it had a fine political effect, that in three days from the bed of the Kei, a British force was in sight of the bed of the Umtata, etc.

Oh! if I could but describe the countenance of Hintza when I seized him by the throat and he was in the act of falling. A devil could not have breathed more liquid flame. I shall never forget it. I have his bracelets for you, and, what is more, the assagai he sent flying after me, as also his bundle. The pains I took to conciliate and treat kindly that savage! A pack of fox-hounds would have followed me all over the world with a half of it, but such blackguards as these fellows are, cannot be described. They are the most determined and practised liars in the universe.

We do not march till the day after to-morrow, for all I can say and do. But being now within the Colony, it is quite ridiculous how much at home we feel. I had a long letter from Cox to-day. He has had an interview with Tyalie and Macomo,

who are anxious for peace. I know not what they will think of our having taken possession of their country.

Poor man! what a loss Major White is to us all! He lived with me, poor fellow, and we were mutually much attached. I have told him a thousand times what would occur. I even on one occasion forbad his going with me, only he promised so faithfully to stay with the column. He is universally regretted.

19th May.

This day at 12 o'clock we liberated Kreili, Vadana, his uncle, Sotoo, a councillor, and Nomsa, a councillor, and Piet Chingele, a half-Hottentot villain—Kreili having agreed to fulfil his father's treaty of peace.

We march to-morrow, leaving Warden with eighty Kat River Legion, one officer and twenty men, Cape Mounted Rifles, eighty of the 72nd Regiment, and one howitzer.

This is the advanced post of my command, and forty-eight miles from my Head Quarters, the Buffalo or William's Town.

20th May.

Marched from the Kei, and arrived and bivouacked on the Gonoube Hill, above the river of that name, at three o'clock, and immediately chalked out a redoubt to contain fifty men; Lester, 72nd Regiment, to command.

21st May.

All the troops at work at daylight finishing the redoubt, which is named Fort Wellington.

May 23rd, Buffalo River, and our winter quarters, which is to be called King William's Town.

The house, as I think I have before stated, has been burnt, but the walls and the chimneys are standing. We will soon, therefore, put a roof on to it, and it will be a snug little box enough. There is a capital garden full of fruit trees, young and flourishing: peaches, apricots, plums, apples, pears, some vines; very rich land, and ground enough to grow quantities of Indian and Kafir corn.

The site for the town is beautiful. The main road will run through it, and the river also. It will be perfectly magnificent.

The poor old Governor is so kind to-day. At dinner I asked Thomson where we could get rafters for the house. "Oh, we must cut them where we can." "No," says Master, "let the dimensions be immediately taken and I will send off express to Grahamstown for them." I felt this more than anything, because I often talk to him about you, and he saw I was pleased. He is a wonderfully good-hearted man, and wants nothing but a little more nerve.

I will soon have up more soldiers. We are generally to have here about 1200 men. I only hope so many will not be assembled as to induce Government to send out a Major-General to supersede me.

King William's Town, 26th May, 1835.

The old Master is all kindness to me. When he speaks of the new province, he always calls it "Your province." I shall also have the command of the whole of the frontier from Algoa Bay to the Kei, or I would not stay.

8 o'clock at night, 27th May.

Had a most beautiful ride to-day, and took 17 head of cattle. Two milch cows, worthy a place in my dairy, have been placed there, and two, less valuable, have been discarded. I have named three places—one "Kempt's Valley," another "Barnard's Vale" and "Ford," a third "Hotham Hill." I follow the bed of the Buffalo upwards to my estate. The road, which *will* be good, but is now a path, took us up to my estate and Murray Castle, where formerly I took 5000 head of cattle and on this occasion the present few. We crossed the river three times, all good fords but one, the stream most clear and beautiful, and each succeeding valley more calculated than the former for a village or a farm or anything. It is certainly a most beautiful country, this Province of Queen Adelaide.

King William's Town, 7th June, 1835.

My own queridissima Muger,

I returned to Head Quarters last night after a foray of eleven days, during which I have again, thank God, rendered my country very essential service and the enemy considerable loss. . . .

I mention all this to you to show how rejoiced I must have been on my return, after such hard labour, to receive your *queridissima carta*, telling me you were on the road, since the 4th June, Thursday.

11th of June, 8 o'clock at night.

His Excellency started very early this morning for Grahamstown. I have sent off Paddy Balfour to meet you, and my trusty ensign Low, with 20 of my most faithful Hottentots to accompany you, and never to quit your waggon. Paddy will also turn out 20 cavalry.

15th June.

I have had 30 men at work all day, and all the Artillery, poor fellows. The delight with which they do anything for me is quite amusing and gratifying, but I rather think all their labours are to please *you*, for I heard them talking of your nice house at Cape Town, and then to come and live *here* in a tent! The Scotchmen said it was "an awfu' change," and they all rubbed, and swept, and laughed, and I jawed, and gave them a glass to drink your health.

22nd June, midday.

Last night I would not write, hoping that by trying not to think quite so much of you I should not dream, and kick about so, and this morning I had so much to do I could not, but nothing would do. Oh, such nights as I pass! I really believe the sentry thinks I am mad, such questions I ask him. To-day it is raining like the deuce, so I am conjuring up flowing rivers again and 5000 impediments. How in the name of wonder did you get on when I was away from you? You had nothing to do. I to-day have plenty, but I can settle to nothing, and I am so irritable, I am quite ashamed of myself. I feel satisfied Balfour has reached you. This is a consolation to me, for I know he will exert himself, and take the greatest care of you, and he has been with me now long enough to learn how to overcome difficulties. God grant I may hear from Balfour to-day, and that to-morrow I may meet you at Fort Willshire.

24th June.

Surely this day we shall meet. Oh, such a night as I have had! I could neither sleep, nor toss about, nor dream, nor

anything, but lie and listen, hoping every moment to hear the footsteps of horses crossing the ford, bringing me letters from you and Balfour, saying when—oh, when!—I was to be at Fort Willshire. Oh, such a merit as I make of it, when people ask me if they may go to fetch their wives! "D—— it, sir, I cannot go for my own," although, poor fellows, I do so long to say, "Yes, you shall have leave." But it must not be. There is plenty here for every one to do yet, and for more too if we had them. I imagine your itinerary: the 18th, Uitenhage; 19th, Quagga Flats; 20th, Grahamstown; 21st, halt; 22nd, Hermanus Kraal; 23rd, Willshire; 24th——. Oh, dare I hope it, my own dearest, that this night I shall receive thee?

APPENDIX III.

Address of Colonel Smith to the Caffer Chiefs, 7th January, 1836.

Having closely applied myself to become thoroughly acquainted with your wants, I have now lived long enough amongst you, my children, to observe them.

Field Commandants, Field Cornets, and Heads of Kraals—the Laws of our Country are rules established by the authority of its King, or Governor, and his Councillors, to direct the conduct and secure the rights of its inhabitants. You have all lately been received, at your own request and humble desire, and in the mercy of his Excellency the Governor, as British subjects, consequently are now governed by the British law, which, widely differing from your own, will require on my part some explanation, in order to point out to you the necessary procedure in cases where the interpretation of the Law, and its coercive power, is required. Having been placed over you by his Excellency the Governor as your Ruler since the day peace was concluded, and as he holds me strictly responsible to him to see justice duly administered to all—that the Laws are neither outraged, nor individuals oppressed or ill-used—so have I, since that period, as you all well know, watched over your rights and interests, for your benefit, so to govern you that gradually you might become so accustomed to our manner of proceeding, as to enable you to observe the impartiality with which the Law is enforced, falling equally heavy upon those who are its aggressors, rich or poor, black or white, and equally protecting all. I have therefore called together this large assembly, personally to explain to you, to the best of my ability, the mode you are to adopt as

Magistrates, when crime is brought under your observation, in conjunction with the British Resident.

Whoever it was among you who first suggested the idea of your becoming British subjects, deserves to be marked by you as a man who has rendered you the most eminent service. Did not your great father, Gaika, on his death-bed, assemble his sons around him and with his dying breath tell them to hold fast the word of peace with the English? This you did not do: what ensued? You were almost utterly destroyed, soon would have been annihilated, and driven from your native country; your women and children were starving, almost the prey of wild beasts, and the widows of 4000 of your warriors lament their husbands slain during the war; the greater part of your cattle starved or taken; your plunder, so treacherously seized from the Colony, lost to you from the robberies of others; you were in a lamentable, nay, a deplorable plight; you sought and asked for mercy—it was granted you. You also begged to be received as British subjects; this has been granted you, and you are *now* the subjects of the most powerful nation, whose laws, manners, customs, and institutions are the wonder of the world. This was your state when I took you "out of the bush," since which three moons have barely passed over your heads; land has been given you, your gardens are flourishing; your clergymen are returned to you, hoping to forget your sins in observing your penitence; a trade is established for you; your persons and property are protected by the equity of the British law—no man can now be "eat up," unless found guilty of crime, and condemned by your judges; and in place of being the beaten, the degraded, humbled, mortified people you were in the bush, you are taken by the hand, and called "brother" by the greatest nation under the protection of Almighty God. You tell me that you are naked and ignorant, that I must teach you to clothe yourselves, to know good from evil, that you are willing to learn, and that you wish to be real Englishmen. Mark me, then. Years ago the English were as naked as you, and ignorant as you, as cruel as you were in the late war; but the bright day which has opened upon you, dawned upon them; they first learnt to believe in the omnipotent power of Almighty God, who judges every man according to his actions; worshipped, honoured, and obeyed Him; they loved their neighbours as themselves, and respecting their property, ceased to be

thieves; they believed all that the ministers of God told them; they sent their children to be taught to read and write; they learnt the use of money, and carried on an honest trade with each other, selling their skins, etc., and buying clothes as you see us all now dressed. Some were labourers in the field, some tended the herds and flocks, some made implements of husbandry, built houses, made arms, and every other thing you see your brother-Englishmen possess; while others made laws to govern the whole, under the King, whom we all love. Thus civilization gradually advanced, while we became acquainted with the works of art; knowledge increased, we threw off the yoke of despotism and barbarism, cast away our vicious habits, and put to death or banished by the Law every one who by sin, crime, and wickedness was a pest and an enemy to society at large. Do you suppose that we have all these things by lying sleeping all day long under a bush? No; but by habits of daily industry, working as you see me do, and all the people around me, each day becoming wiser than the other: and by avoiding the evils of yesterday, striving to improve ourselves to-day. Such now may be your case, provided you cease to do the following things:—

I. First, to "eat up" one another. This is theft.

II. To murder or kill any one.

III. To believe in witchcraft. This is all folly and ignorance of the worst description. Did not Eno's "rain-maker" desire you to go to war, and encourage you by telling you that you would beat the English, the greatest nation in the world, whose power exceeds yours as much as the waters of the Keiskamma do the pools of the Penla rivulet? How dare the villain tell you such lies? Was he not the first man shot when the troops moved on Eno's kraal, after I came amongst you, and was then as much your bitter enemy as I am now your true friend?

IV. Perjury, or giving false witness against any one.

V. Setting houses on fire, and destroying property.

VI. Rape. And above all (having this day taken the oath of allegiance)—

VII. Treason, or lifting up your hand against the King, the Governor, his officers, magistrates, soldiers, and subjects.

The British Law punishes these crimes with death; by avoiding them we have become the great, powerful, and enlightened and happy nation you see, going about the world teaching others

to imitate us, and we are now instructing you. Do you wish to be real Englishmen, or to be naked, and almost wild men? Speak, I say, that I may know your hearts.

* * * * * *

You have spoken well; your brothers will assist you. This day has his Excellency the Governor clothed your Chief Magistrates and Field Cornets according to their rank, to show you how England expects her subjects to appear. From this time henceforth no more presents of clothes will be given you; by trade (as we do) you must clothe yourselves, and look no more to me for presents but for some important and good service rendered to the State. Such I will reward, because his Excellency the Governor loves to reward merit. Since you have been under my protection the oldest men tell me there has been less crime than they ever knew: but this, though it pleases me, does not satisfy me. There shall be no stealing, one from the other; above all, from the King—or, as you would term it, the Great Kraal—the Governor or his people. Beware, I say, of theft, and as I protect you, so will I punish you, until the Law, by the rigour with which I will wield it, shall root out this evil from amongst you. Our clergymen will teach you what God expects from you, what you must do to expect God's mercy and love in the next world: thus you will all learn to love God. You may send your children to school, or you are wicked and base parents; and by your good example and speaking the truth, teach them what they may become with the advantages of an education, which you have not, and could not receive. Above all, do not despair or despond, or say, "We are poor people; we know nothing." Rouse yourselves: remember what I have told you, that the English were once as you now are, and that you may become what they are at present.

In the great change of laws by which you are now governed, one of the most important is that of not tolerating your being "eaten up." Now, this protects the weak; the strong from time immemorial possessed amongst you this power, which custom made a right of the Chief, though it was a curse to you: do not therefore suppose that the English Law while it protects one part injures the other. No, such is not the case; your Chiefs who from custom possessed this power by which their kraals were filled with cattle, and by which they were enabled to reward those who performed good service, must, your merciful and provident

Governor says, receive an equivalent; besides, being now your magistrates, much of their time and attention will be taken up for your advantage. You must therefore contribute to their support and dignity.

A regulation is now framing that each kraal pay so many cattle or calves in the hundred annually to each other [each chief?] on the day the ox is paid to the King of England for the land which you possess, and which he had conquered from you. No time will be lost in carrying this arrangement into effect. Thus you see, Macomo, Tyalie, Umhala, and the others of your kindred who from birth possess rights and privileges, you will be hereafter amply provided for.

To the heads of kraals and villages do I now address myself.

You are responsible for the good conduct of the people of your village; if you exert yourselves and do your duty, crime will be checked and ultimately stopped. No man ought to be absent without your knowledge. No man can return with cattle or horses without your knowing it, and whenever a crime shall have been committed by a kraal, I will make the whole responsible to me, if they do not produce the offenders and the stolen property. You shall leave off this wicked practice of stealing from one another in the way you do; the English Law will make honest men of you—you shall not steal.

You must see that your people are active and industrious, that they work in the garden; it is the duty of men to work in the fields, not of women; they ought to make and mend your clothes and their own, and to keep the children clean, wash your clothes, cook your food, and take care of the milk. You well know from observation what work the English do, and what their women; this you must imitate, and not sleep half your time and pass the rest in drowsy inactivity; these things you must do, and you will soon reap the fruits of your labour.

Magistrates and all assembled! As you wish to be real Englishmen, you must observe their manners and customs in everything; and as you are rapidly ceasing to believe in witchcraft, and at the death of any of your friends and relatives (an affliction to which we are all liable) beginning to omit the witch-dance and the burning your huts and clothes, so do I now call upon you to bury your dead, as you see we do, and not drag out the corpse ere the

vital spark is extinct, and cast it forth for food for wild beasts and birds of prey—the thought, even, makes a Christian and a civilized man shudder. To the first man who has the misfortune to lose one of his relatives, if he decently inter him, will I give an ox. How can you bear to see those whom in life you loved and cherished—your aged father, who taught you your manly exercises and provided you with food; your mother, who nursed you as a child, who attended you in your sickness, who for years watched over you, contributing to your wants or wishes; your brother, sister, nearest relation and dearest friends, dragged from amongst you ere dead, and thrown out to the dog? We English not only make coffins to bury our dead, but raise upon the spot where our dearest friends' earthly remains are deposited, monuments to perpetuate their virtues; and when wicked men whose lives have been forfeited to the offended laws of our country for any of the crimes which I have enumerated to you are buried (for we even bury them also), such spot is marked with the ignominy it deserves; and our youth, as they pass the tomb of the good man, have an example of the respect due to virtue set before them; or are taught to abhor the crime which merited an ignominious death by the wretched mound which marks the sinner's grave. Thus as you loved your relatives in life, so you are bound to cherish their memory, and deposit their mortal remains in their parent earth. Englishmen not only do this, but the clergyman prays over the grave, and these matters of moment connected with the immortality of your souls the missionaries will teach you when you attend Divine worship. But *your dead you must bury*, as I point out, if you wish to be real Christians and Englishmen.

At this great meeting let me impress upon you, that all previous animosities among yourselves be forgotten, and while the great English nation now regard you as British subjects and brothers, love your neighbours as yourself, fear God, honour your King, and the Governor, his representative.

APPENDIX IV.

EXTRACTS FROM SIR HARRY SMITH'S LETTERS FROM INDIA, TO HIS SISTER, MRS SARGANT.

Loodhiana, 12th Feb. 1842.

You must excuse, dear Alice, my referring you to Sir James's letter for information as to the tragedy of Cabool, but my labours now are great. He sent me such a character to give Lord Ellenborough. I had also a very handsome letter from dear Lord Fitzroy Somerset, saying his son was with Lord E., and he would thank me "to instil into him some of that chivalrous and gallant spirit which has been your guide in your military career."

Juana unites with me in love to you all, dearest sister, and if I am actively employed you shall not have cause to accuse me of a want of energy, pluck, or decision, with a jealousy of time, that thing of all others in war for which all great generals have been remarkable. "Time is everything in War," says Wellington, and daily experience verifies it.

HARRY.

I suppose you started, like a half-broken horse, when I told you I was driving four-in-hand. You will start again, I hope, when I say after having had the use of it since I have been in India, having driven it from point to point seven hundred and two miles of good roads and bad, I have sold it for £700. It is gone as a present to Shere Singh, King of the Punjaub at Lahore, the son and successor of old Runjeet. There's a bit of luck for you!

Simla, 3rd June, 1842.

MY DEAREST ALICE,

On the 24th May I received your letters of 31st March and 6th April. And while you wrote them full of that excitement and ardour for the fame of your country and the ambitious honour of your brother, he was quietly pruning rose-water trees, training jessamine, lopping forest trees, and improving his *ways*, like Cincinnatus, with this exception, I fear—that in his case, there is no chance of being drawn from his retreat into activity and the service of his country.

It rejoices me to see the vigour with which the people of England always meet disaster and rush to its reparation with heart, hand, and pocket.

I am of the War Party. Money will overcome every difficulty, expended with economy and supported by energy and activity.

My Lord E. is *now* of a pacific turn, and, as I told you last month, our troops are ordered to withdraw.

Simla, July 1, 1842.

This L[ord] you have sent us as a Moghul, by the powers, he is an arbitrary boy, and veers about like a weather-cock. Maybe a wonderful scholar, but, rest assured, unless he materially changes, ——. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," but terrestrial rulers must be guided by locomotive principles slower than steam-coaches.

Poor dear old Father! my heart aches when I think what age reduces us to. I inherit many of his noble ideas as to courage, I hope. His has been a wonderful career of strength both of mind and body. We unite in love to all. God bless you, dear Alice.

HARRY.

Simla, 7th Sept. 1842.

The great Lord arrived yesterday. The Staff and Commander-in-Chief were ordered to his Lordship's own house to receive him. I was the only person introduced. He came up in a most ready manner, shook hands, and said, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, General Smith. I have heard a great deal about you indeed." I was very near laughing and saying, "I hope no *harm*," but as Great Moghul he is our king. He is a wild fellow,

depend on it. His A.D.C.'s are all great friends of mine. I hear his Lordship prides himself on his *military ability*. It is more than my note and its continuation* are inclined to do. Oh, the grievous procedure since November last!

Simla, 15th Oct. 1842.

You will rejoice to learn that Lord E. has taken a great fancy to me and treats me quite as an old friend. Upon the receipt of any news of importance he will run down to my house to tell me or write a note. I have had frequent long conversations with his Lordship. He has a perfect knowledge of the affairs and state of India and the mode to preserve it, and, although he jumps to very rapid conclusions, they are usually just and accurate, therefore cease to be classed as errors.

I have done two or three military things for him with which he was highly satisfied, and in the military shows and spectacles he proposes for our camp at Ferozepore upon the return of the army at the Indus and the reception of the monarch of Lahore, Shere Singh, his Lordship tells me I must be prepared to assist him.

. . . Once more adieu, dear sister. How I long once more to visit my native land! What a period of banishment has mine been! Out of thirty-seven years' service, I have only been six in Great Britain, five of that in Scotland.

Ferozepore, 15th December, 1842.

My Dear Alice,

It is not often I complain of a want of time, but I may venture this mail to do so, such humbug, as well as serious matters, am I engaged in. Our Moghul is non-compos, as sure as eggs are the produce of fowls, with all his pomp and trash, to meet an army of imaginary victors.

Loodhiana, 17th Jan. 1843.

Our Moghul is mad, undoubtedly—a species of military madness, of pomp, ceremony, renown, and it is incredible to what an extent of frenzied excitement he has worked himself up. Among

* See p. 118, *sup.*

other acts of extraordinary folly, so at enmity with the cause of Christ and so calculated to sow discord between Hindoos and Mussulmans, is his dragging these old portals about called the Gates of Somnauth, a temple which *once* existed, but is now a Moslem ruin. He conjured up in his imagination that Hindoos would flock in myriads from every quarter of pagan India to sacrifice at the holy shrine of these memorable portals, whereas not a votary of Brahma ever, even out of curiosity, came to look at them, their history being obsolete among an ignorant people. Mussulmans are indignant at this attempt to degrade them in the eyes of those whom their swords subdued, and the holy Cross of Christ stands appalled, while all Christians shudder at this sacrilegious attempt to perpetuate the barbarities of Paganism by contributing towards its maintenance. The attempt has, however, been as futile as monstrous. Our course is not one to sow discord amongst those we have conquered.

Our united love to poor old Father and you all.

HARRY.

Simla, June, 1843.

MY DEAREST ALICE,

The state of poor dear Father from your description is melancholy indeed. "Yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow." Poor old man! an iron though never over-robust frame has enabled you to endure much, to struggle against difficulties, to contend with excitement, and to bear great bodily exertion. God's will be done! All things must end, and our only prayer ought now to be, however painful the blow we must anticipate, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." And we must add, "Almighty and most merciful Father, grant that he may receive Thy salvation." "Beats the strong heart, the less the lips avow." Heaven bless him!

Our m—d Moghul has started from Agra to Calcutta by order, we hear, of the Court of Directors. He therefore may be regarded as *en route* to Downing Street to encore his "song of triumph." He is a fickle fellow, but has told me twenty times, "The moment I am not fully supported from home, I go." He was always very kind to me.

Allahabad, 9th Aug. 1843.

A wish was expressed by Sir J. Nicolls, as also by Sir H. Gough, that I should proceed to meet the latter in Calcutta. In three days after the receipt of this wish, I and Juana started dâk, as it is called; that is, in a wooden box, a palanquin, somewhat like a giant sailor's trunk, borne on the shoulders of four men by a pole projecting fore and aft, with four other men to relieve them, eight to each palanquin. The eight men are again relieved at about ten-mile stages. The pace is not rail-road; it averages three and a half miles per hour.

The heat we endured until we reached Delhi cannot be described. After that we got through the greater part of our *day's* work by night; from hence we shall steam it, and complete a journey of 1300 odd miles.

Calcutta, 10th Sept. 1843.

I like my new master much, and with his Irish heart he appears readily to warm to me. He is very much delighted at my exertion to join, but I am cruelly worked just now, writing from four o'clock every morning till dark, then dinners, parties, balls, etc., so that even my aptitude to labour must fail if our Staff did not relieve me.

18th Jan. 1844, Gwalior.

My dearest Alice,

As I know my welfare is one of your leading stars, I tell you I am all well, and likely to be decorated with the Star of Gwalior!

Our Chief is a gallant fellow, but no genius as a tactician on strategic principles, but he licked the foe and took every gun (56), right well served and every gunner bayoneted at his gun; while the Division under General Grey on the same day beat the enemy opposed to him, several miles distant from us, and took every gun he had (25).

The devils before us had the most pluck, though, by far.

You had a brother and two nephews in the field. Hugh's* regiment was the most distinguished with General Grey. Indeed, theirs was the brunt of the battle, and the youth behaved nobly,

* Hugh Smith, son of Harry Smith's "Waterloo brother," Thomas.

all his comrades say. Harry's * corps was but little engaged, yet I saw the boy looking as cool as his usual placidity renders him. I had a most narrow escape. A cannon-shot contused my right leg and carried away my stirrup and leather, passing under the horse's chest. The force of the ball against the stirrup nearly threw the horse on his side. I thought my leg was smashed, so benumbed was it, but it was not cut. I never got off, nor until I could move my toes upon a return of sensation was I aware that my leg was whole and my stirrup was gone; the very leg I was wounded in years ago. Thank God, though still black, it is all right now. My horse, a noble Arab,† which I rode all day (my other horses, of course, being out of the way), had two slight wounds besides his miraculous escape from various round shot.

Among a set in India, it is the *façon de parler* that India could be kept with Seapoys alone. He who says this is a fool. They could not keep it, though transferred to them by England's best blood. There is on earth nothing equal to the "British soldier."

Now for your gratification. Poor dear Juana, who was on an elephant under the fire of cannon, is to be "Lady." Poor dear old wife, she has been very far from well for some time. The Commander-in-Chief, who is a very warm-hearted fellow, says he insures me the K.C.B., which will please you more than me. . . . We are also to have a brass star for every officer and soldier made out of the captured cannon, and as Juana is again a heroine, I want a gold star to be made at the jeweller's who makes mine, according to the sketch enclosed, which she would wear as a brooch, the enamel part representing the ribbon.

May God bless you all is the fervent prayer of all us stars of Gwalior!

Faithfully your brother,
HARRY.

As you have fancy in such things, make me out some sort of arms for approval; but I like my present crest of all things, as it resembles a game-cock; and remember I am Sir *Harry* Smith—none of your Henries.—H. G. S.

* Harry Smith, son of the "third Waterloo brother," Charles.

† See pp. 315, 316.

Camp Umbala, 18 March, 1844.

My dearest Alice,

You must forgive me this post, but what with marching, my report going home, etc., I have a mass of papers and business on my table, which must be cleared to-day. For I never have *one* thing any *one* day that I do not finish; and my table every evening is as clear as an Indian sky. God bless you all!

Harry.

Simla, 1 July, 1844.

Dearest Alice,

As to the shield, I prefer the one I returned. But we must have a better elephant. His hind legs are all wrong.

Now for the motto, which, believe me, I have not lightly chosen, and which I intend pertinaciously to adhere to—"Inter milites miles." As a boy, as I was a jawing fellow, I always had a great sway among my comrades: and progressively the truth neutralized the vanity of the assertion that I had ever been looked up to in my profession. Thus, "Inter milites miles"—"A soldier among soldiers." And, thank Heaven, I have served with soldiers.

Pray be sure I do not adopt or assume anything bordering on the preposterous or beyond the limit of decided right. Are you sure this Vandyked sort of a coronet is right for the lion to dance on? I wish that lion was a Rifle soldier; but I suppose that cannot be. I must fight for supporters. Then I would have a Rifleman and a 52nd soldier, the component parts of my gallant old Brigade in the Light Division. If the Rifleman could be put on duty, Brother Tom would correct his uniform and position. Your brother,

H. G. Smith.

Rest assured all of you, no *honour* is half equal to the love I bear you all in heart. I am the same

Harry.

Simla, 1st July, 1844.

Lord Ellenborough's government has been one stamped with indelible proof of striking ability, exertion, zeal, and assiduity,

but founded on no just and firm principles of future durability, establishing and altering things at the moment without reflecting whether for ultimate benefit to posterity. Such innovations in established government require a gradual introduction, and must not be prematurely forced if they are to be a wholesome fruit and for the welfare of such a vast and heterogeneous nation. He saw clearly many existing errors, many practices which required reform or were capable of amendment; but jumped to such rapid conclusions that in the most instances the remedy increased rather than alleviated the evil.

India is an ancient and peculiar country, replete with prejudices and bigoted to custom. The introduction of any change requires to be gradual to effect a benefit. Such benefit his precipitancy usually defeated. The complicated systems of modern governments obviously found their origin in those simple forms of patriarchal rule not as yet in the East obliterated. Laws must be adapted to the people; their nature must be gentle and calm, and not marked by any outward appearance of strong feeling. He was elated in success beyond all bounds of moderation, in reverse depressed below all conception, in difficulties wavering and undecided; thus evincing a want of that moral courage without which, in situations of great responsibility, the most consummate ability and zeal are useless, and a straightforward, bold, and plodding fellow of very inferior talent makes the better governor. In the military execution of a large portion of his duty his zeal for the nominal welfare of the soldier has been unbounded; but it must not be regarded as illiberal or uncharitable if I remark that this appears to be founded on a personal vanity which has acquired for him the appropriate soubriquet of a Brummagem Napoleon. With great affectation of liberality, accompanied certainly by several such acts, he has shown a miserly parsimony a great governor should avoid,—just, probably, in principle or founded on rule; but such a principle (however anomalous the assertion) must bend to circumstance in all states, whether in the civil or military branch. Hence my lord drove the Seapoy army into mutiny by an indiscreet exercise of what I admit was a right, but one which the Seapoy did not understand under very trying and peculiar circumstances, and in the midst of this mutiny moral courage was wanting. By conceding the pecuniary point, mutiny in that army of mutineers had been

reduced to implicit and unqualified obedience. The matter was unadvisedly smoothed over, and the *strong* goes to the wall. Militarily, too, my lord had another awful fault: one which, had he continued long enough as Governor-General, would have sapped the true base of discipline that every soldier must look up to the authority placed immediately over him, and all to their Commander-in-Chief. Whereas he would correspond with officers commanding regiments, even with individuals; would frame orders which were indeed within his legitimate province, but which etiquette, or, what is a better reason, common sense, demands should be previously submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, for an opinion as to how they would work; would appoint officers to civil departments without any reference to their military character for rectitude, or whether they could advantageously be spared from their regiments. Thus it was evident that the fundamental principles of good government were not respected, and, while these interior errors existed, external ones of great magnitude were in operation; but these require more time to dwell on than I can bestow. As a whole, Lord Ellenborough's administration will be extolled by the home government. He can speak, and will well defend himself. He has some great acts to boast of (whatever their intrinsic merit) which will so eclipse the apparently little ones I have recorded (which still are the component parts of one great whole, like wheels in a watch) that he will be deemed a noble martyr and become ere long President of the Board of Control. India will be the gainer by his removal and by the man (if I mistake not) who succeeds him, my old friend Sir Henry Hardinge. By way of summary of my lord's character. An excess of vanity, and contempt for the opinions of others or their feelings, but, as with many a man, not naturally a bad heart where self-interest and aggrandisement are not the controlling powers. In early life he had not been taught to withdraw his thoughts from self-will and to fix them upon the dictates of conscience, to watch narrowly the rapid movements and changes which take place in all men's ideas, to form distinct notions of the intellectual faculties of others and the result and operations of his own acts. Had such been the case, it is more likely he would have acquired just habits of thinking and been more accustomed to analyze his own feelings and trains of thought. If a man of his great capability and powers of reasoning be placed

in early life in minor situations of responsibility, and thus be afforded opportunities of observing the diligence and aptitude for industry of those around, and subsequently succeed to supreme authority, he has acquired an *indispensable quality*—that of giving every one his meed of credit, until he has displayed inefficiency or incompetency. In the profession of my lord's father * every man is innocent until found guilty, but with *our* "Law" every man was guilty who ventured an opinion in variance with his own. Lord Ellenborough has been very kind to me, and as I ever feel for any man under a visitation, so I do for him, and I have written to him.

Simla, 12th Sep. 1844.

My dearest Alice,

What do you think I have been at work at for the last month? Some memoirs of my life and Juana's and my adventures—all from memory. I have got into *Jamaica*, and have written nearly 400 pages of closely-put-together foolscap. Will you like to decipher and correct it? It will be done in a fortnight—that is, the rough; for as yet I have never read over one sheet I have written, but rushed ahead as water finds its level. There are a variety of stories and events in it.

The new Governor-General is winning golden opinions by his deportment and the regularity with which he transacts business. He says in his letter to me the labour is incessant, much of it trifles which ought to be settled in the departments they belong to. He has hit off one of the great evils of this government pretty quick evidently. The rumour here is very general that, Sir Hugh Gough not having taken the hint to make way for Sir Henry Hardinge, it will be renewed in a less evasive communication. If he be made a peer and they give him the pension as in the case of Lord Keane (my dear old friend who is fast decaying), I am of opinion Sir Hugh Gough would willingly return to his native land, covered with honours, wallowing in wealth, possessing a good heart, a gallant hand, and *no* ——.

It is wonderful how fortune adheres to some men, and supplies all the deficiencies of nature.

You addressed a letter to me the other day "Sir Henry." My name is and shall be Harry.

* Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice of England.

Simla, 15th October, 1844.

Well, I have finished the anecdotes of a very long military career from my entrance into the army in 1805 to the end of the campaign of Gwalior. It is a voluminous tale, containing upwards of six hundred pages of foolscap, written all over without margin in my beautiful autograph as closely as this paper, but I fear ten times as illegible. I have never read a page of it since my scrawling it over at full gallop, and wish you well through it. If I am to send it, great circumspection must be used as to names and descriptions of men and events, or they might do others an injury (which Heaven forfend) and myself too. Whether it may not be advisable not to print it all until I am on the shelf in our retreat or in my grave for the benefit of my widow remains for you and Sir James Kempt to decide on inspection.

I very much regret to say the new Moghul has begun his career as Governor-General in a very little, calculating way, as a banker's clerk might be expected to do; and all accounts from Calcutta agree in saying that he funks responsibility beyond conception, throwing himself into the hands of understrappers. This won't do for India. It must be governed by energy and decision. "Sic volo" like my lord Ellenborough. It would appear that if these two men's minds could be manufactured into one, the corn being preserved and the chaff scattered to the winds, then a Governor-General would be manufactured appropriate for the *rôle*. The Company servants, civil and military, are an *exclusive* race of beings and of all things must be controlled. There is now a sort of reaction from great control to concession and a seeking the opinion of others. I hope he is only studying his lesson.

I am sorry indeed to hear poor Nancy * has been unwell. God bless her, she was a wild, light-hearted thing once, like my wife.

Umbala, 14th Jan. 1845.

My book is in the hills. Harry Lorrequer would make a good story of it. You may ask him if you like, and let me know what he says of it. I ought to expect half the proceeds. It is a book that would take wonderfully. Suppress actual names.

* His youngest sister, Miss Anna Maria Smith.

All my old comrades would speedily know the hero and heroine of the romance. I hope to return to my dear old wife by the middle of March.

HARRY.

Simla, 15th March, 1845.

Your description of railroads astonishes the eyes of a Whittlesea man. It is a very curious circumstance that one of the Romans' great roads ran down to Eastrey near Charles' farm, that is, between our two old fields, from which I have fetched up old Jack from grass many a time, and Charles' large farm (the Decoy is the name, I think). These railroads will have an effect on the world, whether for good or evil, and will change its population to one community, either saints or devils or a bastard mixture of both.

Simla, 1st May, 1845 (the Merry Month).

I have not a word of news to give you. Affairs in the Punjaub are like the waves of the sea, agitated more or less, but not by the wind, but the blast of the mutinous trumpets of the rabble army. I hope we may have a slap at it, because I rely upon Sir Henry Hardinge desiring to give me a command, which I firmly believe Sir Hugh Gough would not oppose, for I never got on smoother with any of my generals, and he is as warm-hearted a fellow as ever breathed, and does right and acquits himself manfully to the extent of the powers the Lord has bestowed upon him.

I am glad to observe the English feeling which strikes at so condemnable a system as that of opening letters. I would rather fight to put down a Revolution arising from private correspondents than cock a pop-gun to maintain so nefarious a breach of all public and private confidence. We are in danger enough from the Mesmerites telling us in a deep sleep what is going on in the next room (a three-feet wall intervening), without having recourse to the other side of a thin sheet of paper.

Juana's health is capital, thank God, but I am never half so well in the hills as on the plains. Nothing can be more beautiful than our situation, but I love the winter gallops on the plains as flat as the Bedford level.

Simla, 24th Aug. 1845.

By the last mail's papers, as well as by your letter, I see that dear Sir James Kempt was at the Waterloo Dinner, and I have this day written to congratulate him.

The way in which the Duke, dear old and modern hero, drank his health was truly flattering to Sir James and most gratifying to all his many and faithful friends. But I really wish some of the glories of the *Peninsula* were occasionally commemorated by such fêtes. Many of the battles are superior to Waterloo in the annals of the art of war; but not being succeeded by such momentous political results to all Europe (ah! to the world), they are suffered to dwindle into oblivion. Nor is there a medal on the breast of any cicatrized hero to hand down to posterity the glories and victories of the previous age. History to the educated will do it, but a few petty baubles in possession of the many families of Great Britain would ocularly demonstrate "My grandfather, sire, uncle, or brother achieved this in battle," and thus the courage and patriotism of the sire would descend on the son.*

Every ass in India is covered with medals, though the sum of his fighting does not equal one of *our* days. The battle of Salamanca was the most scientific the Duke fought, Vittoria in result the greatest, Talavera in slaughter equalled Waterloo,—yet these names and many others are only seen upon the colours of regiments. My old corps, having no colours, has no record of its deeds.

As to writing to Mrs. Holdich, Lord alive, it gives one no trouble, especially when cheered by the happy feeling of doing right. I suppose a million or so of letters go through my hands per annum; one or two more or less is like a drop of water in the ocean or a hogshead in Whittlesea mere.

Headquarters, Simla, 1st Sept. 1845.

Oh that I was in England, partridge-shooting!

My dearest Alice,

—Ah, what a bore! A note from the Commander-in-Chief to prepare a very heavy report, which will take me some hours, when I was anticipating a comfortable talk with my dear sister. With all my writing, however, half an hour makes little

* The Peninsular medal was granted in 1847.

difference, although on the most conspicuous part of my writing-desk is pasted in large characters the tenth verse of the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes.*

When shall I enjoy that liberty so pleasing, when emancipated from all the shackles and labours, bars, bonds, and tempers, which business lays on us, and which we have to contend with? Alas! memory takes us by the hand and leads us back to our early haunts, habits, and friends—the flower garden of other years—and points out all the blossoms we may never more behold, although in imagination as beautiful as ever. Still hope encourages us in such sweet sensations and sustains us in the belief there may be some years of quiet and recreation in store for us, surrounded by those we love, and eased of the labours of public life. Many of my old comrades say, "How could you, Harry, get on without something to do?" I laugh, for I am ever busy. I love books and gardens. I am as interested in the growth of a pet plant as in the results of my more arduous labours; and the charm of the word "home" often inspires me to exertion.

Now, dearest Alice, to my report. My head must be full of cannon, musquets, sabres, rations, tents, transport for baggage, sick, lame and lazy, shirts, shoes, pipeclay, tobacco, soap, etc., etc.

HARRY.

Left bank of the Sutlej, 28th Dec. 1845.

MY DEAREST ALICE,

Your old brother Harry has only a few minutes to say to you and his dear friend Sir James Kempt he has at length in India had an opportunity of distinguishing himself as much as you both could wish, in the three most sanguinary conflicts with the Sikhs, and he with his own hand, the first man in, planted the colour of H.M.'s 50th Regiment on the walls of the head-quarter village from which the great battle was named, Feroze-shuhur. A bloody fight it has been, as you will see by the papers. I was with the old 50th hand to hand in their trenches when four battalions of Avitabile's (so called from having been drilled by that officer) bore down in furious onslaught upon my Division which I now command—two Brigades, H.M.'s 31st and two Native Regiments in one, the 50th and two Native Regiments in

* "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

the other. In the affair of the 18th my Division took twelve guns and a howitzer; in the great battle, three fine standards; and on the 22nd my Division made a furious charge and completed the victory. I was placed on the night of the 21st in a most critical and perilous position in the very middle of the whole Sikh (though beaten) army, completely surrounded by thousands, and at three o'clock succeeded in drawing off my troops, and received the thanks of Sir H. H.: "Smith, it was your boldness and audacity that *saved* to us the victory." Poor old General Sale asked leave on the 18th to serve with me. I gave him a Battalion, at the head of which he received his mortal wound. Our loss has been as great in proportion as in our most bloody fights in the Peninsula. All my Staff were wounded, A.A.G. and A.Q.M.G. in two places. My A.D.C., Eliza Holdich's son, wounded in the hand, one horse killed, one wounded. Myself and my horses escaped, with the blessing of Almighty Providence, without a scratch. I was in the saddle from half-past two on the morning of the 21st to four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd. My dear, dear gallant young friend Somerset received his mortal wound close to me, and fell in my A.D.C.'s arms. Tell Sir James I will send him next mail copy of my report; this, I cannot. I have no clerks as when A.G. Dear Juana is at Meerut, thank God, well out of the way. Your old humbug of a brother's name *up* in the army, I do assure you, especially with Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough. Sir H. H. treats and takes and asks my opinion for as much as it is worth, as my dear, dear friend Sir James would. Heaven bless you, I know this will gratify you and Sir James. So I send this on a thick scrawl of paper. I have not time to read it over.

HARRY.

Camp on the Field of Battle, Aloowal, 1st Feb. 1846.

MY DEAREST ALICE,

I have only one moment to say I have gained, in a separate command of 2700 cavalry, 32 guns, and 9000 infantry, one of the most glorious battles ever fought in India, driving the enemy over the Sutledge double my numbers, posted in an intrenched camp with 75 guns, 52 of which are at my tent door, the others lost in the passage of the river, or spiked in its bed.

Not a gun did they get over. And oh, the fearful sight the river presents! the bodies having swollen float of men, horses, camels, bullocks, etc. Thousands must have perished, many threw away their arms and fled headlong into the broad river and difficult ford. They had about fifty large boats, which added to the confusion. Some of them were sunk, my thirty-two pieces of cannon pounding them all. Never was victory more complete and never was one fought under more happy circumstances, literally with the pomp of a field-day; and right well did all behave. I brought well into action each arm as auxiliary to the other, but see my dispatch, which will be published as soon as you get this. I have not a moment to write. Send this to dear Sir James Kempt, and tell him my being thus distinguished I owe entirely to his friendship and good opinion of me. Send this to him, for I have not a moment to write.

Your brother,

HARRY.

To W. M. Ford, Esq., Staff Surgeon, Chatham.

Headquarters, Simla, 4th May, 1846.

The enemy we have had to contend with lately are proper varmint fellows, and had they been commanded by Massena's, Ney's, Soult's, Augereau's victors, they would have made us look sharp to have victor'd them. I never saw men shot out of trees before. At Moodkee the bold rascals got into trees, shot our fellows in the rear, at first without our knowing where the shot came from, but when we discovered the *where*, it was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw to see half a dozen fellows out of each tree come rolling down like cock pheasants or capercailzie. When repulsed from their guns and position, they would sometimes throw down their musquets and come on sword and target (they all carry excellent swords) like antient Greeks.

APPENDIX V.

Sir Harry Smith's Recall from the Cape.

A. *Copy of a Despatch from Earl Grey to Governor Sir H. G. Smith, Bart., G.C.B.*

Downing Street, January 14, 1852.

Sir,

I have received and laid before the Queen your despatches of the 5th and 19th of November, reporting the results of the operations of the war since the date of your despatches by the previous mail.

2. I learn from these despatches that another month of this distressing warfare has passed away, and though the force at your disposal had been increased to a very considerable amount no advantage of any real importance has been gained over the enemy, while the loss of Her Majesty's troops has been exceedingly heavy, that very distinguished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Fordyce, being included among those who have fallen.

3. I have said, that no real advantage has been gained, because, while you state that positions of extraordinary strength have been stormed, and it is clear that the most determined courage has been shown by Her Majesty's troops, these successes (if they can be called so) have been entirely barren of useful results; and it appears from the reports of Major-General Somerset, and particularly from his despatch dated the 9th of November, that the ground thus hardly won could not be retained, and that the position which was carried at the price of such heavy loss to the 74th Regiment on the 6th of November, was only held until the Major-General "withdrew the troops in the afternoon," when it would seem that there was no obstacle to its being re-occupied by the enemy, and that in fact it was so.

4. For several months your despatches have been of a similar character. You have described to me operations which I have constantly been assured had been attended with success, and had inflicted heavy loss upon the enemy, while there could be no doubt that the troops had fought with their accustomed gallantry; but at the same time I was quite unable to discover that any ground had really been gained, while it was obvious that the enemy, far from being discouraged by their supposed defeats, were from month to month increasing in boldness and determination; and the lists of casualties but too clearly proved that the loss they had inflicted was at least as certain, and bore no small proportion to that which they were believed to have sustained.

5. It was impossible that I should continue to receive intelligence of this description by many successive mails without being led to entertain very serious doubts whether the war had been conducted with the energy and the judgment which were necessary to bring it to an early and successful issue; but distressing as was the anxiety which these doubts occasioned, I have not hitherto allowed them to induce me to deprive you of that support which I know it is of the utmost importance to the public service that those in high military commands should be able to rely on not having lightly withdrawn from them by the advisers of the Crown, when, in situations of difficulty and danger, success does not at once attend their exertions.

6. But the information I have now received has converted what was before only a very serious doubt, into conviction; and it is my painful duty to inform you that having consulted my colleagues on the subject, they have concurred with me in coming to the conclusion, that upon a careful review of the events of the war and those which preceded its breaking out, there is evidence, which it is impossible longer to resist, that you have failed in showing that foresight, energy, and judgment which your very difficult position required, and that therefore we should not be justified in shrinking from tendering to the Queen our humble advice that the Government of the Cape of Good Hope and the conduct of the war should be placed in other hands. It has accordingly been my duty to submit to Her Majesty my advice that Major-General Cathcart should be appointed to relieve you, of which Her Majesty has been pleased to approve, and that officer will very shortly proceed to the Cape for that purpose.

7. I need hardly assure you that I cannot make this communication without great pain and sincere reluctance, and that nothing but a sense of imperative duty would have led my colleagues and myself to take the course we have felt ourselves compelled to adopt.

We do full justice to the ardent zeal for Her Majesty's service which you have uniformly displayed, we have not forgot how greatly you have distinguished yourself on former occasions, and what a high military reputation you have deservedly obtained; but we have been compelled to believe that, perhaps from the failure of your health, and your being no longer able to exercise as close a personal superintendence as formerly over the conduct of affairs, you have failed in giving either to your military operations or to your political measures bearing upon the war, that character of vigour and judgment which are necessary to inspire confidence in the inhabitants and troops, and to command success. I must remind you that the first error which was committed, and to which I believe the failure of a policy otherwise sound, and the calamity of the war, are mainly attributable, was the premature reduction of the British force under your command. I must take upon myself a share of the blame for this mistake, inasmuch as I had probably too often and too strongly pressed upon you the importance of reducing the number of troops as soon as this could be safely done. Still your discretion was unfettered, you were left to decide for yourself when the troops should be sent home, since this was a point on which a judgment could only be formed on the spot; and the error, therefore, was your own of supposing that a large proportion of the force which you found in the colony could without danger so soon be dispensed with.

8. I must also remind you, that up to the eve of the actual breaking out of hostilities you continued to send me the strongest assurances that there existed no real danger, and that the apprehensions expressed by the frontier farmers were unfounded. Even when the war began, you were so little aware of its true character that you made no application to me for additional force; and neither in your public nor your private letters did you give me the slightest intimation that such aid was required; and the reinforcements, which were immediately despatched, as well as those which have been subsequently sent, have all, with

the exception of the last, anticipated your demands for them. It is not for me to express any opinion on the detail of your military operations; but it must strike even an unprofessional observer, that by the employment of means which you considered adequate for the purpose no serious impression appears to have been made on the enemy. It follows that you have either been entirely mistaken in your judgment, and have consequently led Her Majesty's Government into error as to the character of the war, and the amount of force required; or else that you have failed in using with effect the force at your disposal.

9. With regard to the political measures bearing upon the result of the war, I must refer you to the despatch which I have been compelled to address to you by the present mail on the neglect of the precautions obviously required, in order to obstruct the supply of ammunition to the enemy. The fault in this respect must no doubt be in part attributed to the Colonial Secretary, whom you had left in charge of the Government at Cape Town; but if you had intimated to me that Mr. Montagu could not alone adequately discharge the arduous duties which devolved upon him in your absence, I should not have failed immediately to have afforded you further assistance, by the appointment of a Civil Lieutenant-Governor, to reside at Cape Town during the war,—a step I propose adopting, now that the necessity for it has thus been disclosed to me.

10. I must also observe, that you have, I believe, truly represented to me, that if you had had the Kafirs only to contend with, the war would long since have been brought to a close; and that what has made them such formidable enemies has been the assistance they have derived from the rebel Hottentots, too many of whom had been trained as soldiers in the ranks of the British army. But if this is, as I believe, a correct view of the subject, I must regard it as a most fatal error that the first instances of treason amongst this class of the inhabitants of the Cape were not dealt with more promptly and more severely. I cannot resist the belief that, had this been done, the contagion of disaffection would have been stayed, as the prompt punishment of the real traitors would have calmed the fears naturally excited amongst the white inhabitants by seeing their impunity, and would thus have prevented the colonists of European descent from being led to entertain and display that indiscriminate

jealousy of their coloured fellow-subjects, which has been, as there is too much reason to fear, the means of driving into disaffection many of the latter who were not originally inclined to it.

11. Lastly, I must regard it as a grievous error that you have allowed the administration of the Orange River Territory to remain too long in the hands of an officer in your own opinion unequal to the task, and that by this and other mistakes in your management of the Dutch inhabitants of the frontier districts, you have failed to conciliate that important class by whose cordial co-operation there can be no doubt that you would have been enabled to bring the war to a much earlier termination than there is now a prospect of; while, on the contrary, by the distracted condition of the Sovereignty, your difficulties in Kaffraria have been very seriously increased. The manner in which, by judicious management, Mr. Pine has succeeded in Natal in securing the confidence and attachment of the Dutch farmers, as described in your despatch No. 193, clearly proves that, if properly treated, they may be rendered loyal and useful subjects of the Crown.

12. It has been with much reluctance that I have entered into this review of the errors which you seem to me to have committed, but I have thought it due to your position and to your high reputation to show that Her Majesty's servants have not determined to advise the Queen to supersede you in the midst of the war without sufficient cause for doing so; and for this reason, painful as it has been to me to write to you in such a tone of censure, I have been compelled to point out the errors into which you have been betrayed. It is, however, some satisfaction to me to be able to add, that I have no doubt it has been your judgment only which has been in fault, and that, to the best of your ability, you have endeavoured to acquit yourself of duties of no ordinary difficulty; nor do I doubt that in more regular warfare against a civilized enemy, and if your military operations had been less complicated by political difficulties, you would have achieved the same success by which you had formerly been so much distinguished.

I am, &c.

(Signed) GREY.

Lieut.-General Sir H. G. Smith, Bart.

B. *Memoranda to serve as Data in meeting the accusations brought forward in Earl Grey's Despatch of the 14th January, 1852.**

Camp Blinkwater, 12th March, 1852.

1. I am not aware that the not bringing a war to a speedy conclusion with inadequate means is a proof of incompetency in a General, nor even when his means and those opposed to him are nearly balanced. It rather argues the strength and prowess of the enemy. History affords many instances of long and protracted wars, conducted by men of consummate ability, who constantly had occasion to report the result of glorious and sanguinary victories which, however immediately successful, did not do more than merely *lead* to the conclusion of the contest. I have had to contend with, I may say, an invisible enemy, hardly ever to be met with in an assailable position. In other wars to which I allude officers of rank may have fallen, but their fall, however greatly to be deplored, was not considered of importance in connection with the conduct of the campaign. The loss of Lieut.-Colonel Fordyce I much regret. He showed himself with his telescope outside the bush and was picked off by some skilful Hottentot—a chance which might happen to any soldier. The other officers who rushed to aid him fell under similar circumstances. I am at a loss to understand how casualties of this description can attach culpability to the General. If every General Officer were removed from his command because his career was not a continued current of success, not one would retain it. In the instance immediately in question I assert that the troops were eminently successful, their success enabling me to carry operations into a distant part of the country, the important result of which best speaks for itself.

2. Earl Grey attaches blame to me for not having given the necessary "vigour and judgment" to my military operations, or to the "political measures bearing upon the war." A reference to my detailed instructions to the officers in command of the constant patrols will, I think, sufficiently show that the movements of the troops have been carefully watched over and well directed.

* I am not aware what use, if any, Sir Harry made of these "memoranda."

I am not aware that it is the duty of a Governor and Commander-in-Chief to *head* patrols. On one critical occasion, when a vigorous personal example was required, when it was necessary to show that I was regardless of the sudden and extensive desertion in the Cape Corps, I hesitated not for a moment to take the field in person, in direct command of a large patrol; and by some rapid and completely successful movements not only restored full confidence throughout the army, but in all probability arrested the further spread of disaffection. But although this energetic and decided step upon my part was at the moment called for, and although in former days as Colonel Smith I led patrols under the late Sir Benjamin D'Urban and gained some reputation as a bush fighter, my position as Governor and Commander-in-Chief and the interests of Her Majesty's service directed me to place myself at some central point, from which the general movements of the troops could be best controlled and the duties of the Civil Government equally administered. Neither of them were ever delayed a single day. For this purpose no position could be so advantageous as King William's Town—the base of general operations, the very focus of all movements.

3. Earl Grey states that I have failed in using with effect the force at my disposal. I have some experience in war, and I assert that no body of Her Majesty's troops was ever more energetically applied under more appalling circumstances of difficulty; and none were ever more successful. And although the troops have been so unceasingly and energetically employed, they have suffered no privation, so well have I cared for their provision; while at the same time so rigid has been the economy I have observed and enforced, that many thousands of pounds have been saved to my country. The comments of Earl Grey on my not having done as much with the force placed under my command as might have been done, would be very natural if such were in point of fact the case. But it appears to me His Lordship has not drawn this inference from my voluminous and explanatory despatches, nor borne in mind the dates of arrival of reinforcements; but has reached this conclusion through the medium of irritable disappointment, the flippant statements of indirect correspondence, and the garbled statements of the opposition newspapers. I will therefore analyse the mode in which these reinforcements reached me and their respective dates of arrival.

It is perfectly correct that I never asked for troops until the war was far advanced and had assumed a much more formidable appearance than was originally anticipated. I then recommended that two Regiments of Infantry should be sent out in addition to those already arrived or on their passage. These had been already ordered, the 43rd Light Infantry being one, the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade the other. I always reasoned that, as Lord Grey had so repeatedly and peremptorily directed a reduction of the force at the Cape, he would see the necessity, if he desired to retain British Kaffraria, of at once sending reinforcements. My reasoning was correct. I also relied upon a general turn out of the frontier population, and neither I nor any other man anticipated a Hottentot Rebellion.

On the 25th April, 1851, drafts for Regiments, amounting to 300 men, reached the Cape in the *Singapore*, Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer. I landed them at the mouth of Buffalo. On the 12th of May, the 74th Regiment reached the Cape, after a passage of 58 days in H.M. Steamer *Vulcan*. I landed it at Algoa Bay, so as to move on the interior line of defence. On the 8th August the 2nd Queen's arrived, a period of 86 days having elapsed since they were ordered for embarkation, a delay which caused me great disappointment. I landed them at the mouth of the Buffalo, having been compelled to detach Lieut.-Colonel Eyre and the majority of the 73rd to within the Colony for the defence of Lower Albany and Graham's Town, a service which he most effectually performed.

On the 29th July I received authority to send to the Mauritius for the Reserve Battalion 12th Regiment. Commodore Wyvill, with his usual energy, placed H.M. S.S. *Hermes*, under that most energetic officer, Captain Fishbourne, at my disposal. She sailed from Simon's Bay on the 24th July, touched at the mouth of the Buffalo, received my orders to proceed to the Mauritius, and on the 27th August, with the greatest expedition, landed as I directed the whole Regiment at Algoa Bay, so as again to reinforce the interior line of defence.

On the 29th August, 200 drafts for Regiments arrived from England.

On the 19 Sept. the 60th arrived, after a very tedious passage of 66 days in H.M. steamers *Retribution* and *Sidon;* and were landed at the Buffalo. At the same time a detachment of the 12th

Lancers arrived after a passage of 76 days in the *Berkshire* Transport. The head quarters and remainder of the 12th Lancers did not arrive until the 4th Oct., after a very slow passage of 91 days. The horses for the Regiment were in readiness at King William's Town. The whole of the troops were in the field on the arrival of the 60th, which Corps also marched in three or four days, that is, as soon as they were able after their long voyage. I am not aware that any delay occurred in the application of these reinforcements, which were, on the contrary, employed in the most energetic manner; and, as results prove, with military judgment. Yet before their services could be well felt, Earl Grey relieved me from my command, because Lieut.-Colonel Fordyce, a very gallant officer, placed himself, to look through his telescope, within shot of a paltry ambuscade of Hottentots.

After I had invaded Kreili's country, the 43rd Light Infantry arrived. They were sent immediately into the field as an escort of provisions to Forts White and Cox by way of initiation; and on their return were at once moved on the Kei in reserve and support.

It was intimated to me that the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade would, as one of the Regiments I had asked for, be immediately sent out. So great, however, had been the delay, that I wrote to Earl Grey saying that our successes against the enemy were such, that if this Corps had not left England I did not then require it. A few days before I was relieved it reached the Cape after a passage of *eighty-four days*. I ordered it to Algoa Bay, thence to the Blinkwater, to preserve that country, which I had just cleared, from any reoccupation by the enemy. This was the only service I had for it; and as it had not arrived two months previously as I had expected, I deeply regretted its having left England. In the then state of affairs it was not required. I appeal to every General Officer in H.M. Army if more could have been done, and I turn to my own local experience, and cast aside the theory of abstract and disappointed expectations.

4. With respect to my "political measures bearing upon the war," my conviction is that my central position at King William's Town—the best in a *military* point of view—enabled me effectually, by personal care and supervision, to preserve the neutrality of the formidable T'Slambie tribes, who, had I been absent, would assuredly have joined in the revolt. No man was

ever surrounded by greater embarrassments; but in the midst of them I preserved my position.

5. Earl Grey alludes to the state of my health. It is assuredly not so good as it was twenty years ago; a half-century of unremitting service in every quarter of the globe must naturally have made some inroads, but no measure of government, civil or military, has ever, from this or any other cause, remained neglected for one moment.

6. Adverting to Earl Grey's remark as to the premature reduction of the force, in which he confesses to participate in the blame (if there be any), I must observe that he most emphatically urged the measure upon me, desiring my reasons for delay in the event of my not carrying it into effect. I could more honestly, at the moment, reduce the force than give reasons for not doing so. I am now censured for having *met the views of Her Majesty's Government.*

7. Previously to the outbreak, I undoubtedly sent continued assurances to Earl Grey that no real danger existed. I believed what was brought before me by the officers directly associated with the Kafirs. I could myself see nothing on the part of the people indicative of a hostile feeling. If I have been deceived, Europe in the present age affords various and similar examples. Upon the first outbreak of the war, I was certainly ignorant of its real character. No one apprehended the rebellion of the treacherous Hottentots. And had the burgher population turned out, as I had every reason and right to expect, it would have never taken place, and the Kafir rebellion would have been quelled at the outset. Opinions after results are easily and may be decidedly given.

8. As to the supply of firearms and ammunition, and the want of energy imputed to myself and to the Secretary to Government in suppressing their introduction, a reference to my despatches will show that all that was possible was effected.

9. Earl Grey proceeds to regard as a most fatal error my having failed to deal more promptly with treason on the part of the Hottentots. My position at the time referred to was one, I believe, of as great difficulty as man was ever placed in. The *whole* Hottentot population at that period had been taught they were an "oppressed and an ill-used race," and that the precepts of Holy Writ tolerated their seeking redress by arms. Some thousands

of them were in my camp, with a few hundreds only of British soldiers; while General Somerset was surrounded by Hottentots. When evidence was forthcoming, I proceeded to military trial. But I must advisedly assert that had I, at that period, executed the condemned, the torch of revolt would have blazed throughout the Colony. I am regardless of an opinion to the contrary advanced by any man. I assert as an undoubted fact that by my course of proceeding I weathered a storm which would otherwise have burst over me with irresistible fury; that the exercise of sound discretion in this instance saved the Colony; and that a contrary course would have ruined it. To strengthen this assertion, I desire to remark that a few weeks only have elapsed since the legislature of this Colony was deterred from passing an ordinance for the prevention of "squatting" on Government lands, a very general impression prevailing that the Hottentot population would arise to resist it. In the course of enquiry facts will show the difficulty of my position, and bear me out in my line of proceeding; in the correctness of which I rejoice, and shall do so to the latest period of my existence, reflecting that sound judgment saved the colony. The white inhabitants were very naturally excited by the treachery of their Hottentot servants, and jump to the conclusion that hanging a few would have been a sovereign panacea. I know as much of the Hottentot character as most men; and the contrary, I say, would have been the effect.

10. Earl Grey regards it as a grievous error that I have not removed Major Warden. I honestly admit that that officer might have done better; I had, however, no one to replace him; and he acted zealously and to the best of his abilities. He is very popular with every well-disposed and loyal Dutchman. His Lordship proceeds to remark that by this and other mistakes (a somewhat comprehensive application of censure) I have failed to conciliate the Dutch inhabitants. I need not scruple to say that for many years I was most popular with them. Perhaps my too anxious desire to serve both those within the Colony and beyond the Orange River has been an error. Their not having turned out, as they pretended they were desirous to do, is attributable to no proceeding of mine; and if honesty of purpose and kindness of manner fail to conciliate, I am as irresponsible for the effect as incapable of seeking the good will of any one by other means.

Earl Grey observes that Mr. Pine has succeeded in conciliating many of the Dutch inhabitants of Natal. The Lieut.-Governor acted upon my precedent and by my advice; and has repeatedly declared his perfect concurrence in the policy which I originated, which has led to the present contented condition of the Natal Boers.

11. In his concluding paragraph, Earl Grey states that he has entered into a review of the errors which it seems to him I have committed, regarding it due to my position and to my high reputation to show that Her Majesty's servants have not determined to advise the Queen to supersede me in the midst of these errors without sufficient cause. I have served my Sovereign and my Country, as few soldiers have had the good fortune to have the opportunity of doing, for nearly fifty years. During that long service I have never, until now, received the slightest censure. The difficulties which have surrounded me at the Cape of Good Hope have been unparalleled. Earl Grey might have awaited the result of operations which I apprized him were in progress and which have been attended with eminent success. However much it may appear to his Lordship that I have failed in using vigour and judgment, facts will speak for themselves; and exonerate a General from the stigma of deserving the greatest indignity with which he can be visited—removal from the command of a victorious army devoted to their Queen and Country and serving in the highest spirits and with every confidence in their veteran Commander.

True copy of recorded Memoranda.

JOHN GARVOCK, Lieut.-Col.
Late Priv. Sec.

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